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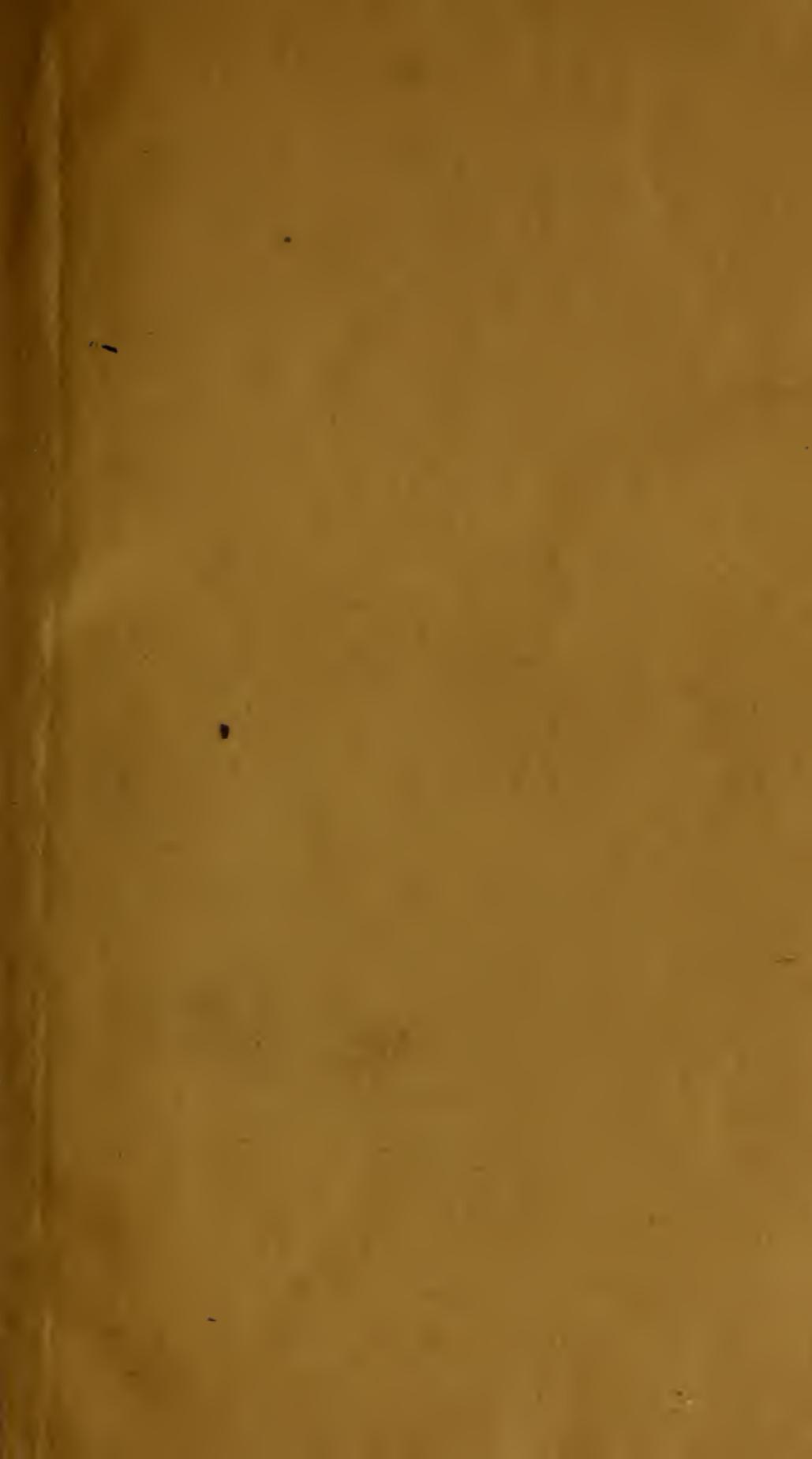


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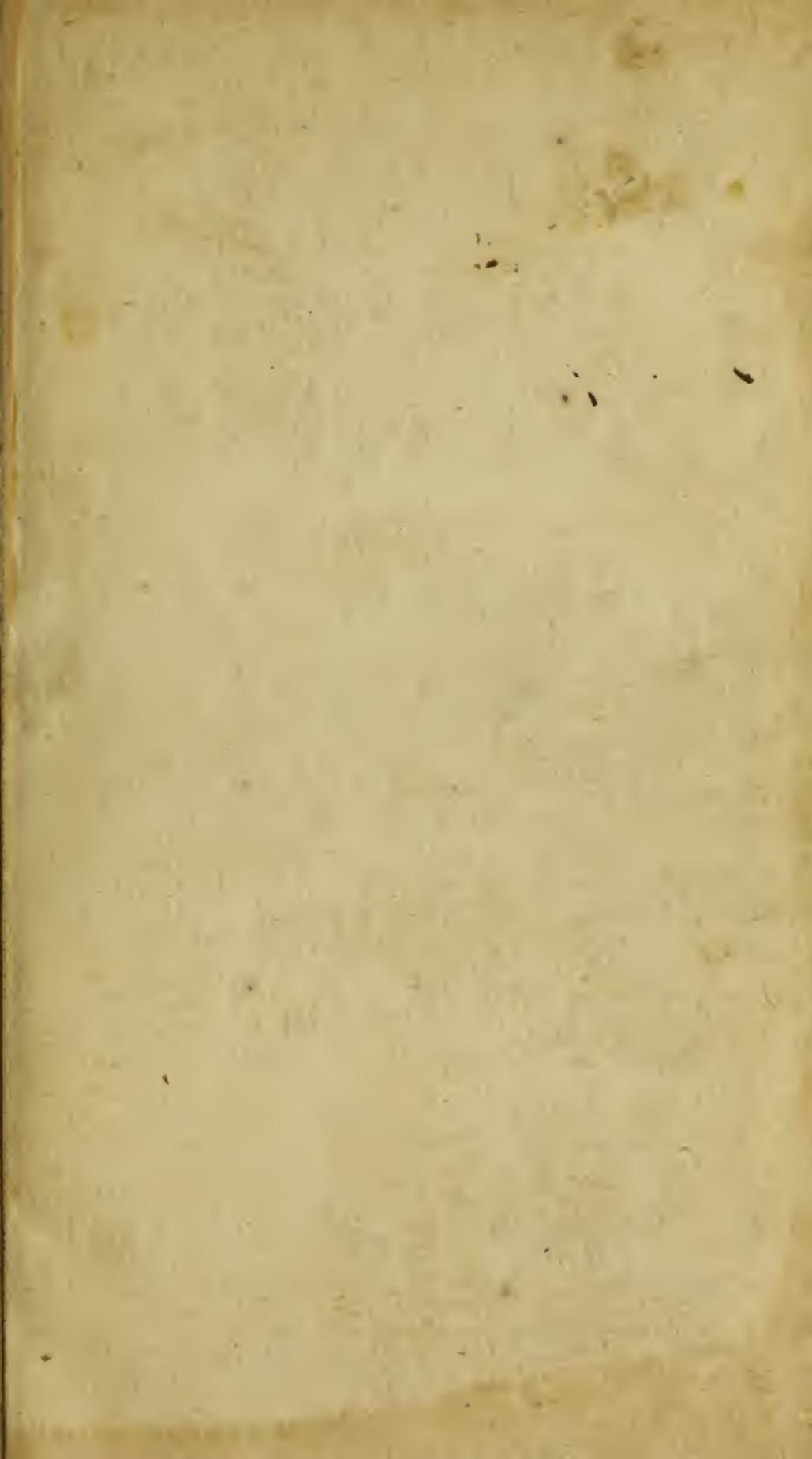
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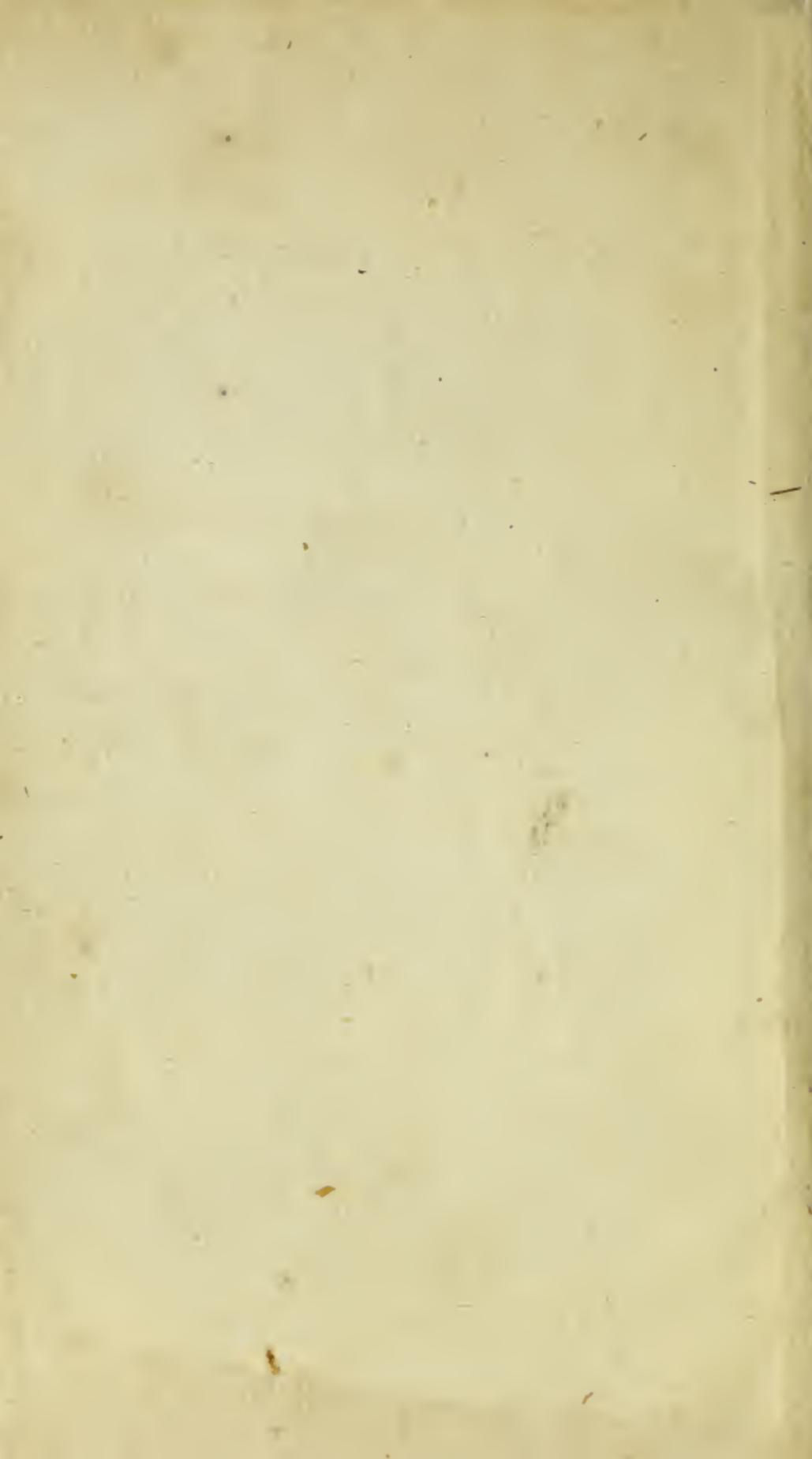
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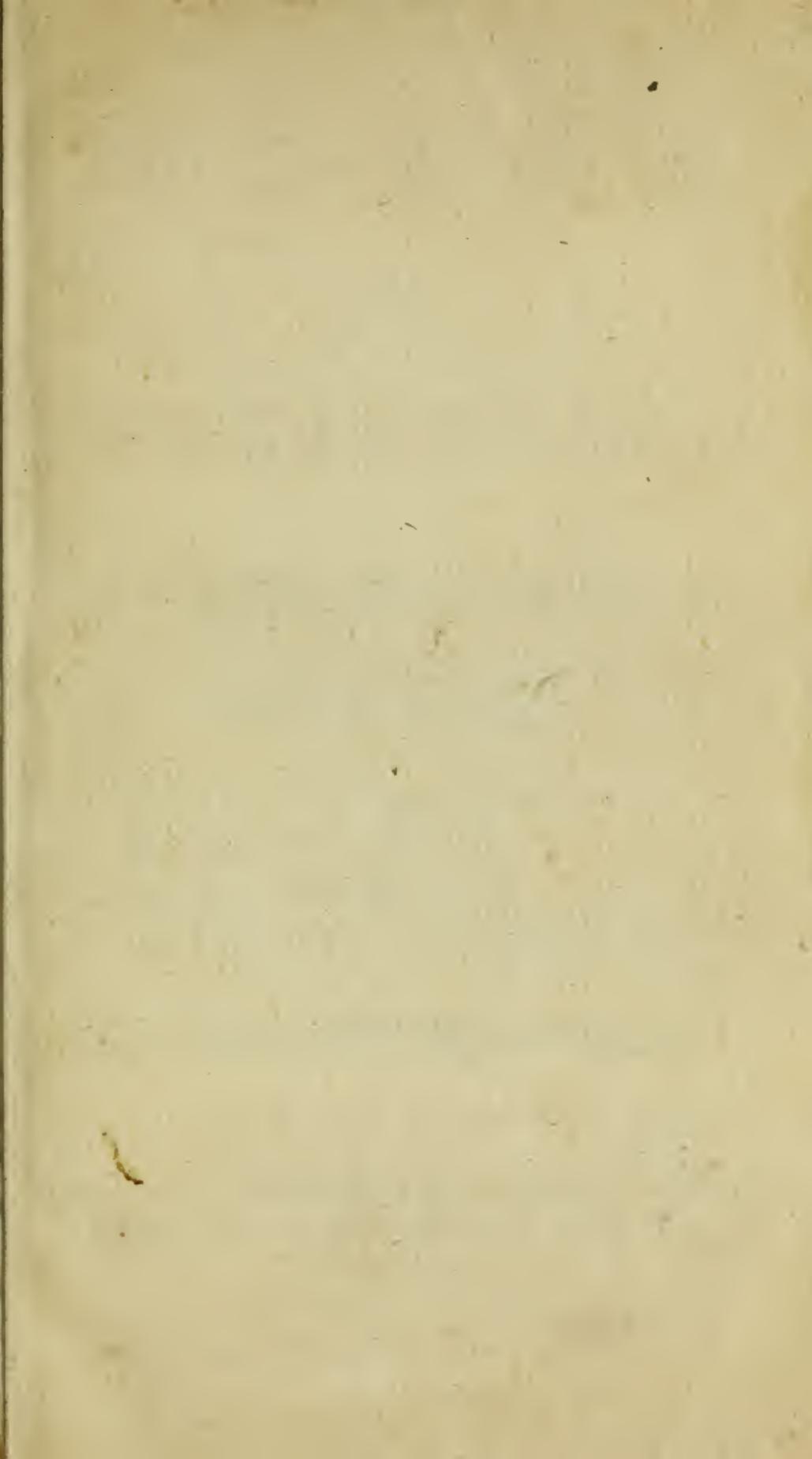
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THE

WORKS

OF

SHAKESPEARE:

VOLUME the EIGHTH.

CONTAINING,

ROMEO *and* JULIET.

HAMLET.

OTHELLO.

An INDEX.

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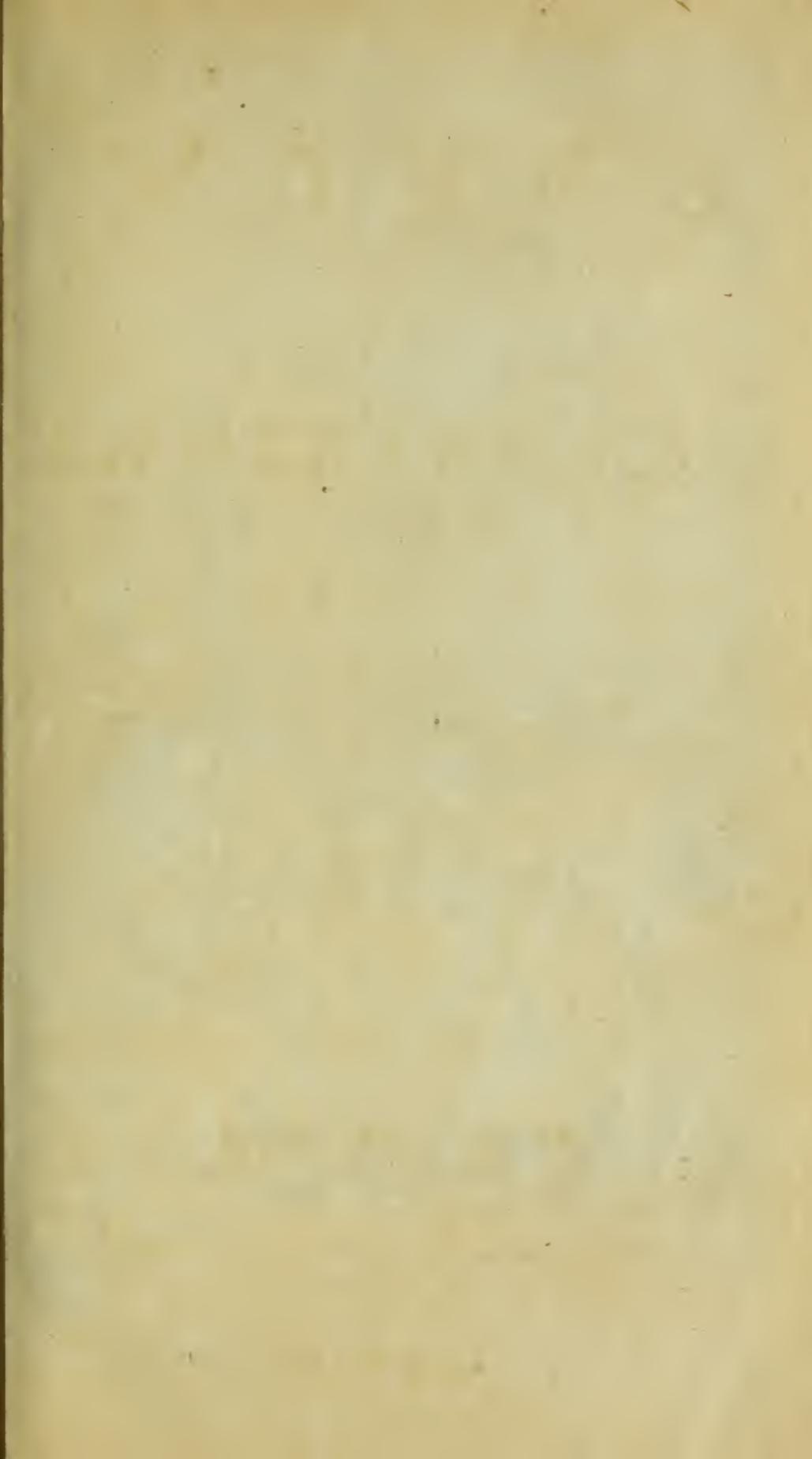
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May, 1873

Thomas Pennant Barton





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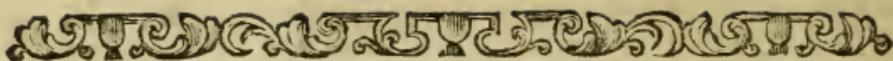
1880



PROLOGUE.

TWO Households, both alike in Dignity,
In fair Verona, (where we lay our Scene)
From ancient Grudge break to new mutiny;
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.
From forth the fatal loins of these two foes,
A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life;
Whose mis-adventur'd piteous Overthrows
Do, with their death, bury their Parents' strife.
The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,
And the continuance of their Parents' rage,
Which but their childrens' End nought could remove,
Is now the two hours' traffick of our stage:
The which if you with patient ears attend,
What here shall miss, our Toil shall strive to mend.





Dramatis Personæ.

ESCALUS, *Prince of Verona.*

Paris, *a young Nobleman in love with Juliet, and kinsman to the Prince.*

Montague, } *Two Lords of antient families, Enemies to*
Capulet, } *each other.*

Romeo, *Son to Montague.*

Mercutio, *Kinsman to the Prince, and Friend to Romeo.*

Benvolio, *Kinsman and Friend to Romeo.*

Tybalt, *Kinsman to Capulet.*

Friar Lawrence.

Friar John.

Balthasar, *Servant to Romeo.*

Page to Paris.

Sampson, } *Servants to Capulet.*
Gregory, }

Abram, *Servant to Montague.*

Apothecary.

Simon Catling,

Hugh Rebeck,

Samuel Soundboard,

} *3 Musicians.*

Peter, *Servant to the Nurse.*

Lady Montague, Wife to Montague.

Lady Capulet, Wife to Capulet.

Juliet, Daughter to Capulet, in love with Romeo.

Nurse to Juliet.

CHORUS.

Citizens of Verona, several men and women relations to Capulet, Maskers, Guards, Watch, and other Attendants.

The SCENE, in the beginning of the fifth Act, is in Mantua; during all the rest of the Play, in and near Verona.





ROMEO and JULIET.

A C T I.

SCENE, *The Street, in Verona.*

Enter Sampson and Gregory, (with swords and bucklers,) two servants of the Capulets.

SAMPSON.



REGORY, on my word, we'll not carry coals.

Greg. No, for then we should be colliers.

Sam. I mean, an' we be in Choler, we'll draw.

Greg. Ay, while you live, draw your Neck out of the Collar.

Sam. I strike quickly, being mov'd.

Greg. But thou art not quickly mov'd to strike.

Sam. A dog of the House of *Montague* moves me.

Greg. To move, is to stir; and to be valiant, is to stand: therefore, if thou art mov'd, thou runn'st away.

Sam. A dog of that House shall move me to stand: I will take the wall of any man, or maid of *Montague's*.

Greg. That shews thee a weak slave; for the weakest goes to the wall.

Sam. True, and therefore women, being the weakest, are ever thrust to the wall: — therefore I will push *Montague's* men from the wall, and thrust his maids to the wall.

Greg. The quarrel is between our masters, and us their men.

Sam. 'Tis all one, I will shew my self a tyrant: when I have fought with the men, I will be cruel with the maids, and cut off their heads.

Greg. The heads of the maids?

Sam. Ay, the heads of the maids, or the maidenheads, take it in what sense thou wilt.

Greg. They must take it in sense, that feel it.

Sam. Me they shall feel, while I am able to stand: and 'tis known I am a pretty piece of flesh.

Greg. 'Tis well thou art not fish: if thou hadst, thou hadst been *Poor John*. Draw thy tool, here comes of the House of the *Montagues*.

Enter Abram and Balthasar.

Sam. My naked weapon is out; quarrel, I will back thee.

Greg. How, turn thy back and run?

Sam. Fear me not.

Greg. No, marry: I fear thee! —

Sam. Let us take the law of our sides: let them begin.

Greg. I will frown as I pass by, and let them take it as they list.

Sam. Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them, which is a disgrace to them if they bear it.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, Sir?

Sam. I do bite my thumb, Sir.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, Sir?

Sam. Is the law on our side, if I say, ay?

Greg. No.

Sam. No, Sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, Sir: but I bite my thumb, Sir.

Greg. Do you quarrel, Sir?

Abr.

Abr. Quarrel, Sir? no, Sir.

Sam. If you do, Sir, I am for you; I serve as good a man, as you.

Abr. No better.

Sam. Well, Sir.

Enter Benvolio.

Greg. Say, better: here comes one of my master's kinsmen.

Sam. Yes, better, Sir.

Abr. You lie.

Sam. Draw, if you be men. *Gregory*, remember thy swashing blow. [*They fight.*]

Ben. Part, fools, put up your swords, you know not what you do.

Enter Tybalt.

Tyb. What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds?

Turn thee, *Benvolio*, look upon thy death.

Ben. I do but keep the peace; put up thy sword, Or manage it to part these men with me.

Tyb. What drawn, and talk of peace? I hate the word

As I hate hell, all *Montagues* and thee:

Have at thee, coward.

[*Fight.*]

Enter three or four citizens with clubs.

Offic. Clubs, bills, and partisans! strike! beat them down!

Down with the *Capulets*, down with the *Montagues*!

Enter old Capulet in his gown, and lady Capulet.

Cap. What noise is this? give me my long sword, ho!

La. Cap. A crutch, a crutch: — why call you for a sword?

Cap. My sword, I say: old *Montague* is come, And flourishes his blade in spite of me.

Enter old Montague, and Lady Montague.

Mon. Thou villain, *Capulet* ——— Hold me not, let me go.

La. Mon. Thou shalt not stir a foot to seek a foe.

Enter Prince with attendants.

Prin. Rebellious Subjects, enemies to peace,
 Prophaners of this neighbour-stained steel ———
 Will they not hear? what ho! you men, you beasts,
 That quench the fire of your pernicious rage
 With purple fountains issuing from your veins;
 On pain of torture, from those bloody hands
 Throw your mis-temper'd weapons to the ground,
 And hear the sentence of your moved Prince.
 Three civil broils, bred of an airy word,
 By thee, old *Capulet*, and *Montague*,
 Have thrice disturb'd the Quiet of our streets;
 And made *Verona's* antient Citizens
 Cast by their grave, beſeeming, ornaments;
 To wield old partizans, in hands as old,
 Cankred with peace, to part your cankred hate;
 If ever you disturb our streets again,
 Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
 For this time all the rest depart away,
 You *Capulet*, shall go along with me;
 And, *Montague*, come you this afternoon,
 To know our further pleasure in this case,
 To old Free-town, our common judgment-place:
 Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

[*Exeunt Prince and Capulet, &c.*

La. Mon. Who set this antient quarrel new abroad;
 Speak, nephew, were you by, when it began?

Ben. Here were the servants of your adversary,
 And yours, close fighting, ere I did approach;
 I drew to part them: In the instant came
 The fiery *Tybalt*, with his sword prepar'd,
 Which, as he breath'd defiance to my ears,
 He swung about his head, and cut the winds:
 Who, nothing hurt withal, hiss'd him in scorn.

While

While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,
 Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
 'Till the Prince came, who parted either Part.

La. Mon. O where is *Romeo*! Saw you him to day?
 Right glad am I, he was not at this fray.

Ben. Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd Sun
 Peer'd through the golden window of the East,
 A troubled mind drew me to walk abroad:
 Where underneath the grove of sycamour,
 That westward rooteth from the City side,
 So early walking did I see your son.

Tow'rds him I made; but he was 'ware of me,
 And stole into the covert of the wood.

I, measuring his affections by my own,
 (That most are busied when they're most alone,)
 Pursued my humour, not pursuing him;
 And gladly shun'd, who gladly fled from me.

Mon. Many a morning hath he there been seen
 With tears augmenting the fresh morning-dew;
 Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs:
 But all so soon as the all-cheering Sun

Should, in the farthest East, begin to draw
 The shady curtains from *Aurora's* bed;
 Away from light steals home my heavy son,
 And private in his chamber pens himself;
 Shuts up his windows, locks fair day-light out,
 And makes himself an artificial night.

Black and portentous must this humour prove,
 Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

Ben. My noble uncle, do you know the cause?

Mon. I neither know it, nor can learn it of him.

Ben. Have you importun'd him by any means?

Mon. Both by my self and many other friends;
 But he, his own affections' counsellor,
 Is to himself, I will not say, how true;
 But to himself so secret and so close,
 So far from sounding and discovery;
 As is the bud bit with an envious worm, (1)

Ere

(1) *As is the Bud, bit with an envious Worm,
 Ere he can spread his sweet Leaves to the Air,*

Or

Ere he can spread his sweet wings to the Air,
 Or dedicate his beauty to the Sun.
 Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow,
 We would as willingly give Cure, as know.

Enter Romeo.

Ben. See, where he comes : so please you, step aside,
 I'll know his grievance, or be much deny'd.

Mon. I would, thou wert so happy by thy stay
 To hear true shrift. Come, Madam, let's away. [*Exe.*

Ben. Good morrow, cousin.

Rom. Is the day so young ?

Ben. But new struck nine.

Rom. Ah me, sad hours seem long !

Was that my father that went hence so fast ?

Ben. It was : what sadness lengthens *Romeo's* hours ?

Rom. Not having That, which, having, makes them
 short.

Ben. In love ?

Rom. Out —

Ben. Of love ?

Rom. Out of her favour, where I am in love.

Ben. Alas, that love, so gentle in his view,
 Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!

Rom. Alas, that love, whose view is muffled still,
 Should without eyes see path-ways to his will !

Where shall we dine ? — O me ! — What fray was
 here ?

[*Or dedicate his Beauty to the Same.*] *To the same?* — Sure,
 all the Lovers of *Shakespeare* and Poetry will agree, that this is
 a very idle, dragging *Parapleromatic*, as the Grammarians style
 it. But our Author generally in his *Similies* is accurate in the
 cloathing of them, and therefore, I believe, would not have
 overcharg'd this so *insipidly*. When we come to consider, that
 there is some power else besides *balmy Air*, that brings forth,
 and makes the tender Buds spread themselves, I do not think
 it improbable that the Poet wrote;

Or dedicate his Beauty to the Sun.

Or, according to the more obsolete Spelling, *Sunne*; which
 brings it nearer to the Traces of the corrupted Text,

Yet

Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.
 Here's much to do with hate, but more with love;
 Why then, O brawling love! O loving hate!
 Oh, any thing of nothing first create!
 O heavy lightness! serious vanity!
 Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming forms!
 Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health!
 Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is!
 This love feel I, that feel no love in this.
 Dost thou not laugh?

Ben. No, coz, I rather weep.

Rom. Good heart, at what?

Ben. At thy good heart's oppression.

Rom. Why, such is love's transgression. —

Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast;
 Which thou wilt propagate, to have them prest
 With more of thine; this love, that thou hast shewn,
 Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.
 Love is a smoke rais'd with the fume of sighs,
 Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;
 Being vext, a sea nourish'd with lovers' tears;
 What is it else? a madness most discreet,
 A choaking gall, and a preserving sweet:
 Farewel, my cousin.

[*Going.*]

Ben. Soft, I'll go along.

And if you leave me so, you do me wrong.

Rom. Tut, I have lost my self, I am not here;
 This is not *Romeo*, he's some other where.

Ben. Tell me in sadness, who she is you love?

Rom. What, shall I groan and tell thee?

Ben. Groan? why, no; but sadly tell me, who.

Rom. Bid a sick man in sadness make his will? —

O word, ill urg'd to one that is so ill! —

In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

Ben. I aim'd so near, when I suppos'd you lov'd.

Rom. A right good marks-man; — and she's fair, I
 love.

Ben. A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit.

Rom. But, in that hit, you miss; — she'll not be hit
 With *Cupid's* arrow; she hath *Dian's* wit:

And

And, in strong proof of chastity well arm'd,
 From love's weak childish bow, she lives unharm'd.
 She will not stay the siege of loving terms,
 Nor 'bide th' encounter of assailing eyes,
 Nor ope her lap to faint-seducing gold.

O, she is rich in beauty; only poor,
 That when she dies, with her dies Beauty's Store.

Ben. Then she hath sworn, that she will still live
 chaste?

Rom. She hath, and in that Sparing makes huge
 waste.

For beauty, starv'd with her severity,
 Cuts beauty off from all posterity.
 She is too fair, too wise; wisely too fair,
 To merit bliss by making me despair;
 She hath forsworn to love, and in that vow
 Do I live dead, that live to tell it now.

Ben. Be rul'd by me, forget to think of her.

Rom. O, teach me how I should forget to think.

Ben. By giving liberty unto thine eyes;
 Examine other Beauties.

Rom. 'Tis the way
 To call hers (exquisite) in question more;
 Those happy masks, that kiss fair ladies' brows,
 Being black, put us in mind they hide the fair;
 He that is stricken blind, cannot forget
 The precious treasure of his eye-sight lost.
 Shew me a mistress, that is passing fair;
 What doth her beauty serve, but as a note,
 Where I may read, who pass'd that passing fair?
 Farewel, thou canst not teach me to forget.

Ben. I'll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Capulet, Paris, and Servant.

Cap. And *Montague* is bound as well as I,
 In penalty alike; and 'tis not hard
 For men so old as we to keep the peace.

Par. Of honourable reck'ning are you Both,
 And, pity 'tis, you liv'd at odds so long:

But

But now, my lord, what say you to my Suit ?

Cap. But saying o'er what I have said before :
My child is yet a stranger in the world,
She hath not seen the Change of fourteen years ;
Let two more summers wither in their pride,
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.

Par. Younger than she are happy mothers made.

Cap. And too soon marr'd are those so early made :]
The earth hath swallow'd all my hopes but she.
She is the hopeful lady of my earth :
But woo her, gentle *Paris*, get her heart,
My will to her consent is but a part ;
If she agree, within her scope of choice
Lies my consent, and fair according voice :
This night, I hold an old-accustom'd Feast,
Whereto I have invited many a guest,
Such as I love ; and you, among the store,
One more, most welcome, makes my number more.
At my poor house, look to behold this night
Earth-treading stars that make dark heaven's light.
Such comfort as do lusty young men feel,
When well-apparel'd *April* on the heel
Of limping Winter treads, even such delight
Among fresh female-buds shall you this night
Inherit at my house ; hear all, all see,
And like her most, whose merit most shall be :
Which on more view of many, mine, being one,
May stand in number, tho' in reck'ning none.
Come, go with me. Go, firrah, trudge about,
Through fair *Verona* ; find those persons out,
Whose names are written there ; and to them say,
My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.

[*Exeunt Capulet and Paris.*

Ser. Find them out, whose names are written here?—
It is written, that the Shoe maker should meddle with
his Yard, and the Tailor with his Last, the Fisher with
his Pencil, and the Painter with his Nets. But I am
sent to find those Persons, whose names are here writ ;
and can never find what names the writing person hath
here writ. I must to the Learned. ——— In good
time, ———

Enter

Enter Benvolio and Romeo.

Ben. Tut, man! one fire burns out another's burning,
One pain is lessen'd by another's Anguish:
Turn giddy, and be help'd by backward turning;
One desperate grief cure with another's Languish:
Take thou some new infection to the eye,
And the rank poyson of the old will die.

Rom. Your plantan leaf is excellent for That.

Ben. For what, I pray thee?

Rom. For your broken shin.

Ben. Why, *Romeo*, art thou mad?

Rom. Not mad, but bound more than a mad-man is:
Shut up in prison, kept without my food,
Whipt and tormented: and——Good-e'en, good fel-
low.

[*To the Servant.*

Ser. God gi' good e'en: I pray, Sir, can you read?

Rom. Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.

Ser. Perhaps, you have learn'd it without book: but,
I pray,

Can you read any thing you see?

Rom. Ay, if I know the letters and the language.

Ser. Ye say honestly, rest you merry.——

Rom. Stay, fellow, I can read.

[*He reads the letter.*

Signior Martino, and his wife and daughters: Count
Anselm and his beauteous sisters; the lady widow of
Vitruvio; Signior Placentio, and his lovely neices; Mer-
cutio and his brother Valentine; mine uncle Capulet,
his wife and daughters; my fair neice Rosaline; Livia;
Signior Valentio, and his cousin Tybalt; Lucio, and
the lively Helena.

A fair assembly; whither should they come? (2)

(2) *A fair Assembly: Whither should they come?*

Serv. Up

Rom. Whither? to Supper?

Serv. *To our House.*] *Romeo* had read over the List of invited
Guests; but he must be a Prophet, to know they were invited
to Supper. This comes much more aptly from the *Servant's*
Answer, than *Romeo's* Question; and must undoubtedly be pla-
ced to him,

Mr. Warburton.

Ser. Up. ———

Rom. Whither?

Ser. To supper, to our house.

Rom. Whose house?

Ser. My master's.

Rom. Indeed, I should have askt you that before.

Ser. Now I'll tell you without asking. My master is the great rich *Capulet*, and if you be not of the House of *Montagues*, I pray, come and crush a cup of wine. Rest you merry. [Exit.

Ben. At this same antient Feast of *Capulet's* Sups the fair *Rosaline*, whom thou so lov'st; With all th' admired beauties of *Verona*.

Go thither, and, with unattainted eye, Compare her face with some that I shall show, And I will make thee think thy Swan a Crow.

Rom. When the devout religion of mine eye Maintains such falsehoods, then turn tears to fires! And these, who, often drown'd, could never die, Transparent hereticks, be burnt for liars!

One fairer than my love! th' all-seeing Sun Ne'er saw her match, since first the world begun.

Ben. Tut! tut! you saw her fair, none else being by; Her self pois'd with her self, in either eye: But in those crystal scales, let there be weigh'd Your Lady-love against some other maid, (3) That I will shew you, shining at this feast; And she will shew scant well, that now shews best.

Rom. I'll go along, no such sight to be shewn; But to rejoice in splendor of mine own. [Exeunt.

(3) ——— let there be weigh'd

Your Lady's Love against some other Maid.] But the Comparison was not betwixt the Love that *Romeo's* Mistress paid him, and the Person of any other young Woman: but betwixt *Romeo's* Mistress herself, and some other that should be match'd against her. The Poet therefore must certainly have wrote;

Your Lady-love against some other Maid.

So the Comparison stands right, and sensibly.

SCENE changes to Capulet's House.

Enter Lady Capulet, and Nurse.

La. Cap. NURSE, where's my daughter? call her forth to me.

Nurse. Now (by my maiden-head, at twelve Years old) I bade her come; what, lamb,—what, lady-bird, God forbid! — where's this girl? what, *Juliet*?

Enter Juliet.

Jul. How now, who calls?

Nurse. Your mother.

Jul. Madam, I am here, what is your will?

La. Cap. This is the matter — Nurse, give leave a while, we must talk in secret; Nurse, come back again, I have remember'd me, thou shalt hear our counsel: thou know'st, my daughter's of a pretty age.

Nurse. Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.

La. Cap. She's not fourteen.

Nurse. I'll lay fourteen of my teeth, (and yet to my teen be it spoken, I have but four;) she's not fourteen; how long is it now to *Lammas*-tide?

La. Cap. A fortnight and odd days.

Nurse. Even or odd, of all days in the year, come *Lammas* eve at night, shall she be fourteen. *Susan* and she (God rest all christian souls!) were of an age. Well, *Susan* is with God, she was too good for me. But as I said, on *Lammas*-eve at night shall she be fourteen, that shall she, marry, I remember it well. 'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years, and she was wean'd; I never shall forget it, of all the days in the year, upon that day; for I had then laid worm-wood to my dug, sitting in the Sun under the Dove-house wall, my lord and you were then at *Mantua*——— nay, I do bear a brain. But, as I said, when it did taste the worm-wood on the nipple of my dug, and felt it bitter, pretty fool, to see it teachy, and fall out with the dug. Shake, quoth the Dove-house —— 'twas no need, I trow, to bid me

me trudge; and since that time it is eleven years, for then she could stand alone; nay, by th' rood, she could have run, and waddled all about; for even the day before she broke her brow, and then my husband, (God be with his soul, a' was a merry man;) took up the child; yea, quoth he, dost thou fall upon thy face? thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit, wilt thou not, *Julé?* and by my holy dam, the pretty wretch left crying, and said, ay; To see now, how a jest shall come about. — I warrant, an' I should live a thousand years, I should not forget it: Wilt thou not, *Julé*, quoth he? and, pretty fool, it stinted, and said, ay.

La. Cap. Enough of this, I pray thee, hold thy peace.

Nurse. Yes, Madam; yet I cannot chuse but laugh, to think it should leave crying, and say, ay; and yet, I warrant, it had upon its brow a bump as big as a young cockrel's stone: a perilous knock, and it cried bitterly. Yea, quoth my husband, fall'st upon thy face? thou wilt fall backward when thou comest to age, wilt thou not, *Julé?* it stinted, and said, ay.

Jul. And stint thee too, I pray thee, nurse, say I.

Nurse. Peace, I have done: God mark thee to his grace!

Thou wast the prettiest Babe, that e'er I nurs't.
An' I might live to see thee married once,
I have my wish.

La. Cap. And that same marriage is the very theam I came to talk of. Tell me, daughter *Juliet*, How stands your disposition to be married?

Jul. It is an honour that I dream not of.

Nurse. An honour? were not I thine only nurse, I'd say, thou had'st suck'd wisdom from thy teat.

La. Cap. Well, think of marriage now; younger than you

Here in *Verona*, ladies of esteem,
Are made already mothers. By my count,
I was your mother much upon these years
That you are now a maid. Thus, then, in brief;

The valiant *Paris* seeks you for his love.

Nurse. A man, young lady, lady, such a man
As all the world——Why, he's a man of wax.

La. Cap. *Verona's* summer hath not such a flower:

Nurse. Nay, he's a flower; in faith, a very flower.

La. Cap. What say you, can you like the Gentle-
man?

This Night you shall behold him at our Feast;

Read o'er the Volume of young *Paris's* Face,

And find Delight writ there with Beauty's pen;

Examine ev'ry sev'ral Lineament,

And see, how one another lends Content:

And what obscur'd in this fair Volume lies,

Find written in the Margent of his Eyes.

This precious book of Love, this unbound Lover,

To beautify him only lacks a Cover.

The fish lives in the Sea, and 'tis much pride,

For Fair without the Fair within to hide.

That Book in many Eyes doth share the Glory,

That in gold clasps locks in the golden Story.

So, shall you share all that he doth possess,

By having him, making your self no less.

Nurse. No less? Nay, bigger; Women grow by Men.

La. Cap. Speak briefly, can you like of *Paris's* love?

Jul. I'll look to like, if looking liking move.

But no more deep will I indart mine eye,

'Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Madam, the guests are come, supper serv'd up,
you call'd, my young lady ask'd for, the nurse curst in
the pantry, and every thing in extremity. I must hence
to wait; I beseech you, follow strait.

La. Cap. We follow thee. *Juliet*, the County stays.

Nurse. Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE,

SCENE, a Street before Capulet's house.

Enter Romeo, Mercutio, Benvolio, *with five or six other maskers, torch-bearers, and drums.*

Rom. **W**HAT, shall this speech be spoke for our excuse?

Or shall we on without apology?

Ben. The date is out of such prolixity.

We'll have no *Cupid*, hood-wink'd with a scarf,

Bearing a *Tartar's* painted bow of lath,

Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper:

Nor a without-book prologue faintly spoke

After the prompter, for our entrance.

But let them measure us by what they will,

We'll measure them a measure, and be gone.

Rom. Give me a torch, I am not for this ambling.

Being but heavy, I will bear the Light.

Mer. Nay, gentle *Romeo*, we must have you dance.

Rom. Not I, believe me; you have dancing shoes

With nimble soles; I have a soul of lead,

So staks me to the ground, I cannot move.

Mer. You are a Lover; borrow *Cupid's* Wings,

And soar with them above a common Bound.

Rom. I am too sore enpearced with his Shaft,

To soar with his light Feathers: and so bound,

I cannot bound a pitch above dull Woe:

Under Love's heavy burthen do I sink.

Mer. And to sink in it, should you burthen Love:

Too great Oppression for a tender Thing!

Rom. Is Love a tender Thing? It is too rough,

Too rude, too boist'rous; and it pricks like Thorn.

Mer. If Love be rough with you, be rough with

Love;

Prick Love for pricking, and you beat Love down.

Give me a Case to put my visage in;

[*Pulling off his Mask.*

A Visor for a Visor! — what care I,

What curious eye doth quote deformities?

Here

Here are the beetle-brows shall blush for me.

Ben. Come, knock and enter; and no sooner in,
But ev'ry man betake him to his legs.

Rom. A torch for me. Let wantons, light of heart,
Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels;
For I am proverb'd with a grandfire-phrase;
I'll be a candle-holder, and look on.

The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.

Mer. Tut! dun's the mouse, the constable's own word;
If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire;
Or, save your reverence, Love, wherein thou stickest
Up to thine ears: come, we burn day-light, ho.

Rom. Nay, that's not so.

Mer. I mean, Sir, in delay
We burn our lights by light, and lamps by day.
Take our good meaning, for our judgment fits
Five times in That, ere once in our fine wits.

Rom. And we mean well in going to this mask;
But 'tis no wit to go.

Mer. Why, may one ask?

Rom. I dreamt a dream to night.

Mer. And so did I.

Rom. Well; what was yours?

Mer. That dreamers often lie.

Rom. — In bed asleep; while they do dream things
true.

Mer. O, then I see, Queen *Mab* hath been with
you. (4)

She

(4) O, then I see, Queen *Mab* hath been with you:

She is the Fairies' Midwife.] Thus begins that admirable Speech upon the Effects of the Imagination in Dreams. But, Queen *Mab* the Fairies' Midwife? What is she then Queen of? Why, the Fairies. What! and their *Midwife* too? Sure, this is a wonderful Condescension in her Royal Highness. But this is not the greatest of the Absurdities. Let us see upon what Occasion she is introduced, and under what Quality. Why, as a Being that has great Power over human Imaginations. But then, according to the Laws of common Sense, if she has any Title given her, must not that Title have reference

She is the Fancy's mid-wife, and she comes
 In shape no bigger than an agat-stone
 On the fore-finger of an alderman ;
 Drawn with a team of little atomies,
 Athwart mens' noses as they lie asleep :
 Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs ;
 The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers ;
 The traces, of the smallest spider's web ;
 The collars, of the moonshine's watry beams ;
 Her whip, of crickets' bone ; the lash, of film ;
 Her waggoner a small grey-coated gnat,
 Not half so big as a round little worm,
 Prickt from the lazy finger of a maid.
 Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
 Made by the joyner squirrel, or old grub,
 Time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers :
 And in this State she gallops, night by night,
 Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love :
 On courtiers' knees, that dream on curtsies strait :
 O'er lawyers' fingers, who strait dream on fees :
 O'er ladies' lips, who strait on kisses dream,
 Which oft the angry *Mab* with blisters plagues,
 Because their breaths with sweet-meats tainted are.
 Sometimes she gallops o'er a lawyer's nose,
 And then dreams he of smelling out a suit :

rence to the Employment she is put upon? First, then, she is called Queen: which is very pertinent; for that designs her Power: Then she is called the Fairies' Midwife; but what has that to do with the Point in hand? If we would think that *Shakespeare* wrote Sense, we must say, he wrote ——— the *Fancy's Midwife*: and this is a Title the most à propos in the World, as it introduces all that is said afterwards of her *Vagaries*. Besides, it exactly quadrates with these Lines:

————— *I talk of Dreams;*
Which are the Children of an Idle Brain,
Begot of nothing but vain Fantasie.

These Dreams are begot upon *Fantasie*, and *Mab* is the Midwife to bring them forth. And *Fancy's Midwife* is a Phrase altogether in the Manner of our Author, Mr. Warburton.
And

And sometimes comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,
 Tickling the parson as he lies asleep;
 Then dreams he of another Benefice.
 Sometimes she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
 And then he dreams of cutting foreign throats,
 Of breaches, ambuscadoes, *Spanish* blades,
 Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon
 Drums in his ears, at which he starts and wakes;
 And, being thus frightened, swears a prayer or two,
 And sleeps again. This is that very *Mab*,
 That plats the manes of horses in the night,
 And cakes the elf-locks in foul fluttish hairs,
 Which, once untangled, much misfortune bodes.
 This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,
 That presses them, and learns them first to bear;
 Making them women of good carriage:
 This is she ———

Rom. Peace, peace, *Mercutio*, peace;
 Thou talk'st of nothing.

Mer. True, I talk of dreams;
 Which are the children of an idle brain,
 Begot of nothing, but vain phantasia;
 Which is as thin of substance as the air,
 And more unconstant than the wind; who woos
 Ev'n now the frozen bosom of the north,
 And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,
 Turning his face to the dew-dropping south.

Ben. This wind, you talk of, blows us from our
 selves;

Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

Rom. I fear, too early; for my mind misgives,
 Some consequence, yet hanging in the Stars,
 Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
 With this night's revels; and expire the term
 Of a despised life clos'd in my breast,
 By some vile forfeit of untimely death.
 But he, that hath the steerage of my course,
 Direct my suit! On, lusty Gentlemen.

Ben. Strike, drum.

[*They march about the Stage, and Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE changes to a Hall in Capulet's House.

Enter Servants, with Napkins.

1 Ser. **W**HERE's *Potpan*, that he helps not to take away; he shift a trencher! he scrape a trencher!

2 Ser. When good manners shall lie all in one or two mens' hands, and they unwash'd too, 'tis a foul thing.

1 Ser. Away with the joint-stools, remove the court-cup-board, look to the plate: good thou, save me a piece of march-pane; and, as thou lovest me, let the porter let in *Susan Grindstone*, and *Nell*. *Antony*, and *Potpan* ———

2 Ser. Ay, boy, ready.

1 Ser. You are look'd for, call'd for, ask'd for, and fought for, in the great chamber.

2 Ser. We cannot be here and there too; cheerly, boys; be brisk a while, and the longer liver take all.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter all the Guests and Ladies, with the maskers.

1 Cap. Welcome, Gentlemen. Ladies, that have your feet

Unplagu'd with corns, we'll have a bout with you.

Ah me, my mistresses, which of you all

Will now deny to dance? she that makes dainty,

I'll swear, hath corns; am I come near you now?

Welcome, all, Gentlemen; I've seen the day

That I have worn a visor, and could tell

A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,

Such as would please: 'tis gone; 'tis gone; 'tis gone!

[*Musick plays, and they dance.*]

More light, ye knaves, and turn the tables up;

And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.

Ah, Sirrah, this unlook'd-for sport comes well.

Nay, fit; nay, fit, good cousin *Capulet*,

For you and I are past our dancing days:

How long is't now since last your self and I

Were in a mask?

2 *Cap.* By'r lady, thirty years.

1 *Cap.* What, man! 'tis not so much, 'tis not so much;

'Tis since the nuptial of *Lucentio*,
Come Pentecost as quickly as it will,
Some five and twenty years, and then we mask'd.

2 *Cap.* 'Tis more, 'tis more; his son is elder, Sir:
His son is thirty.

1 *Cap.* Will you tell me that?

His son was but a ward two years ago.

Rom. What lady's That, which doth enrich the hand
Of yonder knight?

Ser. I know not, Sir.

Rom. O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright;
Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night,
Like a rich jewel in an *Æthiop's* ear:
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!
So shews a snowy dove trooping with crows,
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.

The measure done, I'll watch her place of Stand,
And, touching hers, make happy my rude hand.
Did my heart love 'till now? forswear it, fight;
I never saw true beauty 'till this night.

Tyb. This by his voice should be a *Montague*.
Fetch me my rapier, boy: what! dares the slave
Come hither cover'd with an antick face,
To fleeer and scorn at our solemnity?
Now by the stock and honour of my kin,
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

Cap. Why, how now, kinsman, wherefore storm you
so?

Tyb. Uncle, this is a *Montague*, our foe:
A villain, that is hither come in spight,
To scorn at our solemnity this night.

Cap. Young *Romeo*, is't?

Tyb. That villain *Romeo*.

Cap. Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone;
He bears him like a portly Gentleman:
And, to say truth, *Verona* brags of him,

To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth.
I would not for the wealth of all this town,
Here in my house, do him disparagement.
Therefore be patient, take no note of him ;
It is my will, the which if thou respect,
Shew a fair presence, and put off these frowns,
An ill-beseeming semblance for a feast.

Tyb. It fits, when such a villain is a guest.
I'll not endure him.

Cap. He shall be endur'd.
What, Goodman boy — I say, he shall. Go to —
Am I the master here, or you ? go to —
You'll not endure him ! God shall mend my soul,
You'll make a mutiny among my guests !
You will set cock-a-hoop ? you'll be the man ?

Tyb. Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.

Cap. Go to, go to,
You are a saucy boy — is't so, indeed ? —
This trick may chance to scathe you ; I know what.
You must contrary me ! Marry, 'tis time.
Well said, my hearts : — You are a Princ Cox, go : —
Be quiet, or (more light, more light, for shame)
I'll make you quiet — What ? cheerly, my hearts.

Tyb. Patience perforce, with wilful choler meeting,
Makes my flesh tremble in their different Greeting.
I will withdraw ; but this intrusion shall,
Now seeming sweet, convert to bitter gall.

Rom. If I profane with my unworthy hand (5)
[To Juliet]

(5) *If I profane with my unworthy hand
This holy Shrine, the gentle Sin is this,
My Lips, two blushing Pilgrims, &c.]* All Profanations
are suppos'd to be expiated either by some meritorious Ac-
tion, or by some Penance undergone and Punishment submit-
ted to. So, *Romeo* would here say, if I have been profane in
the rude Touch of my Hand, my Lips stand ready, as two
blushing Pilgrims, to take off that Offence, to atone for it, by
sweet Penance. Our Poet therefore must have wrote,
————— *the gentle Fine is this.* Mr. Warburton.

This holy shrine, the gentle Fine is this ;
My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand,
To smooth that rough Touch with a tender kifs.

Jul. Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much
Which mannerly devotion shews in this ;
For Saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,
And palm to palm is holy palmers' kifs.

Rom. Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too ?

Jul. Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer

Rom. O then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do:
They pray, (grant thou) lest faith turn to despair.

Jul. Saints do not move, yet grant for prayers' sake.

Rom. Then move not, while my prayers' effect I take
Thus from my lips, by thine, my sin is purg'd.

Jul. Then have my lips the sin that late they took. [Kissing her]

Rom. Sin from my lips! O trespass, sweetly urg'd!
Give me my sin again.

Jul. You kifs by th' book.

Nurse. Madam, your mother craves a word with you

Rom. What is her mother ? [To her Nurse]

Nurse. Marry, batchelor,
Her mother is the lady of the house,
And a good lady, and a wise and virtuous.
I nurs'd her daughter, that you talkt withal :
I tell you, he, that can lay hold of her,
Shall have the chink.

Rom. Is she a *Capulet* ?

O dear account! my life is my foe's debt.

Ben. Away, be gone, the sport is at the best.

Rom. Ay, so I fear, the more is my unrest.

Cap. Nay, Gentlemen, prepare not to be gone,
We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.
Is it e'en so? why, then, I thank you all.
I thank you, honest Gentlemen, good night :
More torches here—come on, then let's to bed,
Ah, firrah, by my fay, it waxes late.

I'll to my Rest.

[Exeunt

Jul. Come hither, nurse. What is yon gentleman

Nurse. The son and heir of old *Tiberio*.

Jul.

Jul. What's he, that now is going out of door ?

Nurse. That, as I think, is young *Petruchio*.

Jul. What's he, that follows here, that would not dance ?

Nurse. I know not.

Jul. Go, ask his name.—If he be married,

My Grave is like to be my wedding-bed.

Nurse. His name is *Romeo*, and a *Montague*,

The only son of your great enemy.

Jul. My only love sprung from my only hate !

Too early seen, unknown ; and known too late ;

Prodigious birth of love it is to me,

That I must love a loathed enemy.

Nurse. What's this ? what's this ?

Jul. A rhyme I learn'd e'en now

Of one I danc'd withal. [One calls within, Juliet.

Nurse. Anon, anon ———

Come, let's away, the strangers all are gone. [Exeunt.

Enter CHORUS.

Now old Desire doth on his death-bed lie,

And young Affection gapes to be his heir :

That Fair, for which love groan'd fore, and would die,

With tender *Juliet* match'd, is now not fair.

Now *Romeo* is belov'd, and loves again,

Alike bewitched by the charm of looks :

But to his foe suppos'd he must complain,

And she steal love's sweet bait from fearful hooks.

Being held a foe, he may not have access

To breathe such vows as lovers use to swear ;

And she, as much in love, her means much less,

To meet her new-beloved any where :

But Passion lends them power, Time means, to meet ;

Temp'ring extremities with extream sweet.

[Exit Chorus.



ACT II.

SCENE, *The STREET.*

Enter Romeo alone.

ROMEO.

CAN I go forward when my heart is here?
 Turn back, dull earth, and find thy center out.
[Exit.]

Enter Benvolio, with Mercutio.

Ben. Romeo, my cousin Romeo.

Mer. He is wise,

And, on my life, hath stoln him home to bed.

Ben. He ran this way, and leap'd this orchard-wall.

Call, good *Mercutio*.

Mer. Nay, I'll conjure too.

Why, *Romeo!* humours! madman! passion! lover!

Appear thou in the likeness of a Sigh,

Speak but one Rhime, and I am satisfied.

Cry but *Ah me!* couple but *love* and *dove*,

Speak to my gossip *Venus* one fair word,

One nick-name to her pur-blind son and heir :

(Young *Abraham Cupid*, he that shot so true,
 When King *Cophetua* lov'd the beggar-maid——)

He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moveth not,

The ape is dead, and I must conjure him.

I conjure thee by *Rosaline's* bright eyes,

By her high fore-head, and her scarlet lip,

By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh,

And the demesns that there adjacent lie,

'That in thy likeness thou appear to us.

Ben. An' if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.

Mer. This cannot anger him: 'twould anger him,

To

To raise a spirit in his mistress' circle,
Of some strange nature, letting it there stand
'Till she had laid it, and conjur'd it down ;
That were some spight. My invocation is
Honest and fair, and, in his mistress' name,
I conjure only but to raise up him.

Ben. Come, he hath hid himself among these trees,
To be comforted with the hum'rous night :
Blind is his love, and best befits the dark.

Mer. If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.
Now will he sit under a medlar-tree,
And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit,
Which maids call medlars, when they laugh alone. —

Romeo, good-night ; I'll to my truckle-bed,
This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep :
Come, shall we go ?

Ben. Go then, for 'tis in vain
To seek him here that means not to be found. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to Capulet's Garden.

Enter Romeo.

Rom. **H**E jests at scars, that never felt a wound —
But, soft ! what light thro' yonder window
breaks ?

It is the East, and *Juliet* is the Sun !

[*Juliet appears above, at a window.*]

Arise, fair Sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief,
That thou, her maid, art far more fair than she.

Be not her maid, since she is envious :
Her vestal livery is but sick and green,
And none but fools do wear it ; cast it off —
She speaks, yet she says nothing ; what of that ?
Her eye discourses ; I will answer it —

I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks :
Two of the fairest stars of all the heav'n,
Having some business, do intreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres 'till they return.

What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
 The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,
 As day-light doth a lamp; her eyes in heav'n
 Would through the airy region stream so bright,
 That birds would sing, and think it were not night:
 See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
 O that I were a glove upon that hand,
 That I might touch that cheek!

Jul. Ah me!

Rom. She speaks.

Oh, speak again, bright angel! for thou art (6)
 As glorious to this Sight, being o'er my head,
 As is a winged messenger from heav'n,
 Unto the white-upturned, wondring, eyes
 Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him;
 When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,
 And sails upon the bosom of the air.

Jul. O Romeo, Romeo—wherefore art thou Romeo?
 Deny thy father, and refuse thy name:
 Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
 And I'll no longer be a *Capulet*.

Rom. Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?

[*Aside.*]

Jul. 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy:
 Thou art thy self, though not a *Montague*.
 What's *Montague*? it is nor hand, nor foot,
 Nor arm, nor face—nor any other part.
 What's in a name? that which we call a rose,
 By any other name would smell as sweet.
 So *Romeo* would, were he not *Romeo* call'd,

(6) *O, speak again, bright Angel! for thou art*

As glorious to this night,] Tho' all the printed Copies concur in this Reading, yet the latter part of the Similie seems to require,

As glorious to this Sight;

and therefore I have ventur'd to alter the Text so. *i. e.* Thou appear'st, over my Head, as glorious to my Eyes, as an Angel in the Clouds to Mortals that stare up at him with Admiration.

Retain that dear perfection which he owes,
Without that title; *Romeo*, quit thy name;
And for thy name, which is no part of thee,
Take all my self.

Rom. I take thee at thy word:
Call me but love, and I'll be new baptiz'd,
Henceforth I never will be *Romeo*.

Jul. What man art thou, that thus, bescreen'd in
night,
So stumblest on my counsel?

Rom. By a name
I know not how to tell thee who I am:
My name, dear Saint, is hateful to my self,
Because it is an enemy to thee.
Had I it written, I would tear the word.

Jul. My ears have yet not drunk a hundred words
Of that tongue's uttering, yet I know the sound.
Art thou not *Romeo*, and a *Montague*?

Rom. Neither, fair Saint, if either thee dislike.

Jul. How cam'st thou hither, tell me, and wherefore?
The orchard-walls are high, and hard to climb;
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

Rom. With love's light wings did I o'er-perch these
walls,
For stony limits cannot hold love out;
And what love can do, that dares love attempt:
Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me.

Jul. If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

Rom. Alack! there lies more peril in thine eye,
Than twenty of their swords; look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity.

Jul. I would not for the world, they saw thee here.

Rom. I have night's cloak to hide me from their eyes,
And but thou love me, let them find me here;
My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.

Jul. By whose direction found'st thou out this place?

Rom. By love, that first did prompt me to enquire;
He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes:

I am no Pilot, yet wert thou as far
As that vast shore, wash'd with the farthest sea,
I would adventure for such merchandise.

Jul. Thou know'st, the mask of night is on my face,
Else would a maiden-blush bepaint my cheek
For that which thou hast heard me speak to night.
Fain would I dwell on form; fain, fain, deny
What I have spoke——but farewell compliment!
Dost thou love me? I know, thou wilt say, *ay*;
And I will take thy word — yet if thou swear'st,
Thou may'st prove false; at lovers' perjuries,
They say, *Jove* laughs. Oh, gentle *Romeo*,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully:
Or if you think, I am too quickly won,
I'll frown and be perverse, and say thee *no*,
So thou wilt woe: but, else, not for the world.
In truth, fair *Montague*, I am too fond;
And therefore thou may'st think my 'haviour light:
But trust me, Gentleman, I'll prove more true,
Than those that have more cunning to be strange.
I should have been more strange, I must confess,
But that thou over-heard'st, ere I was 'ware,
My true love's Passion; therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath so discovered.

Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I vow,
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops——

Jul. O swear not by the moon, th' inconstant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb;
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

Rom. What shall I swear by?

Jul. Do not swear at all;
Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the God of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.

Rom. If my true heart's love——

Jul. Well, do not swear — although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract to night;
It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden,
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be,

Ere one can say, it lightens—Sweet, good night.
 This bud of love by summer's ripening breath
 May prove a beauteous flower, when next we meet :
 Good night, good night—as sweet Repose and Rest
 Come to thy heart, as that within my breast!

Rom. O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

Jul. What satisfaction canst thou have to night?

Rom. Th' exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.

Jul. I gave thee mine, before thou did'st request it :
 And yet I would, it were to give again.

Rom. Wouldst thou withdraw it? for what purpose,
 love?

Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee again.
 And yet I wish but for the thing I have :
 My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
 My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
 The more I have, for both are infinite.
 I hear some noise within; dear love, adieu!

[*Nurse calls within.*]

Anon, good nurse:—Sweet *Montague*, be true:
 Stay but a little, I will come again.

[*Exit.*]

Rom. O blessed, blessed night! I am afraid,
 Being in night, all this is but a dream;
 Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

Re-enter Juliet above.

Jul. Three words, dear *Romeo*, and good night, indeed:

If that thy bent of love be honourable,
 Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,
 By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
 Where and what time thou wilt perform the rite;
 And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,
 And follow thee, my love, throughout the world.

[*Within: Madam.*]

I come, anon—but if thou mean'st not well,
 I do beseech thee—[*Within: Madam.*] By and by,
 I come —————

To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief.

To morrow will I send.

Rom. So thrive my soul, ———

Jul. A thousand times, good night. [Exit.

Rom. A thousand times the worse, to want thy light.
Love goes tow'rd love, as school-boys from their books;
But love from love, tow'rds school with heavy looks.

Enter Juliet again.

Jul. Hift! *Romeo*, hift! O for a falkner's voice,
To lure this Tassel gentle back again ———
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud;
Else would I tear the cave where Echo lies,
And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine,
With repetition of my *Romeo*.

Rom. It is my love that calls upon my name,
How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest musick to attending ears!

Jul. *Romeo!*

Rom. My Sweet!

Jul. At what o' clock to morrow
Shall I send to thee?

Rom. By the hour of nine.

Jul. I will not fail, 'tis twenty years 'till then, ———
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

Rom. Let me stand here 'till thou remember it.

Jul. I shall forget, to have thee still stand there;
Remembring how I love thy company.

Rom. And I'll still stay to have thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.

Jul. 'Tis almost morning. I would have thee gone,
And yet no further than a Wanton's bird,
That lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty.

Rom. I would, I were thy bird.

Jul. Sweet, so would I;
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.
Good night, good night. Parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say good night, 'till it be morrow. [Exit.

Rom.

Rom. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast!
 'Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!
 Hence will I to my ghostly Friar's close Cell,
 His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell. [Exit.

S C E N E *changes to a Monastery.*

Enter Friar Lawrence, with a basket.

Fri. **T**HE grey-ey'd morn smiles on the frowning
 night,
 Check'ring the eastern clouds with streaks of light :
 And darkness flecker'd, like a drunkard, reels
 From forth day's path, and *Titan's* burning wheels.
 Now ere the Sun advance his burning eye,
 The day to chear, and night's dank dew to dry,
 I must fill up this osier-cage of ours
 With baleful weeds, and precious-juiced flowers.
 The earth, that's Nature's mother, is her tomb ;
 What is her burying Grave, that is her womb ;
 And from her womb children of divers kind
 We sucking on her natural bosom find :
 Many for many virtues excellent,
 None but for some, and yet all different.
 O, mickle is the powerful grace, that lies
 In plants, herbs, stones, and their true qualities.
 Nor nought so vile, that on the earth doth live,
 But to the earth some special good doth give :
 Nor aught so good, but, strain'd from that fair use,
 Revolts from true Birth, stumbling on abuse.
 Virtue it self turns vice, being misapplied ;
 And vice sometime by action's dignified.
 Within the infant rind of this small flower
 Poison hath residence, and medicine power :
 For this being smelt, with that sense chears each part ;
 Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.
 Two such opposed foes encamp them still
 In man, as well as herbs, Grace and rude Will :
 And where the worser is predominant,
 Full-soon the canker death eats up that plant.

Enter

Enter Romeo.

Rom. Good morrow, father.

Fri. *Benedicite!*

What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?
 Young son, it argues a distemper'd head
 So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed:
 Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
 And, where care lodgeth, sleep will never lye:
 But where unbruised youth with unstuff'd brain
 Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign:
 Therefore thy earliness doth me assure,
 Thou art uprouz'd by some distemp'ature;
 Or if not so, then here I hit it right,
 Our *Romeo* hath not been in bed to night.

Rom. That last is true, the sweeter Rest was mine.

Fri. God pardon sin! wast thou with *Rosaline*?

Rom. With *Rosaline*, my ghostly father? no.

I have forgot that name, and that name's woe.

Fri. That's my good son: but where hast thou been then?

Rom. I'll tell thee, ere thou ask it me again;
 I have been feasting with mine enemy;
 Where, on a sudden, one hath wounded me,
 That's by me wounded; both our remedies
 Within thy help and holy physick lies;
 I bear no hatred, blessed man, for, lo,
 My intercession likewise steads my foe.

Fri. Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift;
 Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift.

Rom. Then plainly know, my heart's dear love is set
 On the fair daughter of rich *Capulet*;
 As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine;
 And all combin'd; save what thou must combine
 By holy marriage: When, and where, and how,
 We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vow,
 I'll tell thee as we pass; but this I pray,
 That thou consent to marry us this day.

Fri. Holy saint *Francis*, what a change is here!
 Is *Rosaline*, whom thou didst love so dear,

So soon forsaken? young mens' love then lyes
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.

Jesu Maria! what a deal of brine
Hath washt thy fallow cheeks for *Rosaline*?
How much salt-water thrown away in waste,
To season love, that of it doth not taste?

The Sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,
Thy old groans ring yet in my antient ears:
Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit
Of an old tear, that is not wash'd off yet.

If e'er thou wast thy self, and these woes thine,
Thou and these woes were all for *Rosaline*.

And art thou chang'd? pronounce this sentence then,
Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.

Rom. Thou chidd'st me oft for loving *Rosaline*.

Fri. For doating, not for loving, Pupil mine.

Rom. And bad'st me bury love.

Fri. Not in a Grave,

To lay one in, another out to have.

Rom. I pray thee, chide not: she, whom I love now,
Doth grace for grace, and love for love allow:
The other did not so.

Fri. Oh, she knew well,

Thy love did read by rote, and could not spell.
But come, young waverer, come and go with me,
In one respect I'll thy assistant be:

For this alliance may so happy prove,
To turn your household-rancour to pure love.

Rom. O let us hence, I stand on sudden haste.

Fri. Wisely and slow; they stumble, that run fast.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to the STREET.

Enter Benvolio and Mercutio.

Mer. **W**HERE the devil should this *Romeo* be?
came he not home to night?

Ben. Not to his father's, I spoke with his man.

Mer. Why, that same pale, hard-hearted, wench,
that

that *Rosaline*, torments him so, that he will, sure, run mad.

Ben. *Tybalt*, the kinsman to old *Capulet*,
Hath sent a letter to his father's house.

Mer. A challenge, on my life.

Ben. *Romeo* will answer it.

Mer. Any man, that can write, may answer a letter.

Ben. Nay, he will answer the letter's master, how he dares, being dar'd.

Mer. Alas, poor *Romeo*, he is already dead! stabb'd with a white wench's black eye, run through the ear with a love-song; the very pin of his heart cleft with the blind bow boy's but-shaft; and is he a man to encounter *Tybalt*?

Ben. Why, what is *Tybalt*?

Mer. More than prince of cats? — Oh, he's the courageous captain of compliments; he fights as you sing prick-songs, keeps time, distance, and proportion; rests his minum, one, two, and the third in your bosom; the very butcher of a silk button, a duellist, a duellist; a gentleman of the very first house, of the first and second cause; ah, the immortal passado, the punto reverso, the, hay! —

Ben. The what?

Mer. The pox of such antick, lispings, affected phantasies, these new tuners of accents: — “*Jesu!* a very good blade! — a very tall man! — a very good
“*whore!* — Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandfire, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these *pardonnez-moy's*, who stand so much on the new form that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench? O, their *bon's*, their *bon's!* (7)

Enter

(7) O, their bones! their bones!] *Mercutio* is here ridiculing those frenchified fantastical Coxcombs whom he calls *pardonnez-moy's*: and therefore, I suspect, here he meant to write *French* too.

O, their *bon's!* their *bon's!*

i. e. How

Enter Romeo.

Ben. Here comes *Romeo*, here comes *Romeo*.

Mer. Without his roe, like a dried herring. O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified? Now is he for the numbers that *Petrarch* flow'd in: *Laura* to his lady was but a kitchen-wench; marry, she had a better love to berime her: *Dido* a dowdy, *Cleopatra* a gipsie, *Helen* and *Hero* hildings and harlots: *Thisbé* a grey eye or so, but not to the purpose. Signior *Romeo*, *bonjour*; there's a *French* salutation to your *French* Slop. You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.

Rom. Good morrow to you Both: What counterfeit did I give you?

Mer. The slip, Sir, the slip: can you not conceive?

Rom. Pardon, good *Mercutio*, my business was great; and, in such a case as mine, a man may strain courtesy.

Mer. That's as much as to say, such a case as yours constrains a man to bow in the hams.

Rom. Meaning, to curt'sie.

Mer. Thou hast most kindly hit it.

Rom. A most courteous exposition.

Mer. Nay, I am the very pink of courtesie.

Rom. Pink for flower. —

Mer. Right.

Rom. Why, then is my pump well flower'd.

Mer. Sure wit — follow me this jest, now, till thou hast worn out thy pump, that when the single sole of it is worn, the jest may remain, after the wearing, solely-singular.

Rom. O single-sole'd jest,
Solely singular, for the singleness!

Mer. Come between us, good *Ben-volio*, my wit faints.

Rom. Switch and spurs,

i. e. How ridiculous they make themselves in crying out *Good*, and being in Ecstasies with every Trifle: as he has just describ'd them before,

—— *Jesu! a very good blade! &c.*

Switch

Switch and spurs, or I'll cry a match.

Mer. Nay, if our wits run the wild-goose chase, I am done : for thou hast more of the wild-goose in one of thy wits, than, I am sure, I have in my whole five. Was I with you there for the goose ?

Rom. Thou wast never with me for any thing, when thou wast not there for the goose.

Mer. I will bite thee by the ear for that jest.

Rom. Nay, good goose, bite not.

Mer. Thy wit is a very bitter sweeting,
It is a most sharp sawce.

Rom. And is it not well serv'd in to a sweet goose ?

Mer. O, here's a wit of cheverel, that stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad.

Rom. I stretch it out for that word broad, which added to the goose, proves thee far and wide a broad goose.

Mer. Why, is not this better, than groaning for love ? Now thou art sociable ; now art thou *Romeo* ; now art thou what thou art, by art, as well as by nature ; for this driveling love is like a great Natural, that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole.

Ben. Stop there, stop there.

Mer. Thou desirest me to stop in my tale, against the hair.

Ben. Thou wouldst else have made thy tale large.

Mer. O, thou art deceiv'd, I would have made it short ; for I was come to the whole depth of my tale, and meant, indeed, to occupy the argument no longer.

Enter Nurse, and Peter her Man.

Rom. Here's goodly Geer : a Sayle ! a Sayle !

Mer. Two, two, a Shirt and a Smock.

Nurse. *Peter,*——

Peter. Anon ?

Nurse. My Fan, *Peter.*

Mer. Do, good *Peter*, to hide her face ; for her fan's the fairer of the two.

Nurse. God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

Mer. God ye good den, fair gentlewoman.

Nurse. Is it good den ?

Mer.

Mer. 'Tis no less, I tell you ; for the bawdy hand of the dial is now upon the prick of noon.

Nurse. Out upon you ! what a man are you ?

Rom. One, gentlewoman, that God hath made, himself to mar.

Nurse. By my troth, it is well said : for himself to mar, quotha ? Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young *Romeo*.

Rom. I can tell you : but young *Romeo* will be older when you have found him, than he was when you sought him : I am the youngest of that name, for fault of a worse.

Nurse. You say well.

Mer. Yea, is the worst well ?

Very well took, i'faith, wisely, wisely.

Nurse. If you be he, Sir,
I desire some confidence with you.

Ben. She will indite him to some supper.

Mer. A bawd, a bawd, a bawd. So ho ! —

Rom. What hast thou found ?

Mer. No hare, Sir, unless a hare, Sir, in a lenten pye, that is something stale and hoar ere it be spent.

An old hare hoar, and an old hare hoar, is very good meat in *Lent*.

But a hare, that is hoar, is too much for a score, when it hoars ere it be spent.

Romeo, will you come to your father's ? we'll to dinner thither.

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewel, antient lady :

Farewel, lady, lady, lady. [*Exeunt* *Mercutio*, *Benvolio*.]

Nurse. I pray you, Sir, what saucy merchant was this, that was so full of his ropery ?

Rom. A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk, and will speak more in a minute, than he will stand to in a month.

Nurse. An a speak any thing against me, I'll take him down an' he were lustier than he is, and twenty such *Jacks* : and if I cannot, I'll find those that shall. Scurvy knave, I am none of his flirt-gills ; I am none of his skains-

skains-mates. And thou must stand by too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure? [*To her man.*]

Pet. I saw no man use you at his pleasure: if I had, my weapon should quickly have been out, I warrant you. I dare draw as soon as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrel, and the law on my side.

Nurse. Now, afore God, I am so vext, that every part about me quivers ——— Scurvy knave! Pray you, Sir, a word: and as I told you, my young lady bid me enquire you out; what she bid me say, I will keep to my self: but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her into a fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind of behaviour, as they say, for the gentlewoman is young; and therefore if you should deal double with her, truly, it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing.

Rom. Commend me to thy lady and mistress, I protest unto thee ———

Nurse. Good heart, and, i'faith, I will tell her as much: Lord, lord, she will be a joyful woman.

Rom. What wilt thou tell her, nurse? thou dost not mark me.

Nurse. I will tell her, Sir, that you do protest; which, as I take it, is a gentleman-like offer.

Rom. Bid her devise some means to come to shrift this afternoon;

And there she shall at friar *Laurence*' Cell
Be shriv'd and married: here is for thy pains.

Nurse. No, truly, Sir, not a penny.

Rom. Go to, I say, you shall.

Nurse. This afternoon, Sir? well, she shall be **there**.

Rom. And stay, good nurse, behind the abby-wall:
Within this hour my man shall be with thee,
And bring thee cords, made like a tackled stair,
Which to the high top-gallant of my joy
Must be my convoy in the secret night.

Farewel, be trusty, and I'll quit thy pains.

Nurse. Now, God in heav'n bless thee! hark you, Sir.

Rom. What sayest thou, my dear nurse?

Nurse. Is your man secret? did you ne'er hear say,

Two may keep counsel, putting one away ?

Rom. I warrant thee, my man's as true as steel.

Nurse. Well, Sir, my mistress is the sweetest lady ; lord, lord ! when 'twas a little prating thing — O, — there is a noble man in town, one *Paris*, that would fain lay knife aboard ; but she, good soul, had as lieve see a toad, a very toad, as see him : I anger her sometimes, and tell her, that *Paris* is the properer man ; but I'll warrant you, when I say so, she looks as pale as any clout in the varfal world. Doth not *Rosemary* and *Romeo* begin both with a letter ?

Rom. Ay, nurse, what of that ? both with an R. (8)

Nurse. Ah, mocker ! that's the dog's name. R. is for Thee ? No ; I know, it begins with another letter ; and she hath the prettiest sententious of it, of you and *rosemary*, that it would do you good to hear it.

Rom. Commend me to thy lady — [Exit *Rom.*

(8) *Rom.* Ay, *Nurse*, what of That ? Both with an R.

Nurse. Ah mocker ! that's the Dog's Name. R. is for the no, I know it begins with no other Letter,] I believe, I have rectified this old Stuff ; but it is a little mortifying, that the Sense, when 'tis found out, should hardly be worth the pains of retrieving it. The *Nurse* is represented as a prating silly Creature ; She says, She will tell *Romeo* a good Joak about his Mistress, and asks him, whether *Rosemary* and *Romeo* do not begin Both with a Letter : He says, Yes, an R. She, who, we must suppose, could not read, thought he had mock'd her, and says, No, sure, I know better : our Dog's name is R. Yours begins with another Letter. This is natural enough, and very much in Character for this insipid prating Creature. R. put her in mind of that Sound which is made by Dogs when they snarl : and therefore, I presume, she says, that is the Dog's Name. A Quotation from *Ben Johnson's Alchemist* will clear up this Allusion.

— He shall have a Bell, that's Abel ;
 And, by it, standing One whose Name is D
 In a rug Gown ; there's D and rug, that's Drug ;
 And right anenst him a dog snarling, — — err ;
 There's Drugger, Abel Drugger. Mr. Warburton.

Nurse.

Nurse. Ay, a thousand times. *Peter,* —

Pet. Anon ?

Nurse. Take my fan, and go before. [Exeunt.

S C E N E *changes to Capulet's House.*

Enter Juliet.

Jul. **T**HE clock struck nine, when I did send the nurse :

In half an hour she promis'd to return.

Perchance, she cannot meet him — That's not so —

Oh, she is lame : love's heralds should be thoughts,
Which ten times faster glide than the sun-beams,
Driving back shadows over lowring hills.

Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love,
And therefore hath the wind-swift *Cupid* wings.

Now is the Sun upon the highmost hill

Of this day's journey ; and from nine 'till twelve

Is three long hours — and yet she is not come ;

Had she affections and warm youthful blood,

She'd be as swift in motion as a ball ;

My words would bandy her to my sweet love,

And his to me ;

Enter Nurse, with Peter.

O God, she comes. O honey Nurse, what news ?

Hast thou met with him ? send thy man away.

Nurse. *Peter,* stay at the gate. [Exit *Peter.*

Jul. Now, good sweet Nurse, —

O lord, why look'st thou sad ?

Tho' news be sad, yet tell them merrily :

If good, thou sham'st the musick of sweet news,

By playing't to me with so fowre a face.

Nurse. I am a weary, let me rest a while ;

Fy, how my bones ake, what a jaunt have I had ?

Jul. I would, thou hadst my bones, and I thy news !

Nay, come, I pray thee, speak — Good, good nurse,
speak.

Nurse.

Nurse. Jesu ! what haste ? Can you not stay a while ?
Do you not see, that I am out of breath ?

Jul. How art thou out of breath, when thou hast
breath

To say to me, that thou art out of breath ?
Th' Excuse, that thou dost make in this delay,
Is longer than the Tale thou dost excuse.
Is thy news good or bad ? answer to that ;
Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance :
Let me be satisfied, is't good or bad ?

Nurse. Well, you have made a simple choice ; you
know not how to chuse a man : *Romeo*, no, not he ;
though his face be better than any man's, yet his legs ex-
cel all men's ; and for a hand, and a foot, and a body,
tho' they be not to be talk'd on, yet they are past com-
pare. He is not the flower of courtesie, but, I warrant
him, as gentle as a lamb — Go thy ways, wench,
serve God — What, have you dined at home ?

Jul. No, no — but all this did I know before :
What says he of our marriage ? what of that ?

Nurse. Lord, how my head akes ! what a head have I ?
It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.

My back o' th' other side — O my back, my back :
Beshrew your heart, for sending me about
To catch my death with jaunting up and down.

Jul. I'faith, I am sorry that thou art so ill.
Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what says my love ?

Nurse. Your love says like an honest gentleman,
And a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome,
And, I warrant, a virtuous — where is your mother ?

Jul. Where is my mother ? — why she is within ;
Where should she be ? how odly thou reply'st !

Your love says like an honest gentleman : —

Where is your mother ? —

Nurse. O, God's lady dear,
Are you so hot ? marry come up, I trow,
Is this the poultis for my aking bones ?
Hence-forward do your messages your self.

Jul. Here's such a coil ; come, what says *Romeo* ?

Nurse. Have you got leave to go to shrift to day ?

Jul.

Jul. I have.

Nurse. Then hie you hence to friar *Laurence*' cell,
There stays a husband to make you a wife.

Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks,
They'll be in scarlet fraight at any news.

Hie you to church, I must another way,
To fetch a ladder, by the which your love
Must climb a bird's-nest soon, when it is dark.

I am the drudge and toil in your delight,
But you shall bear the burthen soon at night.

Go, I'll to dinner, hie you to the cell.

Jul. Hie to high fortune; — honest nurse, farewell.
[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E *changes to the Monastery.*

Enter Friar Lawrence, and Romeo.

Fri. **S**O smile the heav'ns upon this holy Act,
That after-hours with sorrow chide us not!

Rom. Amen, amen! but come what sorrow can,
It cannot countervail th' exchange of joy,
That one short minute gives me in her sight:
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
Then love-devouring death do what he dare,
It is enough, I may but call her mine.

Fri. These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die; like fire and powder,
Which, as they meet, consume. The sweetest honey
Is loathsome in its own deliciousness,
And in the taste confounds the appetite;
Therefore love mod'rately, long love doth so:
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

Enter Juliet.

Here comes the lady. O, so light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint;
A lover may bestride the gossamour,
That idles in the wanton summer air,
And yet not fall, so light is vanity.

Jul. Good even to my ghostly Confessor.

Fri.

Fri. Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.

Jul. As much to him, else are his thanks too much.

Rom. Ah! *Juliet*, if the measure of thy joy
Be heap'd like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour air; and let rich musick's tongue
Unfold th' imagin'd happiness, that Both
Receive in either, by this dear encounter.

Jul. Conceit, more rich in matter than in words,
Braggs of his substance, not of ornament:
They are but beggars, that can count their worth;
But my true love is grown to such Excess,
I cannot sum up one half of my wealth.

Fri. Come, come with me, and we will make short
work;

For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone,
Till Holy Church incorp'rate two in one.

[*Exeunt.*]



A C T III.

S C E N E, *The STREET.*

Enter Mercutio, Benvolio, and Servants.

B E N V O L I O.

I Pray thee, good *Mercutio*, let's retire;
The day is hot, the *Capulets* abroad;
And, if we meet, we shall not 'scape a brawl;
For now these hot days is the mad blood stirring.

Mer. Thou art like one of those fellows, that, when
he enters the confines of a tavern, claps me his sword up-
on the table, and says, God send me no need of thee!
and, by the operation of the second cup, draws it on the
Drawer, when, indeed, there is no need.

Ben. Am I like such a fellow?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a *Jack* in thy
mood

mood as any in *Italy*; and as soon mov'd to be moody, and as soon moody to be mov'd.

Ben. And what to?

Mer. Nay, an' there were two such, we should have none shortly, for one would kill the other. Thou! why thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more, or a hair less, in his beard, than thou hast: thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reason but because thou hast hazel eyes; what eye, but such an eye, would spy out such a quarrel? thy head is as full of quarrels, as an egg is full of meat; and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egg, for quarrelling: thou hast quarrel'd with a man for coughing in the street, because he hath wakened thy dog that hath lain asleep in the Sun. Didst thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing his new doublet before *Easter*? with another, for tying his new shoes with old ribband? and yet thou wilt tutor me for quarrelling!

Ben. If I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any man should buy the fee simple of my life for an hour and a quarter.

Mar. The fee-simple? O simple!

Enter Tybalt, Petruchio, and others.

Ben. By my head, here come the *Capulets*.

Mer. By my heel, I care not.

Tyb. Follow me close, for I will speak to them.

Gentlemen, good-den, a word with one of you.

Mer. And but one word with one of us? couple it with something, make it a word and a blow.

Tyb. You shall find me apt enough to that, Sir, if you will give me occasion.

Mer. Could you not take some occasion without giving?

Tyb. *Mercutio*, thou consort'st with *Romeo* ———

Mer. Consort! what dost thou make us minstrels! if thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords: here's my fiddlestick; here's That, shall make you dance. Zounds! consort!

[*Laying his hand on his sword.*]

Ben. We talk here in the publick haunt of men:

Either

Either withdraw unto some private place,
Or reason coldly of your grievances,
Or else depart ; here all eyes gaze on us.

Mer. Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze.

I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

Enter Romeo.

Tyb. Well, peace be with you, Sir! here comes my man.

Mer. But I'll be hang'd, Sir, if he wear your livery :
Marry, go first to field, he'll be your follower ;
Your Worship in that sense may call him man.

Tyb. *Romeo*, the love, I bear thee, can afford
No better term than this, thou art a villain. —

Rom. *Tybalt*, the reason that I have to love thee
Doth much excuse the appertaining rage
To such a Greeting : villain I am none,
Therefore, farewell ; I see, thou know'st me not.

Tyb. Boy, this shall not excuse the Injuries
That thou hast done me, therefore turn and draw.

Rom. I do protest, I never injur'd thee,
But love thee better than thou canst devise ;
'Till thou shalt know the reason of my love.
And so, good *Capulet*, (whose name I tender
As dearly as my own,) be satisfied.

Mer. O calm, dishonourable, vile submission !

Ab! la Stoccata carries it away.

Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk ?

Tyb. What wouldst thou have with me ?

Mer. Good King of cats, nothing but one of
your nine lives, that I mean to make bold withal ;
and as you shall use me hereafter, dry-beat the rest of
the eight. Will you pluck your sword out of his pil-
cher by the ears ? Make haste, lest mine be about your
ears ere it be out.

Tyb. I am for you.

[*Drawing.*

Rom. Gentle *Mercutio*, put thy rapier up.

Mer. Come, Sir, your passado.

[*Mercutio and Tybalt fight.*

Rom. Draw, *Benvolio* — beat down their weapons —
Gentlemen — for shame, forbear this outrage —
Tybalt — *Mercutio* — the Prince expressly hath
Forbidden bandying in *Verona* streets.

Hold, *Tybalt*, — good *Mercutio*. [Exit *Tybalt*.

Mer. I am hurt —

A plague of both the houses! I am sped:
Is he gone, and hath nothing?

Ben. What, art thou hurt?

Mer. Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; marry, 'tis
enough.

Where is my page? go, villain, fetch a surgeon.

Rom. Courage, man, the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide
as a church-door, but 'tis enough, 'twill serve: ask
for me to morrow, and you shall find me a grave
man. I am pepper'd, I warrant, for this world: a
plague of both your houses! What? a dog, a rat, a
mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death? a braggart,
a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithme-
tick? why the devil came you between us? I was hurt
under your arm.

Rom. I thought all for the best

Mer. Help me into some house, *Benvolio*,

Or I shall faint; a plague o' both your houses!

'They have made worms-meat of me,

I have it, and soundly too. Plague o' your houses!

Exeunt Mer. Ben.

Rom. This Gentleman, the Prince's near allie,
My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt
In my behalf; my reputation stain'd
With *Tybalt's* slander; *Tybalt*, that an hour
Hath been my cousin: O sweet *Juliet*,
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,
And in my temper softned valour's steel.

Enter Benvolio.

Ben. O *Romeo*, *Romeo*, brave *Mercutio's* dead;
That gallant spirit hath aspir'd the clouds,
Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.

Rom.

Rom. This day's black fate on more days does depend ;

This but begins the woe, others must end.

Enter Tybalt.

Ben. Here comes the furious *Tybalt* back again.

Rom. Alive? in Triumph? and *Mercutio* slain?

Away to heav'n, respective lenity,

And fire-ey'd fury be my conduct now!

Now, *Tybalt*, take the villain back again,

That late thou gav'st me; for *Mercutio*'s foul

Is but a little way above our heads,

Staying for thine to keep him company:

Or thou or I, or both, must go with him.

Tyb. Thou, wretched boy, that didst consort him here,

Shalt with him hence.

Rom. This shall determine that.

[*They fight, Tybalt falls.*]

Ben. *Romeo*, away, begone:

The cizizens are up, and *Tybalt* slain —

Stand not amaz'd; the Prince will doom thee death,

If thou art taken: hence, be gone, away.

Rom. O! I am fortune's fool.

Ben. Why dost thou stay? [Exit *Romeo*.]

Enter Citizens.

Cit. Which way ran he that kill'd *Mercutio*?

Tybalt, that murthurer, which way ran he?

Ben. There lyes that *Tybalt*.

Cit. Up, Sir, go with me:

I charge thee in the Prince's name, obey.

Enter Prince, Montague, Capulet, their Wives, &c.

Prin. Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

Ben. O noble Prince, I can discover all

Th' unlucky manage of this fatal brawl:

There lies the man, slain by young *Romeo*,

That slew thy kinsman, brave *Mercutio*.

La. Cap. Tybalt, my cousin! O my brother's child!—
Unhappy fight! alas, the blood is spill'd
Of my dear kinsman——Prince, as thou art true,
For blood of ours, shed blood of *Montague*.

Prin. *Ben-volio*, who began this fray?

Ben. Tybalt here slain, whom *Romeo's* hand did slay:
Romeo, that spoke him fair, bid him bethink
How nice the quarrel was, and urg'd withal
Your high displeasure: all this uttered
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bow'd,
Could not take truce with the unruly spleen
Of Tybalt, deaf to peace; but that he tilts
With piercing steel at bold *Mercutio's* breast;
Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point,
And with a martial scorn, with one hand beats
Cold death aside, and with the other sends
It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity
Retorts it: *Romeo* he cries aloud,
Hold, friends! friends, part! and, swifter than his tongue,
His agil arm beats down their fatal points,
And 'twixt them rushes; underneath whose arm
An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life
Of stout *Mercutio*, and then Tybalt fled;
But by and by comes back to *Romeo*,
Who had but newly entertain'd revenge,
And to't they go like lightning: for ere I
Could draw to part them, was stout Tybalt slain;
And as he fell, did *Romeo* turn to fly:
This is the truth, or let *Ben-volio* die.

La. Cap. He is a kinsman to the *Montague*:
Affection makes him false, he speaks not true.
Some twenty of them fought in this black strife,
And all those twenty could but kill one life.
I beg for justice, which thou, Prince, must give;
Romeo slew Tybalt, *Romeo* must not live.

Prin. *Romeo* slew him, he slew *Mercutio*;
Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe?

La. Mont. Not *Romeo*, Prince, he was *Mercutio's*
friend;
His fault concludes but what the law should end,

The life of *Tybalt*.

Prin. And for that offence,
Immediately we do exile him hence :
I have an interest in your hearts' proceeding,
My blood for your rude brawls doth lye a bleeding ;
But I'll amerce you with so strong a fine,
That you shall all repent the loss of mine.
I will be deaf to pleading and excuses,
Nor tears nor prayers shall purchase out abuses ;
Therefore use none ; let *Romeo* hence in haste,
Else, when he's found, that hour is his last. (9)
Bear hence this body, and attend our will :
" Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill."

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to an Apartment in Capulet's House.

Enter Juliet alone.

Jul. G A L L O P apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
Tow'rds *Phæbus'* mansion ; such a waggoner,
As *Phaeton*, would whip you to the west,
And bring in cloudy night immediately.
Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night, (10)
That

(9) *Else, when he is found, that hour is his last.*] It is wonderful that *Mr. Pope* should retort the *Want of Ear* upon any body, and pass such an inharmonious, unscanning, Verse in his own Ear: a Verse, that cannot run off from the Tongue with any Cadence of Musick, the short and long Syllables stand so perversely. We must read,

Else, when he's found, that Hour is his last.

Every diligent and knowing Reader of our Poet must have observ'd, that *Hour* and *Fire* are almost perpetually dissyllables in the pronounciation and Scansion of his Verses.

(10) *Spread thy close Curtain, love-performing Night,*

That runaways Eyes may wink;] What Runaways are these, whose Eyes *Juliet* is wishing to have stopt? *Macbeth*, we may remember, makes an Invocation to Night, much in the same Strain:

That th' Run-away's eyes may wink ; and *Romeo*
 Leap to these arms, untalkt of and unseen.
 Lovers can see to do their am'rous rites
 By their own beauties : or, if love be blind,
 It best agrees with night. Come, civil night,
 Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,
 And learn me how to lose a winning match,
 Plaid for a pair of stainless maidenheads.
 Hood my unmann'd blood baiting in my cheeks,
 With thy black mantle ; 'till strange love, grown bold,
 Thinks true love acted, simple modesty.
 Come, night, come, *Romeo!* come, thou day in night !
 For thou wilt lye upon the wings of night,
 Whiter than snow upon a raven's back :
 Come, gentle night ; come, loving, black-brow'd night !
 Give me my *Romeo*, and, when he shall die,
 Take him and cut him out in little stars,
 And he will make the face of heav'n so fine,
 That all the world shall be in love with night,
 And pay no worship to the garish sun.
 O, I have bought the mansion of a love,
 But not possess'd it ; and though I am sold,
 Not yet enjoy'd ; so tedious is this day,
 As is the night before some festival,
 To an impatient child that hath new robes,
 And may not wear them. O, here comes my nurse !

Enter Nurse with cords.

And she brings news ; and every tongue, that speaks
 But *Romeo's* name, speaks heav'nly eloquence ;

————— *Come, feeling Night,*

Scarf up the tender Eye of pitiful day, &c.

So *Juliet* here would have Night's Darkness obscure the great Eye of the Day, the *Sun* ; whom considering in a poetical Light as *Phæbus*, drawn in his Carr with fiery-footed Steeds, and posting thro' the Heav'ns, She very properly calls him, with regard to the Swiftness of his Course, the *Runaway*. In the like Manner our Poet speaks of the *Night*, in the *Merchant of Venice*.

For the close Night doth play the Runaway,

Mr. Warburton.

Now,

Now, nurse, what news? what hast thou there?
The cords that *Romeo* bid thee fetch?

Nurse. Ay, ay, the cords.

Jul. Ay me, what news?

Why dost thou wring thy hands?

Nurse. Ah welladay, he's dead, he's dead, he's dead!

We are undone, lady, we are undone. ———

Alack the day! he's gone, he's kill'd, he's dead.

Jul. Can heaven be so envious?

Nurse. *Romeo* can,

Though heav'n cannot. O *Romeo!* *Romeo!*

Who ever would have thought it, *Romeo?*

Jul. What devil art thou, that dost torment me
thus?

This torture should be roar'd in dismal hell.

Hath *Romeo* slain himself? say thou but, I;

And that bare vowel, I, shall poison more (11)

Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice.

Nurse. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,
(God save the mark,) here on his manly breast,

A piteous coarse, a bloody piteous coarse;

Pale, pale as ashes, all bedawb'd in blood,

All in gore blood; I swooned at the sight.

Jul. O break, my heart!—poor bankrupt, break
at once!

To prison, eyes! ne'er look on liberty;

Vile earth to earth resign, end motion here,

And thou and *Romeo* press one heavy bier!

Nurse. O *Tybalt*, *Tybalt*, the best friend I had:

O courteous *Tybalt*, honest gentleman,

That ever I should live to see thee dead!

(11) *And that bare vowel, ay, shall poison more*

Than the death-darting Eye of Cockatrice.] I question much whether the Grammarians will take this new *Vowel* on Trust from Mr. *Pope*, without suspecting it rather for a *Diphthong*. In short, we must restore the Spelling of the Old Books, or We lose the Poet's Conceit. At his Time of day, the affirmative Adverb *Ay* was generally written, *I*: and by this means it both becomes a *Vowel*, and answers in Sound to *Eye*, upon which the Conceit turns in the Second Line,

Jul. What storm is this, that blows so contrary!
Is *Romeo* slaughter'd? and is *Tybalt* dead?
My dear-lov'd cousin, and my dearer lord?
Then let the trumpet sound the general Doom,
For who is living, if those two are gone?

Nurse. *Tybalt* is dead, and *Romeo* banished,
Romeo, that kill'd him, he is banished.

Jul. O God! did *Romeo's* hand shed *Tybalt's* blood?

Nurse. It did, it did, alas, the day! it did.

Jul. O serpent-heart, hid with a flow'ring face!
Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?

Beautiful tyrant, fiend angelical!

Dove-feather'd raven! Wolvish-rav'ning Lamb! (12)

Despised substance, of divinest show!

Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st,

A damned Saint, an honourable villain!

O nature! what hadst thou to do in hell,

When thou didst bower the Spirit of a fiend

In mortal Paradise of such sweet flesh?

Was ever book, containing such vile matter,

So fairly bound? O, that deceit should dwell

In such a gorgeous palace!

Nurse. There's no trust,

No faith, no honesty, in men; all perjur'd;

All, all forsworn; all naught; and all dissemblers.

Ah, where's my man? give me some *Aqua vite*——

These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old!

(12) *Ravenous Dove, feather'd Raven,*

Wolvish ravening Lamb.] This passage Mr. *Pope* has thrown out of the Text, partly, I presume, because these two noble *Hemistichs* are, indeed, inharmonious: [But chiefly, because they are obscure and unintelligible at the first view.] But is there no such Thing as a Crutch for a labouring, halting, Verse? I'll venture to restore to the Poet a Line that was certainly his, that is in his own Mode of Thinking, and truly worthy of him. The first word, *ravenous*, I have no Doubt, was blunderingly coin'd out of *Raven* and *ravening*, which follow; and, if we only throw it out, we gain at once an harmonious Verse, and a proper Contrast of Epithets and Images.

Dove-feather'd Raven! Wolvish-rav'ning Lamb!

Shame come to *Romeo*!

Jul. Blister'd be thy tongue,
For such a wish! he was not born to shame;
Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit:
For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd
Sole monarch of the universal earth.

O, what a beast was I to chide him so?

Nurse. Will you speak well of him, that kill'd your
cousin?

Jul. Shall I speak ill of him, that is my husband?

Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,
When I, thy three-hours-wife, have mangled it!

But wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin?

That villain cousin would have kill'd my husband.

Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring;

Your tributary drops belong to woe,

Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.

My husband lives, that *Tybalt* would have slain;

And *Tybalt's* dead, that would have kill'd my husband;

All this is comfort; wherefore weep I then?

Some word there was, worse than *Tybalt's* death,

That murder'd me; I would forget it, fain;

But, oh! it presses to my memory,

Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds;

Tybalt is dead, and Romeo banished!

That *banished*, that one word *banished*,

Hath slain ten thousand *Tybalts*: *Tybalt's* death

Was woe enough, if it had ended there:

Or if sorrow delights in fellowship,

And needly will be rank'd with other griefs,

Why follow'd not, when she said *Tybalt's* dead,

Thy *Father* or thy *Mother*, nay, or *both*?

But with a rear-ward following *Tybalt's* death,

Romeo is banished——to speak that word,

Is, father, mother, *Tybalt*, *Romeo*, *Juliet*,

All slain, all dead!——*Romeo is banished!*

There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,

In that word's death; no words can that woe sound.

Where is my father, and my mother, nurse?

Nurse. Weeping and wailing over *Tybalt's* corpse.

Will

Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.

Jul. Wash they his wounds with tears? mine shall be spent,

When theirs are dry, for *Romeo's* banishment.

Take up those Cords; — poor Ropes, you are beguil'd;
Both You and I; for *Romeo* is exil'd.

He made You for a high-way to my Bed:

But I, a maid, dye Maiden widowed.

Come, Cord; come, Nurse; I'll to my wedding-Bed:
And Death, not *Romeo*, take my Maidenhead!

Nurse. Hie to your chamber, I'll find *Romeo*
To comfort you. I wot well, where he is.

Hark ye, your *Romeo* will be here at night;

I'll to him, he is hid at *Lawrence's* cell.

Jul. Oh find him, give this ring to my true knight,
And bid him come, to take his last farewell. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E *changes to the Monastery.*

Enter Friar Lawrence and Romeo.

Fri. **R** O M E O, come forth; come forth, thou fearful
man;

Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,
And thou art wedded to calamity.

Rom. Father, what news? what is the Prince's doom?
What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not?

Fri. Too familiar
Is my dear son with such sow'r company.
I bring thee tidings of the Prince's doom.

Rom. What less than dooms-day is the Prince's doom?

Fri. A gentler judgment vanish'd from his lips,
Not body's death, but body's banishment.

Rom. Ha, banishment! be merciful, say, death;
For exile hath more terror in his look,
Much more than death. Do not say, banishment.

Fri. Here from *Verona* art thou banished:
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

Rom. There is no world without *Verona's* walls,

But

But purgatory, torture, hell it self.
 Hence banished, is banish'd from the world;
 And world-exil'd, is death. That banished
 Is death mis-term'd: calling death banishment,
 Thou cut'st my head off with a golden ax,
 And smil'st upon the stroak that murders me.

Fri. O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!
 Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind Prince,
 Taking thy part, hath rusht aside the law,
 And turn'd that black word death to banishment.
 This is dear mercy, and thou see'st it not.

Rom. 'Tis torture, and not mercy: heav'n is here,
 Where *Juliet* lives; and every cat and dog
 And little mouse, every unworthy thing,
 Lives here in heaven, and may look on her;
 But *Romeo* may not. More validity,
 More honourable state, more courtship lives
 In carrion flies, than *Romeo*: they may seize
 On the white wonder of dear *Juliet's* hand,
 And steal immortal blessings from her lips;
 (Which even in pure and vestal modesty
 Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin.)
 This may flies do, when I from this must fly;
 (And say'st thou yet, that exile is not death?)
 But *Romeo* may not; — he is banished.
 Hadst thou no Poison mixt, no sharp-ground knife,
 No sudden mean of death, tho' ne'er so mean,
 But banished to kill me? banished?
 O Friar, the Damned use that word in hell;
 Howlings attend it: how hast thou the heart,
 Being a Divine, a ghostly Confessor,
 A sin-absolver, and my friend profess'd,
 To mangle me with that word, banishment?

Fri. Fond mad-man, hear me speak. ———

Rom. O, thou wilt speak again of banishment.

Fri. I'll give thee armour to keep off that word,
 Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,
 To comfort thee, tho' thou art banished.

Rom. Yet, banished? hang up philosophy:
 Unless philosophy can make a *Juliet*,

Displant a town, reverse a Prince's doom,
It helps not, it prevails not, talk no more——

Fri. O, then I see that mad-men have no ears.

Rom. How should they, when that wise men have no eyes?

Fri. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

Rom. Thou canst not speak of what thou dost not feel :
Wert thou as young as I, *Juliet* thy love,
An hour but married, *Tybalt* murdered,
Doating like me, and like me banished ;
Then might'st thou speak, then might'st thou tear thy
hair,

And fall upon the ground as I do now,
Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

[*Throwing himself on the ground.*

Fri. Arise, one knocks ; good *Romeo*, hide thy self.

[*Knock within.*

Rom. Not I, unless the breath of heart-sick Groans,
Mist-like, infold me from the Search of Eyes. [*Knock.*

Fri. Hark, how they knock !—(who's there?)—*Romeo*, arise.

Thou wilt be taken——(stay a while)——stand up ;

[*Knocks.*

Run to my Study——(By and by)——God's will !

What willfulness is this ?——I come, I come. [*Knock.*

Who knocks so hard ? whence come you ; what's your will ?

Nurse. [*Within.*] Let me come in, and you shall know my errand :

I come from lady *Juliet*.

Fri. Welcome then.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. O holy Friar, oh, tell me, holy Friar,
Where is my lady's lord ? where's *Romeo* ?

Fri. There, on the ground, with his own tears made drunk.

Nurse. O he is even in my mistress' case,
Just in her case, O woful sympathy !
Piteous predicament ! even so lies she,

Blubb'ring

Blubb'ring and weeping, weeping and blubbering.
Stand up, stand up; ——— Stand, an' you be a Man:
For *Juliet's* Sake, for her Sake, rise and stand.
Why should you fall into so deep an oh! ———

Rom. Nurse! ———

Nurse. Ah Sir! ah Sir! — Death is the end of all.

Rom. Speak'st thou of *Juliet*? how is it with her?

Doth not she think me an old murtherer,
Now I have stain'd the child-hood of our joy
With blood, remov'd but little from her own?
Where is she? and how does she? and what says
My conceal'd lady to our cancell'd love?

Nurse. O, she says nothing, Sir; but weeps and weeps;
And now falls on her bed, and then starts up;
And *Tybalt* cries, and then on *Romeo* calls,
And then down falls again.

Rom. As if that name,
Shot from the deadly level of a gun,
Did murther her, as that name's cursed hand
Murther'd her kinsman. — Tell me, Friar, tell me,
In what vile part of this anatomy
Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may sack
The hateful mansion. [Drawing his Sword.]

Fri. Hold thy desperate hand:
Thy tears are womanish, thy wild acts denote
Th' unreasonable fury of a beast.
Unseemly Woman in a seeming Man!
And ill-beseeming Beast in seeming Both!
Thou hast amaz'd me. By my holy Order,
I thought thy disposition better temper'd.
Hast thou slain *Tybalt*? wilt thou slay thy self?
And slay thy lady, that in thy life lives,
By doing damæd Hate upon thy self?
Why rail'st thou on thy Birth, the Heav'n, and Earth,
Since Birth, and Heav'n, and Earth, all three do meet
In thee at once, which Thou at once would'st lose?
Fie! fie! thou sham'st thy Shape, thy Love, thy Wit,
Which, like an Usurer, abound'st in all,
And usest none in that true use indeed,
Which should bedeck thy Shape, thy Love, thy Wit.
Thy

Thy noble Shape is but a Form of Wax,
 Digressing from the Valour of a Man ;
 Thy dear Love sworn, but hollow Perjury,
 Killing that Love, which thou hast vow'd to cherish.
 Thy Wit, that Ornament to Shape and Love,
 Mis-shapen in the Conduct of them Both,
 Like Powder in a skill-less Soldier's Flask,
 Is set on Fire by thine own Ignorance,
 And thou dismember'd with thine own Defense.
 What, rouse thee, man, thy *Juliet* is alive,
 For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead :
 There art thou happy. *Tybalt* would kill thee,
 But thou slew'st *Tybalt* ; there thou'rt happy too.
 The law, that threatned death, became thy friend,
 And turn'd it to exile ; there art thou happy ;
 A pack of blessings light upon thy back,
 Happiness courts thee in her best array,
 But, like a misbehav'd and fullen wench,
 Thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love.
 Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.
 Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed,
 Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her :
 But, look, thou stay not 'till the Watch be set ;
 For then thou canst not pass to *Mantua* :
 Where thou shalt live, 'till we can find a time
 To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
 Beg pardon of thy Prince, and call thee back
 With twenty hundred thousand times more joy,
 Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.
 Go before, nurse ; commend me to thy lady,
 And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
 Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto.

Romeo is coming.

Nurse. O lord, I could have staid here all night long,
 To hear good counsel : oh, what Learning is !
 My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.

Rom. Do so, and bid my Sweet prepare to chide.

Nurse. Here, Sir, a ring she bid me give you, Sir :
 Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late.

Rom. How well my comfort is reviv'd by this !

Fri. Sojourn in *Mantua*; I'll find out your man,
And he shall signifie from time to time
Every good hap to you, that chances here:
Give me thy hand, 'tis late, farewell, good night.

Rom. But that a joy, past joy, calls out on me,
It were a grief, so brief to part with thee. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E *changes to Capulet's House.*

Enter Capulet, Lady Capulet, and Paris.

Cap. THINGS have fallen out, Sir, so unluckily,
That we have had no time to move our
daughter:

Look you, she lov'd her kinsman *Tybalt* dearly,
And so did I. — Well, we were born to die. —
'Tis very late, she'll not come down to night.

I promise you, but for your Company,
I would have been a-bed an hour ago.

Par. These times of woe afford no time to wooe:
Madam, good night; commend me to your daughter.

La. Cap. I will, and know her Mind early to
morrow:

To night she's mew'd up to her heaviness.

Cap. Sir *Paris*, I will make a desperate tender
Of my child's love: I think, she will be rul'd
In all respects by me; nay more, I doubt it not.

Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed;
Acquaint her here with my son *Paris*' love,
And bid her, mark you me, on *Wednesday* next, —
But, soft; what day is this?

Par. Monday, my lord.

Cap. Monday? Ha! ha! well, *Wednesday* is too
soon,

On *Thursday* let it be: o' *Thursday*, tell her,
She shall be married to this noble Earl.

Will you be ready? Do you like this Haste?

We'll keep no great a-do—a friend or two——

For, hark you, *Tybalt* being slain so late,
It may be thought we held him carelessly,

Being

Being our kinsman, if we revel much :
 Therefore we'll have some half a dozen friends,
 And there's an end. But what say you to *Thursday* ?

Par. My lord, I would that *Thursday* were to-morrow.

Cap. Well, get you gone—on *Thursday* be it then :
 Go you to *Juliet* ere you go to bed, [To lady *Cap.*
 Prepare her, wife, against this wedding-day.
 Farewel, my lord——light to my chamber, ho !
 'Fore me, it is so very late, that we
 May call it early by and by. Good night. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E, *Juliet's Chamber looking to the
 Garden.*

*Enter Romeo and Juliet, above at a window ; a ladder
 of ropes set.*

Jul. **W**ilt thou be gone ? it is not yet near day :
 It was the Nightingale, and not the Lark,
 That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear ;
 Nightly she sings on yon pomgranate tree :
 Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

Rom. It was the Lark, the herald of the morn,
 No Nightingale. Look, love, what envious streaks
 Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east :
 Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
 Stands tiptoe on the misty mountains' tops.
 I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

Jul. Yon light is not day-light, I know it well :
 It is some meteor that the Sun exhales,
 To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
 And light thee on thy way to *Mantua* ;
 Then stay a while, thou shalt not go so soon.

Rom. Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death,
 I am content, if thou wilt have it so.
 I'll say, yon gray is not the morning's eye,
 'Tis but the pale reflex of *Cynthia's* brow ;
 Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat
 The vaulty heav'ns so high above our heads.
 I have more care to stay, than will to go.

Come

Come death, and welcome: *Juliet* wills it so.

How is't, my Soul? let's talk, it is not day.

Jul. It is, it is; hie hence, be gone, away:

It is the lark that sings so out of tune,

Straining harsh discords, and unpleasing sharps.

Some say, the lark makes sweet division;

This doth not so: for she divideth us.

Some say, the lark and loathed toad change eyes;

O, now I would they had chang'd voices too!

O now be gone, more light and light it grows.

Rom. More light and light? — More dark and dark
our Woes.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Madam, ———

Jul. Nurse?

Nurse. Your lady mother's coming to your chamber:
The day is broke, be wary, look about. [*Exit Nurse.*

Jul. Then, Window, let Day in, and let Life out.

Rom. Farewel, farewell; one Kiss, and I'll descend.

[*Romeo descends.*]

Jul. Art thou gone so? love! lord! ah husband!
friend!

I must hear from thee ev'ry day in th' hour,

For in a minute there are many days.

O, by this count I shall be much in years,

Ere I again behold my *Romeo*.

Rom. Farewel: I will omit no opportunity,
That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.

Jul. O think'st thou, we shall ever meet again?

Rom. I doubt it not; and all these woes shall serve
For sweet discourses, in our time to come.

Jul. O God! I have an ill-divining soul.—

Methinks, I see thee, now thou art below,

As one dead in the bottom of a tomb:

Either my eye-sight fails, or thou look'st pale.

Rom. And trust me, love, in mine eye so do you:
Dry Sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu, adieu.

[*Exit Romeo.*]

Jul. Oh fortune, fortune, all men call thee fickle:

If

If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him
That is renown'd for faith? be fickle, fortune:
For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long,
But send him back.

Enter lady Capulet.

La. Cap. Ho, daughter, are you up?

Jul. Who is't, that calls? is it my lady mother?
What unaccustom'd cause procures her hither?

La. Cap. Why, how now, *Juliet*?

Jul. Madam, I am not well.

La. Cap. Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?
What, wilt thou wash him from his Grave with tears?
An' if thou could'st, thou could'st not make him live;
Therefore, have done. Some Grief shews much of
Love;

But much of Grief shews still some want of Wit.

Jul. Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.

La. Cap. So shall you feel the Loss, but not the Friend
Which you do weep for.

Jul. Feeling so the Loss,

I cannot chuse but ever weep the Friend.

La. Cap. Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much for
his death,

As that the villain lives which slaughter'd him.

Jul. What villain, Madam?

La. Ca. That same villain, *Romeo*.

Jul. Villain and he are many miles asunder.

God pardon him! I do, with all my Heart:
And, yet, No Man like He doth grieve my Heart.

La. Cap. That is, because the Traytor lives.

Jul. I, Madam, from the Reach of these my hands:—
'Would, None but I might venge my Cousin's Death!

La. Cap. We will have Vengeance for it, fear Thou
not:

Then weep no more. I'll send to one in *Mantua*,
Where That same banish'd Runagate doth live,
Shall give him such an unaccustom'd Dram,
That he shall soon keep *Tybalt* Company.
And then, I hope, thou wilt be satisfy'd.

Jul.

Jul. Indeed, I never shall be satisfied
 With *Romeo*, till I behold him — dead —
 Is my poor heart so for a Kinsman vext.
 Madam, if You could find out but a Man
 To bear a poyson, I would temper it;
 That *Romeo* should upon receipt thereof
 Soon sleep in Quiet. — O, how my heart abhors
 To hear him nam'd, — and cannot come to him —
 To wreak the Love I bore my slaughter'd Cousin,
 Upon his body that hath slaughter'd him.

La. Cap. Find Thou the Means, and I'll find such a
 Man.

But now I'll tell thee joyful Tidings, Girl.

Jul. And joy comes well in such a needful time.
 What are they, I beseech your ladyship?

La. Cap. Well, well, thou hast a careful father, child:
 One, who, to put thee from thy heaviness,
 Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy,
 That thou expect'st not, nor I look'd not for.

Jul. Madam, in happy time, what day is this?

La. Cap. Marry, my child, early next *Thursday* morn,
 The gallant, young and noble Gentleman,
 The County *Paris*, at *St. Peter's* church,
 Shall happily make thee a joyful bride.

Jul. Now, by *St. Peter's* church, and *Peter* too,
 He shall not make me there a joyful bride.

I wonder at this haste, that I must wed
 Ere he, that must be husband, comes to wooe.
 I pray you, tell my lord and father, Madam,
 I will not marry yet: and when I do,
 It shall be *Romeo*, whom you know I hate,
 Rather than *Paris*. — These are news, indeed!

La. Cap. Here comes your father, tell him so your
 self,

And see, how he will take it at your hands.

Enter Capulet, and Nurse.

Cap. When the Sun sets, the Air doth drizzle Dew;
 But for the Sunset of my Brother's Son
 It rains downright. —

How

How now? a conduit, girl? what, still in tears?
 Evermore show'ring? in one little body
 Thou counterfeit'st a bark, a sea, a wind;
 For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,
 Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy body is,
 Sailing in this salt flood: the winds thy sighs,
 Which, raging with thy tears, and they with them,
 Without a sudden calm, will overset
 Thy tempest-tossed body——How now, wife?
 Have you deliver'd to her our decree?

La. Cap. Ay, Sir; but she will none, she gives you thanks:

I would, the fool were married to her Grave!

Cap. Soft, take me with you, take me with you, wife.

How, will she none? doth she not give us thanks?
 Is she not proud, doth she not count her blest,
 Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought
 So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?

Jul. Not proud, you have; but thankful, that you have.

Proud can I never be of what I hate,
 But thankful even for hate, that is meant love.

Cap. How now! how now! Chop Logick? What is This?

Proud! and I thank you! and I thank you not!
 And yet not proud!—Why, Mistress Minion, You,
 Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,
 But settle your fine joints 'gainst *Thursday* next,
 To go with *Paris* to *Saint Peter's* church:
 Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.
 Out, you green-sickness-carrion! Out, you baggage!
 You Tallow-face!

La. Cap. Fie, fie, what, are you mad?

Jul. Good father, I beseech you on my knees,
 Hear me with Patience, but to speak a word.

Cap. Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient wretch!
 I tell thee what, get thee to church o' *Thursday*,
 Or never after look me in the face.
 Speak not, reply not, do not answer me;

My fingers itch. Wife, we scarce thought us blest,
That God had sent us but this only child ;
But now I see this One is one too much,
And that we have a Curse in having her :
Out on her, hilding !

Nurse. God in heaven blefs her !

You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.

Cap. And why, my lady Wisdom? hold your tongue,
Good Prudence, smatter with your gossips, go.

Nurse. I speak no treason — O, god-ye-good-den —
May not one speak ?

Cap. Peace, peace, you mumbling fool ;
Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl,
For here we need it not.

La. Cap. You are too hot.

Cap. God's bread ! it makes me mad : day, night,
late, early,

At home, abroad, alone, in company,
Waking, or sleeping, still my care hath been
To have her match'd ; and having now provided
A gentleman of noble parentage,
Of fair demeanour, youthful, and nobly-allied,
Stuff'd, as they say, with honourable parts,
Proportion'd as one's thought would wish a man :
And then to have a wretched puling fool,
A whining mammet, in her fortune's Tender,
To answer, I'll not wed, — I cannot love, —
I am too young, — I pray you, pardon me —
But, if you will not wed, I'll pardon you :
Graze where you will, you shall not house with me ;
Look to't, think on't, I do not use to jest.

Thursday is near ; lay hand on heart, advise ;
If you be mine, I'll give you to my friend :
If you be not, hang, beg, starve, die i'th' streets ;
For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine shall ever do thee good :
Trust to't, bethink you, I'll not be forsworn.

[*Exit.*

Jul. Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,
That sees into the bottom of my grief ?
O, sweet my mother, cast me not away,

De'ay

Delay this marriage for a month, a week ;
Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed
In that dim monument where *Tybalt* lies.

La. Cap. Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a word :
Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. [Exit

Jul. O God ! O Nurse, how shall this be prevented
My Husband is on Earth ; my Faith in Heav'n ;
How shall that Faith return again to Earth,
Unless that Husband send it me from Heav'n,
By leaving Earth ? ——— Comfort me, counsel me.
Alack, alack, that heav'n should practise stratagems
Upon so soft a subject as my self !
What say'st thou ? ha'st thou not a word of Joy ?
Some Comfort, Nurse. ———

Nurse. Faith, here it is :

Romeo is banish'd ; all the world to nothing,
'That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you ;
Or if he do, it needs must be by stealth.
Then since the case so stands, as now it doth,
I think it best, you married with the Count.
Oh, he's a lovely gentleman !

Romeo's a dish-clout to him ; an eagle, Madam,
Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye
As *Paris* hath. Beshrew my very heart,
I think you happy in this second match,
For it excels your first ; or if it did not,
Your first is dead ; or 'twere as good he were,
As living here, and you no use of him.

Jul. Speak'st thou from thy heart ?

Nurse. And from my Soul too,
Or else beshrew them both.

Jul. Amen.

Nurse. What ?

Jul. Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous much ;
Go in, and tell my lady I am gone,
Having displeas'd my father, to *Lawrence's* cell,
'To make confession, and to be absolved.

Nurse. Marry, I will ; and this is wisely done.

[Exit.

Jul. Ancient Damnation ! O most wicked Fiend !

Is it more sin to wish me thus forsworn,
 Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue
 Which she hath prais'd him with above compare,
 So many thousand times? go, Counsellor, —
 Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain:
 I'll to the Friar, to know his remedy:
 If all else fail, my self have power to die.

[Exit.]

A C T IV.

SCENE, the MONASTERY.

Enter Friar Lawrence and Paris.

F R I A R.

ON *Thursday*, Sir! the time is very short.

Par. My father *Capulet* will have it so,

And I am nothing slow to slack his haste:

Fri. You say, you do not know the lady's mind:
 Uneven is this course, I like it not.

Par. Immoderately she weeps for *Tybalt's* death,

And therefore have I little talk'd of love,
 For *Venus* smiles not in a house of tears.

Now, Sir, her father counts it dangerous,

That she should give her sorrow so much sway;

And, in his wisdom, hastes our marriage,
 To stop the inundation of her tears;

Which, too much minded by her self alone,
 May be put from her by society.

How do you know the reason of this haste?

Fri. I would, I knew not why it should be slow'd.

Look, Sir, here comes the lady tow'rds my cell. [Aside.]

Enter Juliet.

Par. Welcome, my love, my lady and my wife!

Jul. That may be, Sir, when I may be a wife.

Par. That may be, must be, Love, on *Thursday* next?

Jul. What must be, shall be.

Fri. That's a certain text.

Par. Come you to make confession to this father?

Jul. To answer That, were to confess to you.

Par. Do not deny to him, that you love me.

Jul. I will confess to you, that I love him.

Par. So will ye, I am sure, that you love me.

Jul. If I do so, it will be of more price
Being spoke behind your back, than to your face.

Par. Poor soul, thy face is much abus'd with tears.

Jul. The tears have got small victory by that:
For it was bad enough before their spight.

Par. Thou wrong'st it, more than tears, with that
report.

Jul. That is no slander, Sir, which is but truth,
And what I speak, I speak it to my face.

Par. Thy face is mine, and thou hast slander'd it.

Jul. It may be so, for it is not mine own.

Are you at leisure, holy father, now,
Or shall I come to you at evening mass?

Fri. My leisure serves me, penfive daughter, now.
My lord, I must intreat the time alone.

Par. God shield, I should disturb devotion:
Juliet, on *Thursday* early will I rowze you:
'Till then, adieu! and keep this holy kifs.

Jul. Go, shut the door, and when thou hast done so
Come weep with me, past hope, past cure, past help.

Fri. O *Juliet*, I already know thy grief,
It strains me past the Compass of my Wits.
I hear, you must, and nothing may prorogue it,
On *Thursday* next be married to this Count.

Jul. Tell me not, Friar, that thou hear'st of this,
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it.
If in thy wisdom thou canst give no help,
Do thou but call my resolution wise,
And with this knife I'll help it presently.
God join'd my heart and *Romeo's*; thou, our hands;
And ere this hand, by thee to *Romeo* seal'd,

Shall be the label to another deed,
 Or my true heart with treacherous revolt
 Turn to another, this shalt slay them both :
 Therefore out of thy long-experienc'd time,
 Give me some present counsel ; or, behold,
 'Twixt my extreams and me this bloody knife
 Shall play the umpire ; arbitrating that,
 Which the commission of thy years and art
 Could to no issue of true honour bring :
 Be not so long to speak ; I long to die,
 If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.

Fri. Hold, daughter, I do 'spy a kind of hope,
 Which craves as desperate an execution,
 As That is desp'rate which we would prevent.

If, rather than to marry County *Paris*,
 Thou hast the strength of will to slay thy self,
 Then it is likely, thou wilt undertake
 A thing like death to chide away this shame,
 That cop'st with death himself, to 'scape from it :
 And if thou dar'st, I'll give thee remedy.

Jul. O, bid me leap, rather than marry *Paris*,
 From off the battlements of yonder tower :
 Or chain me to some steepy mountain's top,
 Where roaring bears and savage lions roam ;
 Or shut me nightly in a charnel house,
 O'er-cover'd quite with dead mens' ratling bones,
 With reeky shanks, and yellow chapless skulls ;
 Or bid me go into a new-made Grave,
 And hide me with a dead man in his shroud ;
 Things, that to hear them nam'd, have made me trem-
 ble ;)

And I will do it without fear or doubt,
 To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.

Fri. Hold, then, go home, be merry, give consent
 To marry *Paris* ; *Wednesday* is to morrow ;
 To morrow Night, look, that thou lye alone.
 Let not thy Nurse lye with thee in thy chamber :)
 Take thou this vial, being then in Bed,
 And this distilled liquor drink thou off ;
 When presently through all thy veins shall run

A cold and drowſie humour, which ſhall ſeize
 Each vital ſpirit ; for no Pulse ſhall keep
 His nat'ral progreſs, but ſurceaſe to beat.
 No warmth, no breath, ſhall teſtify thou liveſt ;
 The roſes in thy lips and cheeks ſhall fade
 To paly aſhes ; thy eyes' windows fall,
 Like death, when he ſhuts up the day of life ;
 Each Part, depriv'd of ſupple Government,
 Shall ſtiff, and ſtark, and cold appear like Death :
 And in this borrowed likeneneſs of ſhrunk death
 Thou ſhalt continue two and forty hours,
 And then awake, as from a pleaſant ſleep.
 Now when the bridegroom in the morning comes
 To rowſe thee from thy bed, there art thou dead :
 Then, as the manner of our Country is,
 In thy beſt robes uncover'd on the bier,
 Be borne to burial in thy kindred's Grave :
 Thou ſhalt be borne to that ſame antient vault,
 Where all the kindred of the *Capulets* lye.
 In the mean time, againſt thou ſhalt awake,
 Shall *Romeo* by my letters know our drift,
 And hither ſhall he come ; and he and I
 Will watch thy Waking, and that very night
 Shall *Romeo* bear thee hence to *Mantua* ;
 And This ſhall free thee from this preſent Shame,
 If no unconstant toy, nor womanish fear,
 Abate thy valour in the acting it.

Jul. Give me, oh give me, tell me not of fear.

Fri. Hold, get you gone, be ſtrong and prosperous
 In this Reſolve ; I'll ſend a Friar with ſpeed
 To *Mantua*, with my letters to thy lord.

Jul. Love, give me ſtrength, and ſtrength ſhall he
 afford.

Farewel, dear father ! —————

[*Exeu*

S C E N E *changes to Capulet's House.*

Enter Capulet, Lady Capulet, Nurse, and two or three Servants.

Cap. SO many Guests invite, as here are writ ;
Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.

Ser. You shall have none ill, Sir, for I'll try if they can lick their fingers.

Cap. How canst thou try them so ?

Ser. Marry, Sir, 'tis an ill cook that cannot lick his own fingers : therefore he that cannot lick his fingers, goes not with me.

Cap. Go, be gone.

We shall be much unfurnish'd for this time :

What, is my daughter gone to Friar *Lawrence* ?

Nurse. Ay, forsooth.

Cap. Well, he may chance to do some good on her :
A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is.

Enter Juliet.

Nurse. See, where she comes from Shrift with merry
Look.

Cap. How now, my head-strong ? where have you
been gadding ?

Jul. Where I have learnt me to repent the sin
Of disobedient opposition

To You and your Behests ; and am enjoin'd

By holy *Lawrence* to fall prostrate here,

And beg your pardon : Pardon, I beseech you !

Henceforward I am ever rul'd by you.

Cap. Send for the County, go, tell him of this,
I'll have this knot knit up to morrow morning.

Jul. I met the youthful lord at *Lawrence*' cell,
And gave him what becoming love I might,
Not stepping o'er the bounds of Modesty.

Cap. Why, I am glad on't, this is well, stand up ;
This is as't should be ; let me see the County :
Ay, marry, go, I say, and fetch him hither.

Now, afore God, this reverend holy Friar, —
All our whole city is much bound to him.

Jul. Nurse, will you go with me into my closet,
To help me sort such needful ornaments
As you think fit to furnish me to morrow?

La. Cap. No, not 'till *Thursday*, there is time enough.

Cap. Go, nurse, go with her; we'll to Church to
morrow. [*Exeunt Juliet and Nurse.*]

La. Cap. We shall be short in our provision;
'Tis now near night.

Cap. Tush, I will stir about,
And all things shall be well, I warrant thee, wife:
Go thou to *Juliet*, help to deck up her,
I'll not to bed to night, let me alone:

I'll play the housewife for this once. — What, ho!
'They are all forth; well, I will walk my self
To County *Paris*, to prepare him up
Against to morrow. My heart's wondrous light,
Since this same way-ward girl is so reclaim'd.

[*Exeunt Capulet and lady Capulet.*]

S C E N E *changes to Juliet's Chamber.*

Enter Juliet and Nurse.

Jul. **A**Y, those attires are best; but, gentle nurse,
I pray thee, leave me to my self to night:
For I have need of many Orisons
'To move the heav'ns to smile upon my State,
Which, well thou know'it, is cross, and full of Sin.

Enter lady Capulet.

La. Cap. What, are you busie, do you need my help?

Jul. No, Madam, we have cull'd such necessaries
As are behoveful for our state to morrow:
So please you, let me now be left alone,
And let the nurse this night sit up with you:
For, I am sure, you have your hands full all,
In this so sudden business.

La. Cap. Good night,

Get thee to bed and rest, for thou hast need. [*Exeunt.*

Jul. Farewel — God knows, when we shall meet again!

I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
That almost freezes up the heat of life.

I'll call them back again to comfort me.

Nurse — what should she do here?

My dismal scene I needs must act alone:

Come, vial — What if this mixture do not work at all?

Shall I of force be marry'd to the Count?

No, no, this shall forbid it; lye thou there —

[*Pointing to a dagger.*]

What if it be a poison, which the Friar

Subtly hath ministred, to have me dead,

Left in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,

Because he married me before to *Romeo*?

I fear, it is; and yet, methinks, it should not,

For he hath still been tried a holy man. —

How, if, when I am laid into the tomb,

I wake before the time that *Romeo*

Comes to redeem me? there's a fearful point!

Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,

To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,

And there be strangled ere my *Romeo* comes?

Or, if I live, is it not very like,

The horrible conceit of death and night,

Together with the terror of the place,

(As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,

Where, for these many hundred years, the bones

Of all my buried Ancestors are packt;

Where bloody *Tybalt*, yet but green in earth,

Lies festring in his shroud; where, as they say,

At some hours in the night spirits resort —)

Alas, alas! is it not like, that I

So early waking, what with loathsome smells,

And shrieks, like mandrakes torn out of the earth,

That living mortals, hearing them, run mad. —

Or, if I wake, shall I not be distraught,

(Invironed with all these hideous fears,)

And madly play with my fore-fathers' joints,

And pluck the mangled *Tybalt* from his shroud ?
 And in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,
 As with a club, dash out my desp'rate brains ?

O look ! methinks, I see my cousin's ghost
 Seeking out *Romeo*, that did spit his Body
 Upon a Rapier's Point. — Stay, *Tybalt*, stay !
Romeo, I comè ! this do I drink to thee.

[*She throws her self on the bed.*]

S C E N E *changes to Capulet's Hall.*

Enter Lady Capulet and Nurse.

La. Cap. **H**OLD, take these keys and fetch more
 spices, nurse.

Nurse. They call for dates and quinces in the pastry.

Enter Capulet.

Cap. Come, stir, stir, stir, the second cock hath
 crow'd,

The curphew-bell hath rung, 'tis three o'clock :

Look to the bak'd Meats, good *Angelica*.

Spare not for Cost.

Nurse. Go, go, you cot-quean, go ;

Get you to bed ; faith, you'll be sick to morrow,
 For this night's watching.

Cap. No, not a whit : what, I have watch'd ere now
 All night for a less cause, and ne'er been sick.

La. Cap. Ay, you have been a mouse-hunt in your
 time,

But I will watch you, from such watching, now.

[*Exe. Lady Capulet and Nurse.*]

Cap. A jealous-hood, a jealous-hood —
 Now, fellow, what's there ?

Enter three or four with spits, and logs, and baskets.

Ser. Things for the cook, Sir, but I know not what.

Cap. Make haste, make haste ; Sirrah, fetch drier logs,
 Call *Peter*, he will shew thee where they are.

Ser. I have a head, Sir, that will find out logs,

And

And never trouble *Peter* for the matter.

Cap. 'Mafs, and well faid, a merry horfon, ha!
Thou fhalt be logger-head. — good faith, 'tis day.

[*Play mufick.*]

The County will be here with mufick ftraight,
For fo, he faid, he would. I hear him near.
Nurse, — wife, — what, ho! what, nurse, I fay?

Enter Nurse.

Go, waken *Juliet*, go and trim her up,
I'll go and chat with *Paris*: hie, make hafte,
Make hafte, the Bride-groom he is come already;
Make hafte, I fay. [*Ex. Capulet and Nurse, feverally.*]

S C E N E *changes to Juliet's Chamber, Juliet
on a bed.*

Re-enter Nurse.

Nurse. **M**iftrefs, — what, miftrefs! *Juliet* — Fast,
I warrant her,
Why, lamb — why, lady — Fie, you flug-a-bed —
Why, love, I fay — Madam, sweet-heart — why, bride —
What, not a word! you take your pennyworths now;
Sleep for a week; for the next night, I warrant,
The County *Paris* hath fet up his Reft,
That you fhall reft but little — God forgive me —
Marry, and amen! — How found is fhe afleep?
I muft needs wake her: Madam, madam, madam,
Ay, let the County take you in your bed —
He'll fright you up, i'faith. Will it not be?
What drest, and in your cloaths — and down again!
I muft needs wake you: Lady, lady, lady —
Alas! alas! help! help! my lady's dead.
O well-a-day, that ever I was born!
Some *Aqua vitæ*, ho! my lord, my lady!

Enter Lady Capulet.

La. Cap. What noife is here?

Nurse. O lamentable day!

La. Cap. What's the matter?

Nurse. Look, ——— oh heavy day!

La. Cap. Oh me, oh me, my child, my only life!
Revive, look up, or I will die with thee;
Help, help! call help.

Enter Capulet.

Cap. For shame, bring *Juliet* forth; her lord is come.

Nurse. She's dead, deceas'd, she's dead: alack the day!

Cap. Ha! let me see her — Out, alas! she's cold;
Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff;
Life and these lips have long been separated:
Death lies on her, like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flow'r of all the field.
Accursed time! unfortunate old man!

Nurse. O lamentable day!

La. Cap. O woeful Time!!

Cap. Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me
wail,
Tyes up my Tongue, and will not let me speak.

Enter Friar Lawrence, and Paris with Musicians.

Fri. Come, is the bride ready to go to church?

Cap. Ready to go, but never to return.

O son, the night before thy wedding-day
Hath Death lain with thy wife: see, there she lies,
Flower as she was, deflower'd now by him:
Death is my son-in-law. ———

Par. Have I thought long to see this morning's face,
And doth it give me such a sight as this!

La. Cap. Accurs'd, unhappy, wretched, hateful day!
Most miserable hour, that Time e'er saw
In lasting labour of his pilgrimage!
But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,
But one thing to rejoice and solace in,
And cruel death hath catch'd it from my sight.

Nurse. O woe! oh woful, woful, woful day!
Most lamentable day! most woful day!
That ever, ever, I did yet behold.
Oh day! oh day! oh day! oh hateful day!

Never

Never was seen so black a day as this :

Oh woful day, oh woful day !

Par. Beguil'd, divorced, wronged, spighted, slain,
Most detestable Death, by Thee beguil'd,
By cruel, cruel Thee quite over-thrown : —

O Love, O Life, not Life, but Love in Death ! —

Cap. Despis'd, distressed, hated, martyr'd, kill'd,
Uncomfortable Time ! why cam'st thou now
To murder, murder our Solemnity ?

O Child ! O Child ! My Soul, and not my Child !

Dead art Thou ! dead ; alack ! my Child is dead ;

And, with my Child, my Joys are buried.

Fri. Peace, ho, for Shame ! Confusion's Cure lives
not (13)

In these Confusions : Heaven and Yourself
Had Part in this fair Maid ; now Heav'n hath All ;
And All the better is it for the Maid.

Your Part in her you could not keep from Death ;
But Heav'n keeps his Part in eternal Life.

The most, you sought, was her Promotion ;

For 'twas your Heaven, she should be advanc'd :

And weep you now, seeing she is advanc'd,

(13) *Peace ho for shame, confusions: Care lives not in these Confusions,*] This Speech, tho' it contains good Christian Doctrine, tho' it is perfectly in Character for the Friar, and not the most despicable for its Poetry, Mr. *Pope* has curtail'd to little or nothing, because it has not the Sanction of the first old Copy. By the same Rule, had he pursued it throughout, we might have lost some of the finest additional Strokes in the two Parts of *K. Henry IV.* But there was another Reason, I suspect, for curtailing: Certain Corruptions started, which should have requir'd the indulging his private Sense to make them intelligible, and this was an unreasonable Labour. As I have reform'd the Passage above quoted, I dare warrant, I have restor'd our Poet's Text ; and a fine sensible Reproof it contains against immoderate Grief: for the Friar begins with telling them, that the Cure of those Confusions, into which the melancholy Accident had thrown 'em, did not live in the confus'd and inordinate Exclamations which they express'd on that Account.

Above the Clouds, as high as Heav'n himself?
 Oh, in this Love you love your Child so ill,
 That you run mad, seeing, that she is well.
 She's not well married, that lives married long;
 But she's best married, that dyes married young.
 Dry up your Tears, and stick your Rosemary
 On this fair Coarse; and, as the Custom is,
 And in her best Array, bear her to Church.
 For tho' fond Nature bids us all lament, (14)
 Yet Nature's Tears are Reason's Merriment.

Cap. All Things, that we ordained festival,
 Turn from their Office to black Funeral;
 Our Instruments to melancholy Bells,
 Our wedding Chear to a sad Funeral Feast;
 Our solemn Hymns to sullen Dirges change,
 Our bridal Flow'rs serve for a buried Coarse;
 And all things change them to the contrary.

Fri. Sir, go you in, and, Madam, go with him;
 And go, Sir *Paris*; ev'ry one prepare
 To follow this fair Coarse unto her Grave.
 The Heav'ns do low'r upon you, for some Ill;
 Move them no more, by crossing their high Will.

[*Exeunt Capulet, Lady Capulet, Paris, and Friar.*

Marrant Musicians, and Nurse.

Mus. Faith, we may put up our pipes and be gone.

Nurse. Honest good fellows: ah, put up, put up;
 For, well you know, this is a pitiful case.

[*Exit Nurse.*

Mus. Ay, by my troth, the case may be amended.

(14) *For tho' some Nature bids us all lament,*] Some Nature? Sure, it is the general Rule of Nature, or she could not bid us all lament. I have ventur'd to substitute an Epithet, which, I suspect, was lost in the idle, corrupted Word, *Some*; and which admirably quadrates with the Verse succeeding this; that tho' the Fondness of Nature lay such an Injunction upon us, yet that Reason does but mock our unavailing Sorrow.

Enter

Enter Peter.

Pet. Musicians, oh musicians, *heart's ease, heart's ease :*

Oh, an you will have me live, y play *heart's ease.*

Mus. Why, *heart's ease ?*

Pet. O musicians, because my heart it self plays, *my heart it self is full of woe.* O, play me some merry dump, to comfort me !

Mus. Not a dump we, 'tis no time to play now.

Pet. You will not then ?

Mus. No.

Pet. I will then give it you soundly.

Mus. What will you give us ?

Pet. No mony, on my faith, but the gleek : I will give you the Minstrell.

Mus. Then will I give you the Serving Creature.

Pet. Then will I lay the Serving Creature's Dagger on your Pate. I will carry no Crotchets. I'll *re* you, I'll *fa* you, do you note me ?

Mus. An you *re* us, and *fa* us, you note us.

2 Mus. Pray you, put up your dagger, and put out your wit.

Pet. Then have at you with my wit : I will dry-beat you with an iron Wit, and put up my iron dagger : — answer me like men :

When griping grief the heart doth wound,

Then music with her silver sound ———

Why, *silver sound ?* why, *musick with her silver sound ?*

What say you, *Simon Catling ?*

Mus. Marry, Sir, because silver hath a sweet sound.

Pet. Pretty ! what say you, *Hugh Rebeck ?*

2 Mus. I say, silver sound, because musicians sound for silver.

Pet. Pretty too ! what say you, *Samuel Sound-board ?*

3 Mus. Faith, I know not what to say.

Pet. O, I cry you mercy, you are the *singer*, I will say for you. It is musick with her silver sound, because such fellows, as you, have no gold for sounding.

The musick with her silver sound

Doth lend redress.

[*Exit singing.*]

Mus. What a pestilent knave is this same?

2 Mus. Hang him, *Jack*; come, we'll in here, tarry for the mourners, and stay dinner. [Exeunt.]



A C T V.

S C E N E, in MANTUA.

Enter ROMEO.

IF I may trust the flattering Truth of sleep,
 My dreams presage some joyful news at hand:
 My bosom's Lord sits lightly on his Throne,
 And, all this day, an unaccustom'd spirit
 Lifts me above the ground with chearful thoughts.
 I dreamt, my lady came and found me dead,
 (Strange dream! that gives a dead man leave to think)
 And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips,
 That I reviv'd, and was an Emperor.
 Ah me! how sweet is love it self possess't,
 When but love's shadows are so rich in joy?

Enter Balthasar.

News from *Verona* — How now, *Balthasar*?
 Dost thou not bring me letters from the Friar?
 How doth my lady? is my father well?
 How doth my *Juliet*? That I ask again;
 For nothing can be ill, if she be well.

Balth. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill;
 Her body sleeps in *Capulets'* monument,
 And her immortal part with angels lives:
 I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault,
 And presently took post to tell it you:
 O, pardon me for bringing these ill news,
 Since you did leave it for my Office, Sir.

Rom. Is it even so? then I defy you, Stars!
 Thou know'st my lodging, get me ink and paper,
 And hire post-horses. I will hence to night.

Balth.

Balth. Pardon me, Sir, I dare not leave you thus.
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
Some misadventure.

Rom. Tush, thou art deceiv'd ;
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do :
Hast thou no letters to me from the Friar ?

Balth. No, my good lord.

Rom. No matter : get thee gone,
And hire those horses ; I'll be with thee straight.

[*Exit Balthasar.*]

Well, *Juliet*, I will lye with thee to night ;
Let's see for means — O mischief ! thou art swift
To enter in the thought of desperate men !

I do remember an Apothecary,
And hereabouts he dwells, whom late I noted
In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of simples ; meager were his looks ;
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones :

And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
An alligator stuf, and other skins
Of ill-shap'd fishes ; and about his shelves

A beggarly account of empty boxes ;
Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,
Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses
Were thinly scatter'd to make up a show.

Noting this penury, to my self, I said,
An if a man did need a poison now,
Whose sale is present death in *Mantua*,
Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.

Oh, this same thought did but fore-run my need,
And this same needy man must sell it me.

As I remember, this should be the house.

Being holy-day, the beggar's shop is shut :

What, ho ! apothecary !

Enter Apothecary.

Ap. Who calls so loud ?

Rom. Come hither, man ; I see, that thou art poor ;
Hold, there is forty ducats : let me have
A dram of poison, such soon-speeding geer,

As will disperse it self thro' all the veins,
That the life-weary Taker may fall dead ;
And that the Trunk may be discharg'd of breath,
As violently, as hasty powder fir'd
Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.

Ap. Such mortal drugs I have, but *Mantua's* law
Is death to any he that utters them.

Rom. Art thou so bare and full of wretchedness,
And fear'st to die ? famine is in thy cheeks ;
Need and oppression stare within thine eyes,
Contempt and beggary hang upon thy back :
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law ;
The world affords no law to make thee rich,
Then be not poor, but break it and take this.

Ap. My poverty, but not my will, consents.

Rom. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.

Ap. Put this in any liquid thing you will,
And drink it off, and if you had the strength
Of twenty men, it would dispatch you straight.

Rom. There is thy gold ; worse poison to men's souls,
Doing more murders in this loathsome world,
Than these poor compounds that thou may'st not sell :
I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none. ———
Farewel, buy food, and get thee into flesh.
Come, cordial, and not poison ; go with me
To *Juliet's* grave, for there must I use thee. [[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E changes to the *Monastery* at *Verona.*

Enter Friar John.

John. HOLY *Franciscan* Friar ! brother ! ho !

Enter Friar Lawrence to him.

Law. This same should be the voice of *Friar John.*—
Welcome from *Mantua* ; what says *Romeo* ?
Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.

John. Going to find a bare-foot brother out,
One of our Order, to associate me,
Here in this city visiting the sick ;

And

And finding him, the Searchers of the town,
Suspecting that we Both were in a house
Where the infectious pestilence did reign,
Seal'd up the doors, and would not let us forth ;
So that my speed to *Mantua* there was staid.

Larw. Who bore my letter then to *Romeo* ?

John. I could not fend it ; here it is again ;
Nor get a Messenger to bring it thee,
So fearful were they of infection.

Larw. Unhappy fortune ! by my Brotherhood,
The letter was not nice, but full of charge
Of dear import ; and the neglecting it
May do much danger. Friar *John*, go hence,
Get me an iron Crow, and bring it straight
Unto my cell.

John. Brother, I'll go and bring it thee. [Exit.

Larw. Now must I to the Monument alone ;
Within these three hours will fair *Juliet* wake ;
She will beshrew me much, that *Romeo*
Hath had no notice of these accidents :
But I will write again to *Mantua*,
And keep her at my cell 'till *Romeo* come.
Poor living coarfe, clos'd in a dead man's tomb ! [Exit.

S C E N E changes to a Church-yard: In it, a
Monument belonging to the Capulets.

Enter Paris, and his Page, with a light.

Par. G I V E me thy torch, boy ; hence and stand
aloof.

Yet put it out, for I would not be seen :
Under yond yew-trees lay thee all along,
Laying thy ear close to the hollow ground ;
So shall no foot upon the church-yard tread,
(Being loose, unfirm, with digging up of Graves)
But thou shalt hear it : whistle then to me,
As signal that thou hear'st something approach.
Give me those flow'rs. Do as I bid thee ; go.

Page. I am almost afraid to stand alone
Here in the church-yard, yet I will adventure. [*Exit.*

Par. Sweet flow'r! with flow'rs thy bridal bed I strew:
[*Strewing flowers.*

Fair *Juliet*, that with angels dost remain,
Accept this latest favour at my hand;
That living honour'd thee, and, being dead,
With fun'ral obsequies adorn thy tomb. [*The boy whistles.*
— The boy gives warning, something doth approach;—
What cursed foot wanders this way to night,
To cross my Obsequies, and true love's rite?
What! with a torch? muffle me, night, a while.

Enter Romeo and Balthasar with a light. (15)

Rom. Give me that mattock, and the wrenching iron.
Hold, take this letter, early in the morning
See thou deliver it to my lord and father.
Give me the light; upon thy life, I charge thee,
Whate'er thou hear'st or see'st, stand all aloof,
And do not interrupt me in my course.
Why I descend into this bed of death,
Is partly to behold my lady's face:
But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger
A precious ring, a ring that I must use
In dear employment; therefore, hence, be gone:

(15) *Enter Romeo and Peter with a Light.*] But *Peter* was a
Servant of the *Capulets*: besides, he brings the Mattock and
Crow to wrench open *Juliet's* Grave, an Office hardly to be
intrusted with a Servant of that Family. We find a little a-
bove, at the very beginning of this Act, *Balthasar* is the
Person who brings *Romeo* the News of his Bride's Death: and
yet, at the Close of the Play, *Peter* takes upon him to depose
that He brought those Tidings. *Utri creditis, Quirites?* -- In short,
We heard *Balthasar* deliver the Message; and therefore *Peter*
is a lying Evidence, suborn'd by the blundering Editors. We
must therefore cashier him, and put *Balthasar* on his proper
Duty. The Source of this Error seems easy to be accounted
for; *Peter's* Character ending in the 4th Act, 'tis very pro-
bable the same Person might play *Balthasar*, and so be quo-
ted on in the Prompter's Book as *Peter*,

But

But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry
 In what I further shall intend to do,
 By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint,
 And strew this hungry church-yard with thy limbs;
 The time and my intents are savage, wild,
 More fierce and more inexorable far
 Than empty tygers, or the roaring sea.

Balth. I will be gone, Sir, and not trouble you.

Rom. So shalt thou shew me Friendship. — Take
 thou that;

Live and be prosp'rous, and farewell, good fellow.

Balth. For all this fame, I'll hide me hereabout;
 His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt. *Exit Balth.*

Rom. Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death,
 Gorg'd with the dearest morsel of the earth,
 Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,

[*Breaking open the Monument.*

And in despite I'll cram thee with more food.

Par. This is that banisht haughty *Montague*,
 That murder'd my love's cousin; (with which grief,
 It is supposed, the fair Creature dy'd,)

And here is come to do some villanous shame
 To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him.

Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile *Montague*:

Can vengeance be pursu'd further than death?

Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee;

Obey, and go with me, for thou must die.

Rom. I must, indeed, and therefore came I hither. —

Good gentle youth, tempt not a desp'rate man;

Fly hence and leave me: think upon these gone,

Let them affright thee. I beseech thee, youth,

Pull not another sin upon my head,

By urging me to fury. Oh be gone!

By heav'n, I love thee better than my self;

For I come hither arm'd against my self.

Stay not, begone; live, and hereafter say,

A madman's Mercy bade thee run away.

Par. I do desire thy commiseration,

And apprehend thee for a felon here.

Rom. Wilt thou provoke me? then have at thee, boy.

[*They fight, Paris falls.*]

Page. Oh lord, they fight! I will go call the Watch.

Par. Oh, I am slain; if thou be merciful,

Open the tomb, lay me with *Juliet*.

[*Dyes.*]

Rom. In faith, I will: let me peruse this face —

Mercutio's kinsman! Noble County *Paris*!

What said my man, when my betossed soul

Did not attend him as we rode? I think,

He told me, *Paris* should have married *Juliet*.

Said he not so? or did I dream it so?

Or am I mad, hearing him talk of *Juliet*,

To think it was so? Oh give me thy hand,

One writ with me in four Misfortune's book,

I'll bury thee in a triumphant Grave.

A Grave? O, no; a Lanthorn, slaughter'd Youth;

For here lyes *Juliet*; and her beauty makes

This vault a feasting Presence full of Light.

Death, lye thou there, by a dead man interr'd: —

[*Laying Paris in the Monument.*]

How oft, when Men are at the point of Death,

Have they been merry? which their Keepers call

A Lightning before Death. — O, how may I

Call this a Lightning! — Oh my love, my wife!

Death, that hath suckt the honey of thy breath,

Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:

'Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's ensign yet

Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,

And death's pale flag is not advanced there.

Tybalt, ly'st thou there in thy bloody sheet?

Oh, what more favour can I do to thee,

Than with that hand, that cut thy youth in twain,

To funder his, that was thy enemy?

Forgive me, cousin. — Ah dear *Juliet*,

Why art thou yet so fair? shall I believe

That unsubstantial death is amorous,

And that the lean abhorred monster keeps

Thee here in dark, to be his paramour?

For fear of that, I still will stay with thee;

And

And never from this Palace of dim night (16)
 Depart again: Here, here will I remain,
 With worms that are thy chamber-maids; oh here
 Will I set up my everlasting Rest;
 And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
 From this world-weary'd flesh. Eyes, look your last!
 Arms, take your last embrace! and lips, oh you
 The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
 A dateless bargain to engrossing death!
 Come, bitter conduct! come unfav'ry guide!
 Thou desp'rate pilot, now at once run on
 The dashing rocks my sea-sick, weary, bark:
 Here's to my love! oh, true apothecary!

Drinks the poison.

Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I die. [*Dies.*]

(16) *And never from this Palace of dim night*

*Depart again. (Come, lye Thou in my Arms;
 Here's to thy Health. O true Apothecary!*

Thy Drugs are quick)] Mr. Pope's, and some other of the worse Editions acknowledge absurdly the Lines which I have put into *Parenthesis* here; and which I have expung'd from the Text, for this Reason: *Romeo* is made to confess the Effect of the Poison, before ever he has tasted it. I suppose, it hardly was so savoury that the Patient should chuse to make two Draughts of it. And, eight Lines after these, we find him taking the Poison in his Hands and making an *Apostrophe* to it; inviting it to perform its Office at once; and then, and not 'till then, does he clap it to his Lips, or can with any Probability speak of its instant Force and Effects. Besides, *Shakespeare* would hardly have made *Romeo* drink to the Health of his dead Mistress. Tho' the first *Quarto* in 1599, and the two old *Folio's* acknowledge this absurd Stuff, I find it left out in several latter *Quarto* Impressions. I ought to take notice, that tho' Mr. Pope has thought fit to stick to the old Copies in this Addition, yet he is no fair Transcriber; for he has sunk upon us an Hemistich of most profound Absurdity, which possesses all those Copies.

————— *Come, lye thou in my Arms;*

Here's to thy Health, where-e'er thou tumblest in.

O true Apothecary! &c.

Enter

Enter Friar Lawrence with lanthorn, crow, and spade.

Fri. St. Francis be my speed ! how oft to night
Have my old feet stumbled at graves ? who's there ?

Enter Balthasar.

Balth. Here's one, a friend, and one that knows you
well.

Fri. Blifs be upon you ! Tell me, good my friend,
What torch is yond, that vainly lends his light
To grubs and eyeless sculls ? as I discern,
It burneth in the *Capulets'* Monument.

Balth. It doth so, holy Sir,
And there's my master, one you dearly love.

Fri. Who is it ?

Balth. *Romeo.*

Fri. How long hath he been there ?

Balth. Full half an hour.

Fri. Go with me to the vault.

Balth. I dare not, Sir.

My master knows not, but I am gone hence ;
And fearfully did menace me with death,
If I did stay to look on his intents.

Fri. Stay then, I'll go alone ; fear comes upon me ;
O, much I fear some ill unlucky thing.

Balth. As I did sleep under this yew-tree here,
I dreamt, my master and another fought,
And that my master slew him.

Fri. *Romeo !*

Alack, alack, what blood is this, which stains
The stony entrance of this sepulchre ?
What mean these masterless and goary swords,
To lye discolour'd by this place of peace ?

Romeo ! oh pale ! who else ? what *Paris* too ?
And steep'd in blood ? ah, what an unkind hour
Is guilty of this lamentable chance ?
The lady stirs.

Jul. [*awaking.*] Oh comfortable Friar, where is my
lord ?

I do remember well, where I should be ;

And

And there I am ; but where is *Romeo* ?

Fri. I hear some noise ! Lady, come from that nest
Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep ;
A greater Power, than we can contradict,
Hath thwarted our intents ; come, come away ;
Thy husband in thy bosom there lyes dead,
And *Paris* too ——— Come, I'll dispose of thee
Among a sifterhood of holy Nuns :

Stay not to question, for the Watch is coming.

Come, go, good *Juliet* ; I dare no longer stay. [*Exit.*]

Jul. Go, get thee hence, for I will not away.

What's here ? a cup, clos'd in my true love's hand ?

Poison, I see, hath been his timeles end.

Oh churl, drink all, and leave no friendly drop

To help me after ? I will kiss thy lips ;

Haply, some poison yet doth hang on them ;

To make me dye with a Restorative.

Thy lips are warm.

Enter Boy and Watch.

Watch. Lead, boy, which way ?

Jul. Yea, noise ?

Then I'll be brief. O happy dagger !

[*Finding a dagger.*]

This is thy sheath, there rust and let me die.

[*Kills herself.*]

Boy. This is the place ; there, where the torch doth
burn.

Watch. The ground is bloody. Search about the
church-yard ;

Go, some of you, whom e'er you find, attach.

Pitiful fight ! here lyes the County slain,

And *Juliet* bleeding, warm, and newly dead,

Who here hath lain these two days buried.

Go, tell the Prince, run to the *Capulets*,

Raise up the *Montagues* ; Some others, search ———

We see the Ground whereon these Woes do lye :

But the true ground of all these piteous Woes

We cannot without Circumstance descry.

Enter

Enter some of the Watch, with Balthasar.

2 Watch. Here's *Romeo's* man, we found him in the church-yard.

1 Watch. Hold him in safety, 'till the Prince comes hither.

Enter another Watchman, with Friar Lawrence.

3 Watch. Here is a Friar that trembles, sighs and weeps:

We took this mattock and this spade from him,
As he was coming from this church-yard side.

1 Watch. A great suspicion: stay the Friar too.

Enter the Prince, and attendants.

Prince. What misadventure is so early up,
That calls our person from our morning's Rest?

Enter Capulet and lady Capulet.

Cap. What should it be, that they so shriek abroad?

La Cap. The people in the street cry, *Romeo*;
Some, *Juliet*; and some, *Paris*; and all run
With open out-cry tow'rd our Monument.

Prince. What fear is this, which startles in your ears?

Watch. Sovereign, here lyes the County *Paris* slain,
And *Romeo* dead, and *Juliet* (dead before)
Warm and new kill'd.

Prince. Search, seek, and know, how this foul murder comes.

Watch. Here is a Friar, and slaughter'd *Romeo's* man,
With instruments upon them, fit to open
These dead men's tombs.

Cap. Oh, heav'n! oh, wife! look how our daughter bleeds!

This dagger hath mista'en; for, loe! the sheath
Lies empty on the back of *Montague*,
The point mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom.

La. Cap. Oh me, this sight of death is as a bell,
That warns my old age to a sepulchre.

Enter

Enter Montague.

Prince. Come, *Montague*, for thou art early up,
To see thy son and heir now early down.

Mon. Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to night;
Grief of my son's exile hath stopt her breath:
What further woe conspires against my age?

Prince. Look, and thou shalt see.

Mon. Oh, thou untaught! what manners is in this,
To press before thy father to a Grave?

Prince. Seal up the mouth of outrage for a while,
Till we can clear these ambiguities,
And know their spring, their head, their true descent;
And then will I be General of your woes,
And lead you ev'n to Death. Mean time forbear,
And let mischance be slave to patience.

Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

Fri. I am the greatest, able to do least,
(yet most suspected; as the time and place
Doth make against me, of this direful murther;
And here I stand both to impeach and purge
My self condemned, and my self excus'd.

Prince. Then say at once what thou dost know in
this.

Fri. I will be brief, for my short date of breath
is not so long as is a tedious tale.

Romeo, there dead, was husband to that *Juliet*;
And she, there dead, that *Romeo's* faithful wife:
married them; and their stoln marriage-day
Was *Tybalt's* dooms-day, whose untimely death
banish'd the new-made bridegroom from this city;
for whom, and not for *Tybalt*, *Juliet* pined.
You, to remove that siege of grief from her,
retroth'd, and would have married her perforce
to County *Paris*. Then comes she to me,
and, with wild looks, bid me devise some means
to rid her from this second marriage;
Or, in my Cell, there would she kill her self.
Then gave I her (so tutor'd by my art)
a sleeping potion, which so took effect

As I intended; for it wrought on her
 The form of death. Mean time I writ to *Romeo*,
 That he should hither come, as this dire night,
 To help to take her from her borrowed Grave;
 Being the time the potion's force should cease.
 But he which bore my letter, Friar *John*,
 Was staid by accident; and yesternight
 Return'd my letter back; then all alone,
 At the prefixed hour of her awaking,
 Came I to take her from her kindred's Vault;
 Meaning to keep her closely at my Cell,
 'Till I conveniently could send to *Romeo*.
 But when I came, (some minute ere the time
 Of her awaking) here untimely lay
 The noble *Paris*, and true *Romeo* dead.
 She wakes, and I intreated her come forth,
 And bear this work of heav'n with patience:
 But then a noise did scare me from the tomb,
 And she, too desp'rate, would not go with me:
 But, as it seems, did violence on her self.
 All this I know, and to the marriage
 Her nurse is privy; but if aught in this
 Miscarried by my fault, let my old life
 Be sacrific'd, some hour before the time,
 Unto the rigour of severest law.

Prince. We still have known thee for an holy man.
 Where's *Romeo's* man? what can he say to this?

Balth. I brought my master news of *Juliet's* death,
 And then in post he came from *Mantua*
 To this same place, to this same Monument.
 This letter he early bid me give his father,
 And threatned me with death, going to the Vault,
 If I departed not, and left him there.

Prince. Give me the letter, I will look on it.
 Where is the County's page, that rais'd the Watch?
 Sirrah, what made your master in this place?

Page. He came with flowers to strew his lady's Grave
 And bid me stand aloof, and so I did:
 Anon comes one with light to ope the tomb,
 And, by and by, my master drew on him;

And then I ran away to call the Watch.

Prince. This letter doth make good the Friar's words,
Their course of love, the tidings of her death:

And here he writes, that he did buy a poison
Of a poor 'pothecary, and therewithal
Came to this vault to die, and lye with *Juliet*.

Where be these enemies? *Capulet! Montague!*
See, what a scourge is laid upon your hate,
That heav'n finds means to kill your joys with love!

And I, for winking at your discords too,
Have lost a brace of kinsmen: all are punish'd!

Cap. O brother *Montague*, give me thy hand,
This is my daughter's jointure; for no more
Can I demand.

Mon. But I can give thee more,
For I will raise her Statue in pure gold;
That, while *Verona* by that name is known,
There shall no figure at that rate be set,
As that of true and faithful *Juliet*.

Cap. As rich shall *Romeo's* by his lady lye;
Poor sacrifices of our enmity!

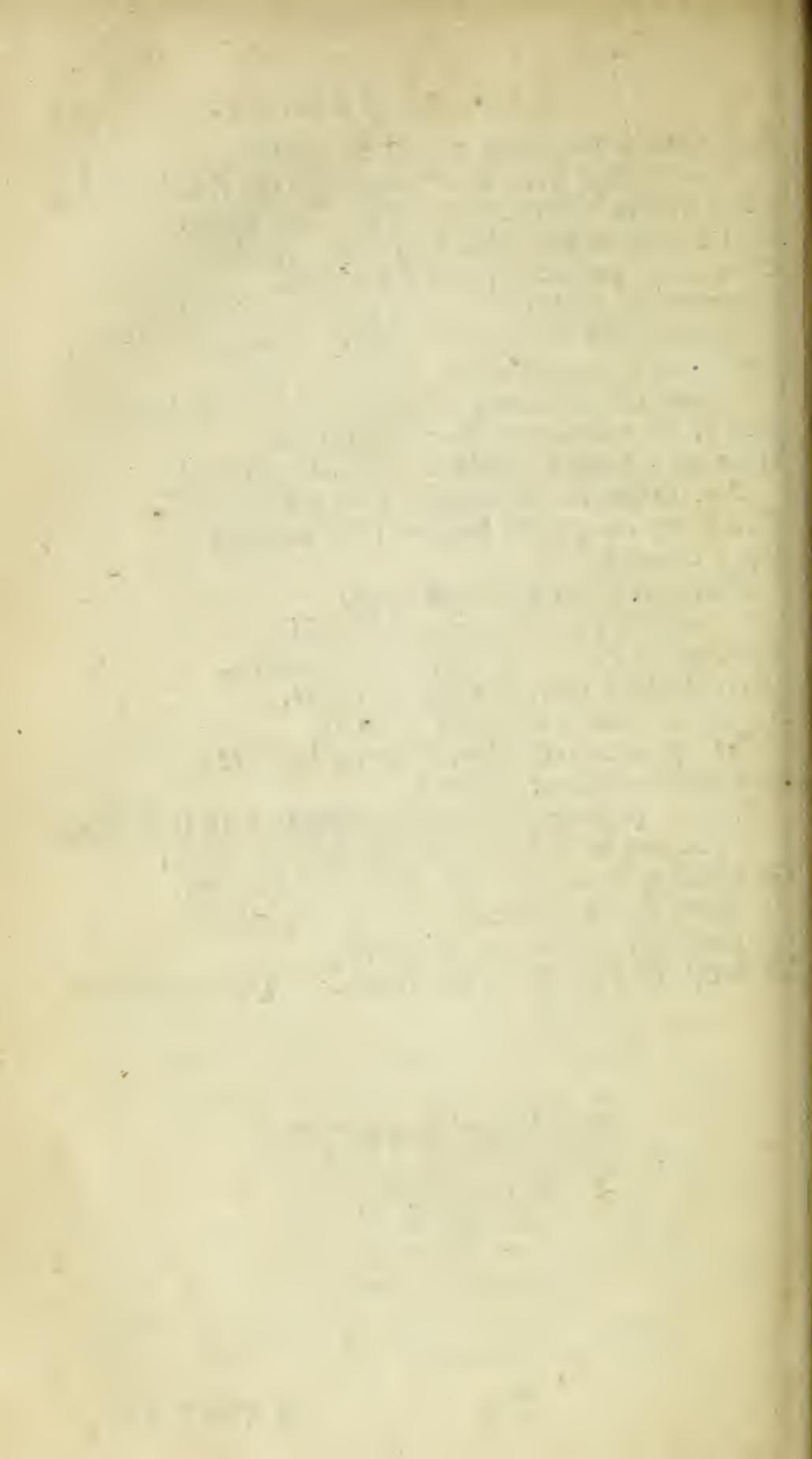
Prince. A gloomy Peace this morning with it brings;

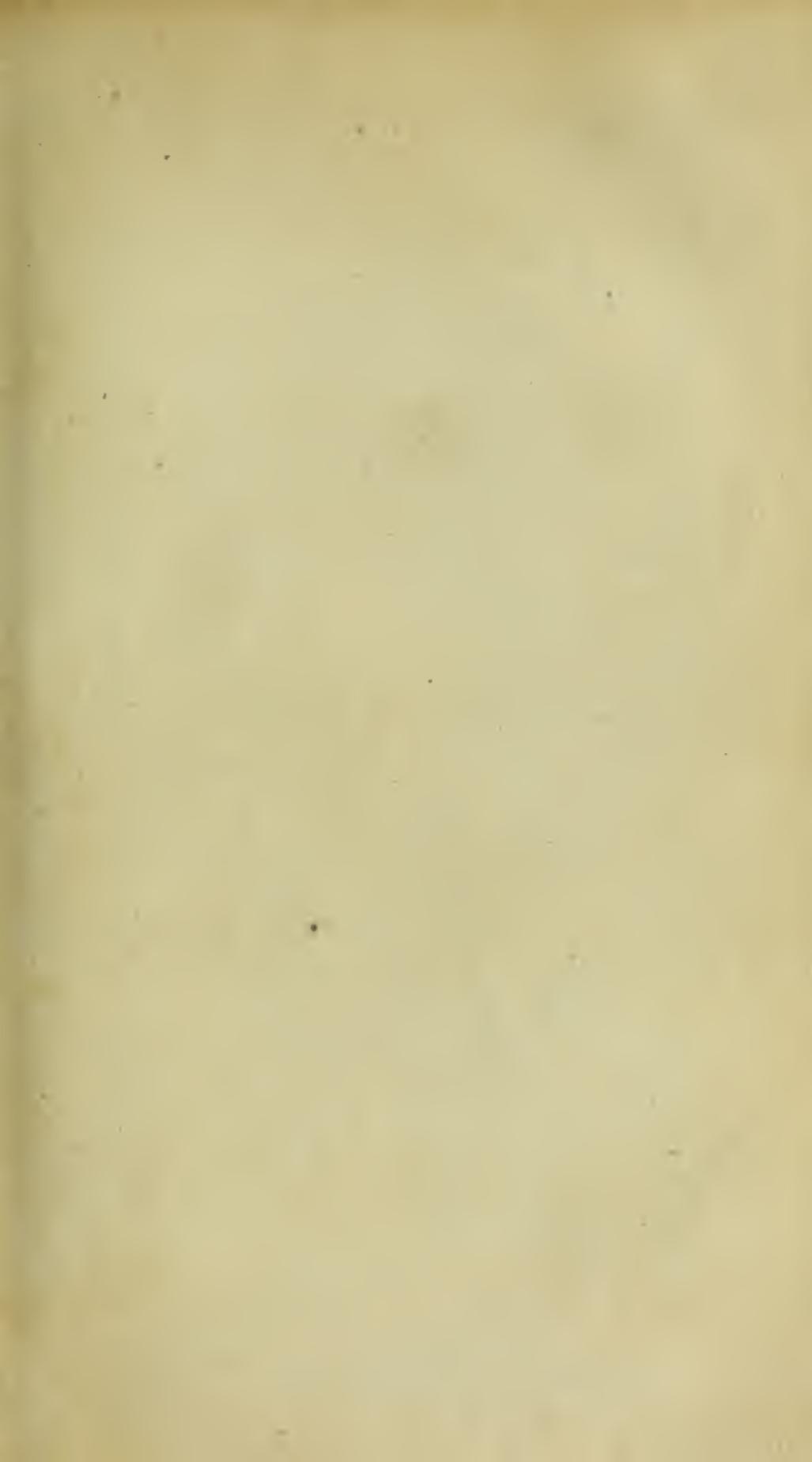
The Sun for Sorrow will not shew his head;
Go hence to have more talk of these sad things;
Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished.

For never was a story of more woe,
Than this of *Juliet*, and her *Romeo*.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]











H A M L E T,

Prince of DENMARK.





Dramatis Personæ.

CLAUDIUS, *King of Denmark.*

Fortinbras, *Prince of Norway.*

Hamlet, *Son to the former, and Nephew to the present,
King.*

Polonius, *Lord Chamberlain.*

Horatio, *Friend to Hamlet.*

Laertes, *Son to Polonius.*

Voltimand,

Cornelius,

Rosencrantz,

Guildenstern,

Osrick, *a Fop.*

Marcellus, *an Officer.*

Bernardo,

Francisco,

Reynoldo, *Servant to Polonius.*

Ghost of Hamlet's Father.

Gertrude, *Queen of Denmark, and Mother to Hamlet.*

Ophelia, *Daughter to Polonius, below'd by Hamlet.*

Ladies attending on the Queen.

*Players, Grave-makers, Sailors, Messengers, and other
Attendants.*

SCENE, ELSINOUR.





H A M L E T,
Prince of DENMARK.

A C T I.

SCENE, *a Platform before the Palace.*

Enter Bernardo and Francisco, two Centinels.

B E R N A R D O.

H O's there?

Fran. Nay, answer me: stand, and
unfold your self.

Ber. Long live the King!

Fran. Bernardo?

Ber. He.

Fran. You come most carefully upon
your hour.

Ber. 'Tis now struck twelve; get thee to bed, *Francisco.*

Fran. For this relief, much thanks: 'tis bitter cold,
And I am sick at heart.

Ber. Have you had quiet Guard?

Franc. Not a mouse stirring.



Ber. Well, good night.

If you do meet *Horatio* and *Marcellus*,
The rivals of my Watch, bid them make haste.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Fran. I think, I hear them. Stand, ho! who is there?

Hor. Friends to this ground.

Mar. And liege-men to the *Dane*.

Fran. Give you good night.

Mar. Oh, farewell, honest soldier; who hath reliev'd you?

Fran. *Bernardo* has my place: give you good night.

[*Exit Francisco.*

Mar. Holla! *Bernardo*,——

Ber. Say, what, is *Horatio* there?

Hor. A piece of him.

Ber. Welcome, *Horatio*; welcome, good *Marcellus*.

Mar. What, has this thing appear'd again to night?

Ber. I have seen nothing.

Mar. *Horatio* says, 'tis but our phantasia;

'And will not let belief take hold of him,

Touching this dreaded sight, twice seen of us;

Therefore I have intreated him along

With us, to watch the minutes of this night;

That if again this apparition come,

He may approve our eyes, and speak to it.

Hor. Tush! tush! 'twill not appear.

Ber. Sit down a while,

And let us once again assail your ears,

That are so fortified against our story,

What we have two nights seen.

Hor. Well, sit we down,

And let us hear *Bernardo* speak of this.

Ber. Last night of all,

When yon same Star, that's westward from the Pole,

Had made his course t'illuminate that part of heav'n

Where now it burns, *Marcellus* and my self,

The bell then beating one,——

Mar. Peace, break thee off;

Enter

Enter the Ghost.

Look, where it comes again.

Ber. In the same figure, like the King that's dead.

Mar. Thou art a scholar, speak to it, *Horatio.*

Ber. Looks it not like the King? mark it, *Horatio.*

Hor. Most like: it harrows me with fear and wonder.

Ber. It would be spoke to.

Mar. Speak to it, *Horatio.*

Hor. What art thou, that usurp'st this time of night,
Together with that fair and warlike form,
In which the Majesty of buried *Denmark*
Did sometime march? by Heav'n, I charge thee, speak.

Mar. It is offended.

Ber. See! it stalks away.

Hor. Stay; speak; I charge thee, speak. [*Ex. Ghost.*]

Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not answer.

Ber. How now, *Horatio*? you tremble and look pale.
Is not this something more than phantasia?
What think you of it?

Hor. Before my God, I might not this believe,
Without the sensible and true avouch
Of mine own eyes.

Mar. Is it not like the King?

Hor. As thou art to thy self.

Such was the very armour he had on,
When he th' ambitious *Norway* combated:
So frown'd he once, when, in an angry parle,
He smote the sleaded *Polack* on the ice.

'Tis strange——

Mar. Thus twice before, and just at this dead hour,
With martial stalk, he hath gone by our Watch.

Hor. In what particular thought to work, I know not:
But, in the gross and scope of my opinion,
This bodes some strange eruption to our State.

Mar. Good now sit down, and tell me, he that knows,
Why this same strict and most observant Watch
So nightly toils the Subjects of the Land?
And why such daily cast of brazen Cannon,
And foreign mart for implements of war?

Why such impress of shipwrights, whose fore task
Does not divide the Sunday from the week?
What might be toward, that this sweaty haste
Doth make the night joint labourer with the day:
Who is't, that can inform me?

Hor. That can I;

At least, the whisper goes so. Our last King,
Whose image even but now appear'd to us,
Was, as you know, by *Fortinbras* of *Norway*,
(Thereto prickt on by a most emulate pride)
Dar'd to the fight: In which, our valiant *Hamlet*,
(For so this side of our known world esteem'd him)
Did slay this *Fortinbras*: who by seal'd compact,
Well ratified by law and heraldry,
Did forfeit (with his life) all those his Lands,
Which he stood seiz'd of, to the Conqueror:
Against the which, a moiety competent
Was gaged by our King; which had Return
To the inheritance of *Fortinbras*,
Had he been vanquisher; as by that cov'nant,
And carriage of the articles design'd,
His fell to *Hamlet*. Now young *Fortinbras*,
Of unimproved mettle hot and full,
Hath in the skirts of *Norway*, here and there,
Shark'd up a list of landless resolute,
For food and diet, to some enterprize
That hath a stomach in't: which is no other,
As it doth well appear unto our State,
But to recover of us by strong hand,
And terms compulsative, those foresaid Lands
So by his father lost: and this, I take it,
Is the main motive of our preparations,
The source of this our watch, and the chief head
Of this post-haste and romage in the Land.

Ber. I think, it be no other, but even so:
Well may it sort, that this portentous figure
Comes armed through our watch so like the King,
That was, and is, the question of these wars.

Hor. A mote it is to trouble the mind's eye.
In the most high and palmy State of *Rome*,

A little ere the mightiest *Julius* fell,
 The Graves stood tenantless; the sheeted Dead
 Did squeak and gibber in the *Roman* streets;
 Stars shone with trains of fire, Dews of blood fell;
 Disasters veil'd the Sun; and the moist Star,
 Upon whose influence *Neptune's* Empire stands,
 Was sick almost to dooms-day with eclipse.
 And even the like precursor of fierce events,
 As harbingers preceding still the fates,
 And prologue to the omen'd Coming on, (1)
 Have heav'n and earth together demonstrated
 Unto our climatures and country-men.

Enter Ghost again.

But soft, behold! lo, where it comes again!
 I'll cross it, though it blast me. Stay, illusion!
 [Spreading his Arms.

If thou hast any sound, or use of voice,
 Speak to me.

If there be any good thing to be done,
 That may to thee do ease, and grace to me;
 Speak to me.

If thou art privy to thy Country's fate,
 Which, happily, Foreknowing may avoid,
 Oh speak! —————

Or, if thou hast uphoorded in thy life
 Extorted treasure in the womb of earth, [Cock crows.
 For which, they say, you Spirits oft walk in death,
 Speak of it. Stay, and speak -- Stop it, *Marcellus*.—

Mar. Shall I strike at it with my partizan?

Hor. Do, if it will not stand.

Ber. 'Tis here —————

Hor. 'Tis here —————

(1) *And Prologue to the Omen coming on.*] But *Prologue* and *Omen* are merely synonymous here, and must signify one and the same Thing. But the Poet means, that these strange *Phaenomena* are *Prologues*, and *Forerunners*, of the Events *presag'd* by them: And such Sense the slight Alteration, which I have ventur'd to make by a single Letter added, very aptly gives.

Mar.

Mar. 'Tis gone.

[*Exit Ghost.*]

We do it wrong, being so majestic,
To offer it the shew of violence;
For it is as the air, invulnerable;
And our vain blows, malicious mockery.

Ber. It was about to speak, when the cock crew.

Hor. And then it started like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful Summons. I have heard,
The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat
Awake the God of day; and, at his warning,
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
Th' extravagant and erring Spirit hies
To his Confine: And of the truth herein
This present object made probation.

Mar. It faded on the crowing of the cock.
Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of Dawning singeth all night long:
And then, they say, no Spirit walks abroad;
The nights are wholesome, then no planets strike,
No Fairy takes, no witch hath power to charm;
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

Hor. So have I heard, and do in part believe it.
But look, the morn, in ruffet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill;
Break we our watch up; and, by my advice,
Let us impart what we have seen to night
Unto young *Hamlet*. For, upon my life,
This Spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him:
Do you consent, we shall acquaint him with it,
As needful in our loves, fitting our duty?

Mar. Let's do't, I pray; and I this morning know
Where we shall find him most conveniently. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

S C E N E *changes to the Palace.*

Enter Claudius King of Denmark, Gertrude the Queen, Hamlet, Polonius, Laertes, Voltimand, Cornelius, Lords and Attendants.

King. **T**HOUGH yet of *Hamlet* our dear brother's death

The memory be green, and that it fitted
 To bear our hearts in grief, and our whole Kingdom
 To be contracted in one brow of woe ;
 Yet so far hath Discretion fought with Nature,
 That we with wisest sorrow think on him,
 Together with remembrance of our selves.
 Therefore our sometime sister, now our Queen,
 Th' imperial Jointress of this warlike State,
 Have we, as 'twere, with a defeated joy,
 With one auspicious, and one dropping eye,
 With mirth in funeral, and with dirge in marriage,
 In equal scale weighing delight and dole,
 Taken to wife. — Nor have we herein barr'd
 Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone
 With this affair along : (for all, our thanks.)
 Now follows, that you know, young *Fortinbras*,
 Holding a weak supposal of our worth ;
 Or thinking by our late dear brother's death
 Our State to be disjoint and out of frame ;
 Colleagu'd with this dream of his advantage,
 He hath not fail'd to pester us with message,
 Importing the surrender of those Lands
 Lost by his father, by all bands of law,
 To our most valiant brother. — So much for him. —
 Now for our self, and for this time of meeting :
 Thus much the business is. We have here writ
 To *Norway*, uncle of young *Fortinbras*,
 (Who, impotent and bed-rid, scarcely hears
 Of this his nephew's purpose,) to suppress
 His further gate herein ; in that the Levies,
 The Liits, and full Proportions are all made

110 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*

Out of his Subjects: and we here dispatch
 You, good *Cornelius*, and you *Voltimand*,
 For bearers of this Greeting to old *Norway* ;
 Giving to you no further personal power
 To business with the King, more than the scope
 Which these dilated articles allow.

Farewel, and let your haste commend your duty.

Vol. In that, and all things, will we shew our duty.

King. We doubt it nothing ; heartily farewel.

[*Exeunt Voltimand and Cornelius.*

And now, *Laertes*, what's the news with you ?
 You told us of some suit. What is't, *Laertes* ?
 You cannot speak of Reason to the *Dane*,
 And lose your voice. What would'st thou beg, *Laertes*,
 That shall not be my offer, not thy asking ?
 The head is not more native to the heart,
 The hand more instrumental to the mouth,
 Than is the Throne of *Denmark* to thy father.
 What wouldst thou have, *Laertes* ?

Laer. My dread lord,

Your leave and favour to return to *France* ;
 From whence, though willingly I came to *Denmark*
 To shew my duty in your Coronation ;
 Yet now I must confess, that duty done,
 My thoughts and wishes bend again tow'rd *France* :
 And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.

King. Have you your father's leave ? what says *Polonius* ?

Pol. He hath, my lord, by laboursome petition,
 Wrung from me my slow leave ; and, at the last,
 Upon his will I seal'd my hard consent.
 I do beseech you, give him leave to go.

King. Take thy fair hour, *Laertes*, time be thine ; (2)
 And

(2) *Take thy fair hour, Laertes, time be thine,*

And thy fair Graces ; spend it at thy Will.] This is the Pointing in both Mr. *Pope's* Editions ; but the Poet's Meaning is lost by it, and the Close of the Sentence miserably flatten'd. The Pointing, I have restor'd, is that of the best Copies ; and the Sense, this ; " You have my Leave to go,
 " *Laertes* ;

And thy best Graces spend it at thy will.

But now, my cousin *Hamlet*, and my son ———

Ham. A little more than kin, and less than kind.

[*Aside.*]

King. How is it, that the clouds still hang on you ?

Ham. Not so, my lord, I am too much i'th' Sun.

Queen. Good *Hamlet*, cast thy nighted colour off,
And let thine eye look like a friend on *Denmark*.

Do not, for ever, with thy veiled lids,

Seek for thy noble father in the dust ;

Thou know'st, 'tis common ; all, that live, must die ;

Passing through nature to eternity.

Ham. Ay, Madam, it is common.

Queen. If it be,

Why seems it so particular with thee ?

Ham. Seems, Madam ? nay, it is ; I know not *seems* :

'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,

Nor customary suits of solemn Black,

Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,

No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,

Nor the dejected 'haviour of the visage,

Together with all forms, moods, shews of grief,

That can denote me truly. These indeed *seem*,

For they are actions that a man might play ;

But I have That within, which passeth shew :

These, but the trappings, and the suits of woe.

King. 'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature,

Hamlet,

To give these mourning duties to your father :

But you must know, your father lost a father ;

That father lost, lost, his ; and the survivor bound

In filial obligation, for some term,

To do obsequious sorrow. But to persevere

In obstinate condolment, is a course

Of impious stubbornness, unmanly grief.

It shews a will most incorrect to heav'n,

“ *Laertes* ; make the fairest Use you please of your Time, and

“ spend it at your Will with the fairest Graces you are Mas-

“ ter of.”

A heart unfortify'd, a mind impatient,
 An understanding simple, and unchool'd:
 For, what we know must be, and is as common
 As any the most vulgar thing to sense,
 Why should we, in our peevish opposition,
 Take it to heart? fie! 'tis a fault to heav'n,
 A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
 To Reason most absurd; whose common theme
 Is death of fathers, and who still hath cry'd,
 From the first coarse, 'till he that died to day,
 "This must be so." We pray you, throw to earth
 This unprevailing woe, and think of us
 As of a father: for let the world take note,
 You are the most immediate to our Throne;
 And with't no less nobility of love, (3)
 Than that which dearest father bears his son,
 Do I impart tow'rd you. For your intent
 In going back to school to *Wittenberg*,
 It is most retrograde to our desire:
 And we beseech you, bend you to remain
 Here in the cheer and comfort of our eye,
 Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son.

Queen. Let not thy mother lose her prayers, *Hamlet*:
 I pr'ythee, stay with us, go not to *Wittenberg*.

Ham. I shall in all my best obey you, Madam.

King. Why, 'tis a loving, and a fair reply;
 Be as our self in *Denmark*. Madam, come;
 This gentle and unforc'd accord of *Hamlet*
 Sits smiling to my heart, in grace whereof
 No jocund health, that *Denmark* drinks to day,
 But the great Cannon to the clouds shall tell;
 And the King's rowse the heav'n shall bruit again,

(3) *And with no less Nobility of Love,
 Than that which dearest Father bears his Son,*

Do I impart towards you.] But what does the King impart?
 We want the Substantive govern'd of the Verb. The King
 had declar'd *Hamlet* his immediate Successor; and with That
 Declaration, he must mean, he imparts to him as noble a
 Love, as ever fond Father tender'd to his own Son. I have
 ventur'd to make the Text conform with this Sense.

Re-speaking earthly thunder. Come, away. [*Exeunt.*

Manet Hamlet.

Ham. Oh, that this too-too-solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve it self into a dew !
Or that the Everlasting had not fixt (4)
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter ! Oh God ! oh God !
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world !
Fie on't ! oh fie ! 'tis an unweeded garden,
That grows to feed ; things rank, and gross in nature,
Possess it meerly. That it should come to this !
But two months dead ! nay, not so much ; not two ; —
So excellent a King, that was, to this,
Hyperion to a Satyr : so loving to my mother, (5)

(4) *Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd*

His Cannon 'gainst Self-Slaughter !] The Generality of the Editions read thus, as if the Poet's Thought were, *Or that the Almighty had not planted his Artillery, his Resentment, or Arms of Vengeance, against Self-Murther.* But the Word, which I restor'd to the Text, (and which was espous'd by the accurate Mr. Hughes, who gave an Edition of this Play;) is the Poet's true Reading. i. e. *That he had not restrain'd Suicide by his exprefs Law, and peremptory Prohibition.* Mistakes are perpetually made in the Old Editions of our Poet, betwixt those two Words, *Cannon* and *Canon.*

(5) ————— *So loving to my Mother,*

That he permitted not the Winds of Heav'n

Visit her Face too roughly.] This is a sophisticated Reading; copied from the Players in some of the modern Editions, for Want of Understanding the Poet, whose Text is corrupt in the Old Impressions : All of which that I have had the Fortune to see, concur in reading ;

————— *So loving to my Mother,*

That he might not beteene the Winds of Heav'n

Visit her Face too roughly.

Beteene is a Corruption without Doubt, but not so inveterate a one, but that, by the Change of a single Letter, and the Separation of two Words mistakenly jumbled together, I am verily persuaded, I have retriev'd the Poet's Reading. —
That he might not let e'en the Winds of Heav'n, &c.

That

That he might not let e'en the winds of heav'n
 Visit her face too roughly. Heav'n and earth!
 Must I remember? — why, she would hang on him,
 As if Increase of Appetite had grown
 By what it fed on; yet, within a month, —
 Let me not think — Frailty, thy name is Woman!
 A little month! or ere those shoes were old,
 With which she follow'd my poor father's body,
 Like *Niobe*, all tears — Why she, ev'n she, —
 (O heav'n! a beast, that wants discourse of reason,
 Would have mourn'd longer —) married with mine
 uncle,

My father's brother; but no more like my father,
 Than I to *Hercules*. Within a month! —
 Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
 Had left the flushing in her gauled eyes,
 She married. — Oh, most wicked speed, to post
 With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!
 It is not, nor it cannot come to Good.
 But break, my heart, for I must hold my tongue.

Enter Horatio, Bernardo, and Marcellus.

Hor. Hail to your lordship!

Ham. I am glad to see you well;

Horatio, — or I do forget my self?

Hor. The same, my lord, and your poor servant ever.

Ham. Sir, my good friend; I'll change that name
 with you:

And what make you from *Wittenberg*, *Horatio*?

Marcellus!

Mar. My good lord —

Ham. I am very glad to see you; good even, Sir.
 But what, in faith, make you from *Wittenberg*?

Hor. A truant disposition, good my lord.

Ham. I would not hear your enemy say so;
 Nor shall you do mine ear that violence,
 To make it Truster of your own report
 Against your self. I know, you are no truant;
 But what is your affair in *Elfinoor*?

We'll teach you to drink deep, ere you depart.

Hor.

Hor. My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.

Ham. I pr'ythee, do not mock me, fellow-student ; think, it was to see my mother's wedding.

Hor. Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard upon.

Ham. Thrift, thrift, *Horatio* ; the funeral bak'd meats did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.

Would, I had met my dearest foe in heav'n, or ever I had seen that day, *Horatio* !

My father — methinks, I see my father.

Hor. Oh where, my lord ?

Ham. In my mind's eye, *Horatio*.

Hor. I saw him once, he was a goodly King.

Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all, shall not look upon his like again.

Hor. My lord, I think, I saw him yesternight.

Ham. Saw ! who ? —

Hor. My lord, the King your father.

Ham. The King my father !

Hor. Season your admiration but a while,

with an attentive ear ; 'till I deliver upon the witness of these gentlemen, his marvel to you.

Ham. For heaven's love, let me hear.

Hor. Two nights together had these gentlemen, *Marcellus* and *Bernardo*, on their watch,

the dead waste and middle of the night,

then thus encountred : A figure like your father,

arm'd at all points exactly, *Cap-à-pe*,

appears before them, and with solemn march

goes slow and stately by them ; thrice he walk'd,

by their opprest and fear-surprized eyes,

within his truncheon's length ; whilst they (distill'd

almost to jelly with the act of fear)

stand dumb, and speak not to him. This to me

I dreadful secrecy impart they did,

and I with them the third night kept the watch ;

where, as they had deliver'd both in time,

firm of the thing, each word made true and good,

the Apparition comes. I knew your father :

these hands are not more like.

Ham.

Ham. But where was this ?

Mar. My lord, upon the Platform where we watch

Ham. Did you not speak to it ?

Hor. My lord, I did ;]

But answer made it none ; yet once, methought,

It lifted up its head, and did address

It self to motion, like as it would speak :

But even then the morning-cock crew loud ;

And at the sound it shrunk in haste away,

And vanisht from our sight.

Ham. 'Tis very strange.

Hor. As I do live, my honour'd lord, 'tis true ;

And we did think it writ down in our duty

To let you know of it.

Ham. Indeed, indeed, Sirs, but this troubles me.

Hold you the watch to night ?

Both. We do, my lord.

Ham. Arm'd, say you ?

Both. Arm'd, my lord.

Ham. From top to toe ?

Both. My lord, from head to foot.

Ham. Then saw you not his face ?

Her. Oh, yes, my lord ; he wore his beaver up.

Ham. What, look'd he frowningly ?

Hor. A count'nance more in sorrow than in anger.

Ham. Pale, or red ?

Hor. Nay, very pale.

Ham. And fixt his eyes upon you ?

Hor. Most constantly.

Ham. I would, I had been there !

Ham. It would have much amaz'd you.

Ham. Very like ; staid it long ?

Hor. While one with moderate haste might tell
hundred.

Both. Longer, longer.

Hor. Not when I saw't.

Ham. His beard was grisly ?

Hor. It was, as I have seen it in his life,
A sable silver'd.

Ham. I'll watch to night ; perchance, 'twill walk a

Hor. I warrant you, it will.

Ham. If it assume my noble father's person,
I speak to it, tho' hell it self should gape
and bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
if you have hitherto conceal'd this sight,
let it be treble in your silence still :
and whatsoever shall befall to night,
give it an understanding, but no tongue ;
I will requite your loves : so, fare ye well.
Upon the platform 'twixt eleven and twelve
I'll visit you.

All. Our duty to your Honour. [*Exeunt.*

Ham. Your loves, as mine to you : farewell.
My father's Spirit in arms ! all is not well :
I doubt some foul play : 'would, the night were come !
Till then sit still, my soul : foul deeds will rise
(Tho' all the earth o'erwhelm them) to men's eyes.
(Exit.)

CENE *changes to an Apartment in Polonius's House.*

Enter Laertes and Ophelia.

Laer. MY necessaries are imbark'd, farewell ;
And, sister, as the winds give benefit,
And Convoy is assistant, do not sleep,
But let me hear from you.

Oph. Do you doubt That ?

Laer. For *Hamlet*, and the trifling of his favour,
Hold it a fashion and a toy in blood ;
A violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent, tho' sweet, not lasting ;
The perfume, and suppliance of a minute ;
No more. —————

Oph. No more but so ?

Laer. Think it no more :

For Nature, crescent, does not grow alone
In thews and bulk ; but, as this Temple waxes,
The inward service of the mind and soul

Grows

Grows wide withal. Perhaps, he loves you now ;
 And now no foil, nor cautel, doth besmerch
 The virtue of his will : but you must fear,
 His Greatness weigh'd, his will is not his own :
 For he himself is subject to his Birth ;
 He may not, as unvalued persons do,
 Carve for himself ; for on his choice depends
 The sanctity and health of the whole State:
 And therefore must his choice be circumscrib'd
 Unto the voice and yielding of that body,
 Whereof he's head. Then, if he says, he loves you,
 It fits your wisdom so far to believe it,
 As he in his peculiar act and place
 May give his Saying deed ; which is no further,
 Than the main voice of *Denmark* goes withal.
 Then weigh, what loss your Honour may sustain,
 If with too credent ear you list his songs ;
 Or lose your heart, or your chaste treasure open
 To his unmaster'd importunity.

Fear it, *Ophelia*, fear it, my dear sister ;
 And keep within the rear of your affection,
 Out of the shot and danger of desire.
 The chariest maid is prodigal enough,
 If she unmask her beauty to the moon :
 Virtue it self 'scapes not calumnious strokes ;
 The canker galls the Infants of the Spring,
 Too oft before their buttons be disclos'd ;
 And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
 Contagious blastments are most imminent.
 Be wary then, best safety lies in fear ;
 Youth to it self rebels, though none else near.

Oph. I shall th' effects of this good lesson keep,
 As watchman to my heart. But, good my brother,
 Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
 Shew me the steep and thorny way to heav'n ;
 Whilst, like a puffed and careless libertine,
 Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
 And reckes not his own reed.

Laer. Oh, fear me not.

Enter Polonius.

I stay too long; — but here my father comes:
A double Blessing is a double grace;
Occasion smiles upon a second leave.

Pol. Yet here, *Laertes!* aboard, aboard for shame;
The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail, (6)
And you are staid for. There; —
My Blessing with you;

[Laying his hand on Laertes's head.]

And these few precepts in thy memory
See thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act:
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar;
The friends thou hast, and their Adoption try'd,
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel:
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. Beware
Of Entrance to a quarrel: but being in,
Bear't that the oppos'd may beware of thee.
Give ev'ry Man thine ear; but few thy voice.
Take each man's censure; but reserve thy judgment:

(6) *The Wind sits in the Shoulder of your Sail,*

And you are stay'd for there. My Blessing, &c.] There—
where? in the Shoulder of his Sail? For to That must this local Adverb relate, as 'tis situated. Besides, it is a dragging idle Expletive, and seems of no Use but to support the Measure of the Verse. But when we come to point this Passage right, and to the Poet's Intention in it, we shall find it neither unnecessary, nor improper, in its Place. In the Speech immediately preceding this, *Laertes* taxes himself for staying too long; but seeing his Father approach, he is willing to stay for a second Blessing, and kneels down to that end: *Polonius* accordingly lays his hand on his Head, and gives him the second Blessing. The Manner, in which a Comic Actor behav'd upon this Occasion, was sure to raise a Laugh of Pleasure in the Audience: And the oldest *Quarto's*, in the Pointing, are a Confirmation that thus the Poet intended it, and thus the Stage express'd it.

Costly

Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
 But not exprest in fancy ; rich, not gaudy :
 For the apparel oft proclaims the man,
 And they in *France* of the best rank and station
 Are most select and generous, chief in That.
 Neither a borrower, nor a lender be ;
 For Loan oft loses both it self and friend :
 And Borrowing dulls the edge of Husbandry.
 This above all ; to thine own self be true ;
 And it must follow, as the night the day,
 Thou canst not then be false to any man.
 Farewel ; my Blessing season this in thee !

Laer. Most humbly do I take my leave, my lord.

Pol. The time invests you ; go, your servants tend. (7)

Laer. Farewel, *Ophelia*, and remember well
 What I have said.

Oph. 'Tis in my mem'ry lockt,
 And you your self shall keep the key of it.

Laer. Farewel.

[*Exit Laer.*]

Pol. What is't, *Ophelia*, he hath said to you ?

Oph. So please you, something touching the lord
Hamlet.

Pol. Marry, well bethought !

'Tis told me, he hath very oft of late
 Given private time to you ; and you your self
 Have of your audience been most free and bounteous.
 If it be so, (as so 'tis put on me,
 And that in way of caution,) I must tell you,
 You do not understand your self so clearly,
 As it behoves my daughter, and your honour.

(7) *The Time* invites *You*, —] This Reading is as old as the first *Folio* ; however I suspect it to have been substituted by the Players, who did not understand the Term which possesses the elder *Quarto's* :

The Time invests you,

i. e. besieges, presses upon you on every Side. To invest a *Town*, is the military Phrase from which our Author borrow'd his *Metaphor*.

What

What is between you? give me up the truth.

Oph. He hath, my lord, of late, made many tenders
Of his Affection to me.

Pol. Affection! puh! you speak like a green girl,
Ufited in such perilous circumstance.

Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?

Oph. I do not know, my lord, what I should think.

Pol. Marry, I'll teach you; think your self a baby;
That you have ta'en his tenders for true pay,
Which are not sterling. Tender your self more dear-
ly; (8)

Or (not to crack the wind of the poor phrase,
Wringing it thus) you'll tender me a fool.

Oph. My lord, he hath importun'd me with love,
In honourable fashion.

Pol. Ay, fashion you may call't: go to, go to.

Oph. And hath giv'n count'nance to his speech, my
lord,

With almost all the holy vows of heaven.

Pol. Ay, springes to catch woodcocks. I do know,
When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul
Lends the tongue vows. These blazes, oh my daughter,
Giving more light than heat, extinct in both,
Ev'n in their promise as it is a making,
You must not take for fire. From this time,
Be somewhat scanter of your maiden-presence,
Set your intreatments as a higher rate,
Than a command to parley. For lord *Hamlet*,
Believe so much in him, that he is young;
And with a larger tether he may walk,
Than may be given you. In few, *Ophelia*,

(8) *Tender your self more dearly;*

Or (not to crack the Wind of the poor Phrase)

Wringing it thus, you'll tender me a Fool.] The *Parenthesis*
is clos'd at the wrong place; and we must make likewise a
slight Correction in the last Verse. *Polonius* is racking and
playing on the Word *Tender*, 'till he thinks proper to correct
himself for the Licence; and then he would say — not far-
ther to crack the Wind of the Phrase by *twisting* and *contort-*
ing it, as I have done; &c.

Mr. Warburton.

Do not believe his vows ; for they are brokers, (9)
 Not of that Die which their investments shew,
 But meer implorers of unholy suits,
 Breathing like sanctified and pious Bawds,
 The better to beguile. This is for all :
 I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,
 Have you so slander any moment's leisure,
 As to give words or talk with the lord *Hamlet*.
 Look to't, I charge you, come your way.

Oph. I shall obey, my lord. [*Exeunt.*]

(9) *Do not believe his Vows ; for they are Brokers ;*

*Breathing like sanctified and pious Bonds,
 The better to beguile.*]

Tho' all the Editors have swallow'd this Reading implicitly, it is certainly corrupt ; and I have been surpriz'd, how Men of Genius and Learning could let it pass without some Suspicion. What Ideas can we form to ourselves of a *breathing Bond*, or of its being *sanctified* and *pious* ? As he, just before, is calling amorous Vows *Brokers*, and implorers of unholy Suits ; I think, a Continuation of the plain and natural Sense directs to an easy *Emendation*, which makes the whole Thought of a piece, and gives it a Turn not unworthy of our Poet.

*Breathing, like sanctified and pious Bawds,
 The better to beguile.*

Broker, 'tis to be observ'd, our Author perpetually uses as the more modest Synonymous Term for *Bawd*. Besides, what strengthens my Correction, and makes this *Emendation* the more necessary and probable, is, the Words with which the Poet winds up his Thoughts, *the better to beguile*. It is the sly Artifice and Custom of Bawds to put on an Air and Form of *Sanctity*, to betray the Virtues of young Ladies ; by drawing them first into a kind Opinion of them, from their *exteriour* and *dissembled* Goodness. And *Bawds* in their Office of *Treachery* are likewise properly *Brokers* ; and the *Implorers* and *Prompters* of *unholy* (that is, unchast) Suits : And so a Chain of the same Metaphors is continued to the End.

SCENE *changes to the Platform before the Palace.*

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus.

Ham. THE Air bites shrewdly; it is very cold.

Hor. It is a nipping and an eager air.

Ham. What hour now?

Hor. I think, it lacks of twelve.

Mar. No, it is struck.

Hor. I heard it not: it then draws near the season,
Wherein the Spirit held his wont to walk.

Noise of warlike musick within.

What does this mean, my lord?

Ham. The King doth wake to night, and takes his
rouse,

Keeps wassel, and the swagg'ring up-spring reels;
And as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,
The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.

Hor. Is it a custom?

Ham. Ay, marry, is't:

But, to my mind, though I am native here,
And to the manner born, it is a custom
More honour'd in the breach, than the observance.
This heavy-headed revel, east and west,
Makes us traduc'd, and tax'd of other nations;
They clepe us drunkards, and with swinish phrase
Soil our addition; and, indeed, it takes
From our achievements, though perform'd at height,
The pith and marrow of our attribute.

So, oft it chances in particular men,
That for some vicious mole of nature in them,
As, in their birth, (wherein they are not guilty,
Since nature cannot chuse his origin)
By the o'ergrowth of some complexion,
Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason;
Or by some habit, that too much o'er-leavens
The form of plaufive manners; that these men

Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect,
 (Being nature's livery, or fortune's scar)
 Their virtues else, be they as pure as grace,
 As infinite as man may undergo,
 Shall in the general censure take corruption
 From that particular fault.—The dram of Base (10)
 Doth all the noble substance of Worth out,
 To his own scandal.

Enter Ghost.

Hor. Look, my lord, it comes!

Ham. Angels and ministers of grace defend us!
 Be thou a Spirit of health, or Goblin damn'd,
 Bring with thee airs from heav'n, or blasts from hell,
 Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
 Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,
 That I will speak to thee. I'll call thee *Hamlet*,
 King, Father, Royal *Dane*: oh! answer me;
 Let me not burst in ignorance; but tell,
 Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearsed in death,
 Have burst their cearments? why the sepulchre,
 Wherein we saw thee quietly in-urn'd,
 Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws,
 To cast thee up again? What may this mean?

(10)————— *The Dram of Ease*

Doth all the noble Substance of a Doubt

To his own scandal.] I do not remember a Passage, throughout all our Poet's Works, more intricate and deprav'd in the Text, of less Meaning to outward Appearance, or more likely to baffle the Attempts of Criticism in its Aid. It is certain there is neither Sense, nor Grammar, as it now stands: yet with a slight Alteration, I'll endeavour to cure those Defects and give a Sentiment too, that shall make the Poet's Thought close nobly. The *Dram of Base*, (as I have corrected the Text) means the least Alloy of Baseness or Vice. It is very frequent with our Poet to use the *Adjective of Quality* instead of the *Substantive* signifying the Thing. Besides, I have observed, that elsewhere, speaking of *Worth*, he delights to consider it as a Quality that adds *Weight* to a Person, and connect the Word with that Idea.

That thou, dead coarſe, again, in compleat ſteel,
 Reviſit'ſt thus the glimſes of the moon,
 Making night hideous, and us fools of nature
 So horribly to ſhake our diſpoſition
 With thoughts beyond the reaches of our ſouls?
 Say, why is this? wherefore? what ſhould we do?

[*Ghost beckons Hamlet.*]

Hor. It beckons you to go away with it,
 As if it ſome impartment did deſire
 To you alone.

Mar. Look, with what courteous action:
 It waves you to a more removed ground:
 But do not go with it.

Hor. No, by no means. [Holding Hamlet.]

Ham. It will not ſpeak; then I will follow it.

Hor. Do not, my lord.

Ham. Why, what ſhould be the fear?
 I do not ſet my life at a pin's fee;
 And, for my ſoul, what can it do to That,
 Being a thing immortal as it ſelf?
 It waves me forth again.——I'll follow it——

Hor. What if it tempt you tow'rd the flood, my lord?
 Or to the dreadful ſummit of the cliff,
 That beetles o'er his Baſe into the ſea;
 And there aſſume ſome other horrible form,
 Which might deprive your ſov'reignty of reaſon,
 And draw you into madneſs? think of it.
 The very place puts toys of deſperation,
 Without more motive, into ev'ry brain,
 That looks ſo many fadoms to the ſea;
 And hears it roar beneath.

Ham. It waves me ſtill: go on, I'll follow thee——

Mar. You ſhall not go, my lord.

Ham. Hold off your hands.

Mar. Be rul'd, you ſhall not go.

Ham. My fate cries out,
 And makes each petty artery in this body
 As hardy as the *Nemean* lion's nerve:
 Still am I call'd: unhand me, gentlemen——

[*Breaking from them.*]

126 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*

By heaven, I'll make a Ghost of him that lets me—
I say, away——go on——I'll follow thee——

Exeunt Ghost and Hamlet.

Hor. He waxes desp'rate with imagination.

Mar. Let's follow; 'tis not fit thus to obey him.

Hor. Have after.——To what issue will this come?

Mar. Something is rotten in the State of *Denmark.*

Hor. Heav'n will direct it.

Mar. Nay, let's follow him.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E *changes to a more remote Part of the Platform.*

Re-enter Ghost and Hamlet.

Ham. **W**H E R E wilt thou lead me? speak; I'll go
no further.

Ghost. Mark me.

Ham. I will.

Ghost. My hour is almost come,
When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames
Must render up my self.

Ham. Alas, poor Ghost!

Ghost. Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall unfold.

Ham. Speak, I am bound to hear.

Ghost. So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear.

Ham. What?

Ghost. I am thy father's Spirit;
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,
And, for the day, confin'd to fast in fires;
'Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,
Are burnt and purg'd away. But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres,
Thy knotty and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine:

But

But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood; list, list, oh list!
If thou didst ever thy dear father love ———

Ham. Oh heav'n!

Ghost. Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.

Ham. Murder?

Ghost. Murder most foul, as in the best it is;
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.

Ham. Haste me to know it, that I, with wings as
swift

As meditation or the thoughts of love,
May sweep to my revenge.

Ghost. I find thee apt;

And duller shouldst thou be, than the fat weed
That roots it self in ease on *Lethe's* wharf,
Wouldst thou not stir in this. Now, *Hamlet*, hear:
'Tis given out, that, sleeping in my orchard,
A serpent stung me. So the whole ear of *Denmark*
Is by a forged process of my death
Rankly abus'd: but know, thou noble Youth,
The serpent, that did sting thy father's life,
Now wears his crown.

Ham. Oh, my prophetick soul! my uncle?

Ghost. Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,
With witchcraft of his wit, with trait'rous gifts,
(O wicked wit, and gifts, that have the power
So to seduce!) won to his shameful lust
The will of my most seeming-virtuous Queen,
Oh *Hamlet*, what a falling off was there!
From me, whose love was of that dignity,
That it went hand in hand ev'n with the vow
I made to her in marriage; and to decline
Upon a wretch, whose natural gifts were poor
To those of mine!

But virtue, as it never will be mov'd,
Though lewdness court it in a shape of heav'n;
So lust, though to a radiant angel link'd,
Will fate it self in a celestial bed,
And prey on garbage ———

But, soft! methinks, I scent the morning air ———

Brief let me be; Sleeping within mine orchard,
 My custom always of the afternoon,
 Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole
 With juice of curfed hebenon in a viol,
 And in the porches of mine ears did pour
 The leperous distilment; whose effect
 Holds such an enmity with blood of man,
 That swift as quick-silver it courses through
 The nat'ral gates and allies of the body;
 And, with a sudden vigour, it doth posset
 And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
 The thin and wholesome blood: so did it mine,
 And a most instant tetter bark'd about,
 Most lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust
 All my smooth body.——

Thus was I sleeping, by a brother's hand,
 Of life, of Crown, of Queen, at once dispatcht;
 Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
 Unhousel'd, unappointed, unaneal'd: (11)

No

(11) *Unhouszel'd, unappointed, unaneal'd;*] The Ghost, having recounted the Process of his Murther, proceeds to exaggerate the Inhumanity and Unnaturalness of the Fact, from the Circumstances in which he was surpriz'd. But these, I find, have been stumbling Blocks to our Editors; and therefore I must amend and explain these 3 compound Adjectives in their Order. Instead of *unhouszel'd*, we must restore, *unhousel'd*, i. e. *without the Sacrament taken*; from the old Saxon Word for the Sacrament, *houfel*. In the next place, *unappointed*, is a Sophistication of the Text: the old Copies concur in reading, *disappointed*. I correct,

Unhousel'd, unappointed,——

i. e. no Confession of Sins made, no Reconciliation to Heaven, no Appointment of Penance by the Church. *Unaneal'd* I agree to be the Poet's genuine Word; but I must take the Liberty to dispute Mr. Pope's Explication of it, viz. No Knell rung. The Adjective form'd from *Knell*, must have been *unknell'd*, or *unknoll'd*. There is no Rule in Orthography for sinking the *k* in the Deflection of any Verb or Compound form'd from *Knell*, and melting it into a Vowel. What Sense does *unaneal'd* then bear? SKINNER, in his *Lexicon* of old and obsolete English

No reck'ning made, but sent to my account
 With all my imperfections on my head.
 Oh, horrible! oh, horrible! most horrible!
 If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not;
 Let not the royal bed of *Denmark* be
 A couch for luxury and damned incest.
 But howsoever thou pursu'ft this act,
 Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
 Against thy mother aught; leave her to heav'n,
 And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
 To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once!
 The glow-worm shews the Matin to be near,
 And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire.
 Adieu, adieu, adieu; remember me.

[*Exit.*

Ham. Oh, all you host of heav'n! oh earth! what
 else?

And shall I couple hell? oh, hold my heart ———
 And you, my sinews, grow not instant old;
 But bear me stiffly up. Remember thee——
 Ay, thou poor Ghost, while memory holds a seat
 In this distracted globe; remember thee——
 Yea, from the table of my memory
 I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
 All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
 That youth and observation copied there;
 And thy commandment all alone shall live
 Within the book and volume of my brain,
 Unmix'd with baser matter. Yes, by heav'n:

English Terms, tells us, that *Aneal'd* is *unctus*; from the *Ten-tonick* Preposition *an*, and *Ole*, i. e. *Oil*: so that *unaneal'd* must consequently signify, *unanoined*, not having the *extream Unction*. The Poet's Reading and Explication being ascertain'd, he very finely makes his *Ghost* complain of these four dreadful Hardships; That he had been dispatch'd out of Life without receiving the *Hoste*, or Sacrament; without being *reconcil'd* to Heaven and *absolv'd*; without the Benefit of *extream Unction*; or without so much as a *Confession* made of his Sins. The having no *Knell* rung, I think, is not a Point of equal Consequence to any of these; especially, if we consider, that the *Romish Church* admits the Efficacy of *praying* for the *Dead*,

Oh most pernicious woman!

Oh villain, villain, smiling damned villain!

My tables, — meet it is, I fet it down,

That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain;

At least, I'm sure, it may be so in *Denmark*. [*Writing.*]

So, uncle, there you are; now to my word;

It is; Adieu, adieu, remember me:

I've sworn it ———

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Hor. My lord, my lord, ———

Mar. Lord *Hamlet*, ———

Hor. Heav'n secure him!

Mar. So be it.

Hor. Illo, ho, ho, my lord!

Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy; come, bird, come.

Mar. How is't, my noble lord?

Hor. What news, my lord?

Ham. Oh, wonderful!

Hor. Good my lord, tell it.

Ham. No, you'll reveal it.

Hor. Not I, my lord, by heav'n.

Mar. Nor I, my lord.

Ham. How say you then, would heart of man once think it?

But you'll be secret ———

Both. Ay, by heav'n, my lord.

Ham. There's ne'er a villain, dwelling in all *Denmark*,
But he's an arrant knave.

Hor. There needs no Ghost, my lord, come from
the Grave

To tell us this.

Ham. Why, right, you are i'th' right;

And so without more circumstance at all,

I hold it fit that we shake hands, and part;

You, as your business and desires shall point you;

(For every man has business and desire,

Such as it is) and, for my own poor part,

I will go pray.

Hor. These are but wild and whirling words, my lord.

Ham.

Ham. I'm sorry they offend you, heartily ;
Yes, heartily.

Hor. There's no offence, my lord.

Ham. Yes, by *St. Patrick*, but there is, my lord,
And much offence too. Touching this Vision here——
It is an honest Ghost, that let me tell you :
For your desire to know what is between us,
O'er-master it as you may. And now, good friends,
As you are friends, scholars, and soldiers,
Give me one poor request.

Hor. What is't, my lord ?

Ham. Never make known what you have seen to
night.

Both. My lord, we will not.

Ham. Nay, but swear't.

Hor. In faith, my lord, not I.

Mar. Nor I, my lord, in faith.

Ham. Upon my sword.

Mar. We have sworn, my lord, already.

Ham. Indeed, upon my sword, indeed.

Ghost. Swear. [*Ghost cries under the Stage.*]

Ham. Ah ha, boy, say'st thou so ? art thou there,
true-penny ?

Come on, you hear this fellow in the cellaridge.
Consent to swear.

Hor. Propose the oath, my lord.

Ham. Never to speak of this that you have seen,
Swear by my sword.

Ghost. Swear.

Ham. *Hic & ubique* ? then we'll shift our ground.
Come hither, gentlemen,
And lay your hands again upon my sword.
Never to speak of this which you have heard,
Swear by my sword.

Ghost. Swear by his sword.

Ham. Well said, old mole, can't work i'th' ground
so fast ?

A worthy pioneer ! Once more remove, good friends.

Hor. Oh day and night, but this is wondrous strange.

Ham. And therefore as a stranger give it welcome.

There

There are more things in heav'n and earth, *Horatio*,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy. But come,
Here, as before, never, (so help you mercy!)

How strange or odd foe'er I bear my self,
(As I, perchance, hereafter shall think meet
To put an antick disposition on;)

That you, at such time seeing me, never shall,
With arms encumbred thus, or this head-shake,
Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,
As, well — we know — or, we could, and if we
would —

Or, if we list to speak — or, there be, and if there
might —

(Or such ambiguous giving out) denote
'That you know aught of me; This do ye swear,
So grace and mercy at your most need help you!
Swear.

Ghost. Swear.

Ham. Rest, rest, perturbed Spirit. So, Gentlemen,
With all my love do I commend me to you;
And what so poor a man as *Hamlet* is
May do t' express his love and friending to you,
God willing, shall not lack; let us go in together,
And still your fingers on your lips, I pray:
The Time is out of joint; oh, cursed spight!
That ever I was born to set it right.
Nay, come, let's go together.

[*Exeunt.*]





A C T II.

S C E N E, *An Apartment in Polonius's House.*

Enter Polonius, and Reynoldo.

P O L O N I U S.

G I V E him this mony, and these notes, *Reynoldo.*

Rey. I will, my lord.

Pol. You shall do marvellous wisely, good *Reynoldo,*

Before you visit him, to make inquiry
Of his behaviour.

Rey. My lord, I did intend it.

Pol. Marry, well said; very well said. Look you,
Sir,

Enquire me first what *Danskers* are in *Paris*;
And how, and who, what means, and where they keep,
What company, at what expence; and finding,
By this encompassment and drift of question,
That they do know my son, come you more near;
Then your particular demands will touch it;
Take you, as 'twere some distant knowledge of him,
As thus—I know his father and his friends,
And in part him—Do you mark this, *Reynoldo*?

Rey. Ay, very well; my lord.

Pol. And in part him—but you may say—not well;
But if't be he, I mean, he's very wild;
Addicted so and so—and there put on him
What forgeries you please; marry, none so rank,
As may dishonour him; take heed of that;
But, Sir, such wanton, wild, and usual slips,
As are companions noted and most known
To youth and liberty.

Rey.

Rey. As gaming, my lord —

Pol. Ay, or drinking, fencing, swearing,
Quarrelling, drabbing — You may go so far.

Rey. My lord, that would dishonour him.

Pol. Faith, no, as you may season it in the Charge;
You must not put another scandal on him,
That he is open to incontinency,
That's not my meaning; but breathe his faults so
quaintly,

That they may seem the taints of liberty;
The flash and out-break of a fiery mind,
A savageness in unreclaimed blood
Of general assault.

Rey. But, my good lord —

Pol. Wherefore should you do this?

Rey. Ay, my lord, I would know that.

Pol. Marry, Sir, here's my drift;

And, I believe, it is a fetch of wit.

You, laying these slight follies on my son,
As 'twere a thing a little soil'd i'th' working,
Mark you, your party in converse. He you would sound,
Having ever seen, in the prenominate crimes,
The youth, you breathe of, guilty, be assur'd,
He closes with you in this consequence;
Good sir, or so, or friend, or gentleman,
(According to the phrase or the addition
Of man and country.)

Rey. Very good, my lord.

Pol. And then, Sir, does he this;

He does——what was I about to say?

I was about to say something——where did I leave?——

Rey. At, closes in the consequence.

Pol. At, closes in the consequence——Ay, marry.

He closes thus; —— I know the gentleman,

I saw him yesterday, or t'other day,

Or then, with such and such; and, as you say,

There was he gaming, there o'ertook in's rowse,

There falling out at tennis; or, perchance,

I saw him enter such a house of sale,

Videhæcet, a Brothel, or so forth.—— See you now;

Your

Your bait of Falshood takes this carp of Truth ;
 And thus do we of wisdom and of reach,
 With windfaces, and with assays of Byas,
 By indirections find directions out :
 So by my former lecture and advice
 Shall you my son ; you have me, have you not ?

Rey. My lord, I have.

Pol. God b'w' you ; fare you well.

Rey. Good my lord——

Pol. Observe his inclination in yourself.

Rey. I shall, my lord.

Pol. And let him ply his musick.

Rey. Well, my lord.

[*Exit.*

Enter Ophelia.

Pol. Farewel. How now, *Ophelia*, what's the matter ?

Oph. Alas, my lord, I have been so affrighted !

Pol. With what, in the name of heav'n ?

Oph. My lord, as I was sewing in my closet,
 Lord *Hamlet*, with his Doublet all unbrac'd,
 No hat upon his head, his stockings loose, (12)

(12) ——his Stockings foul'd,

Ungarter'd, and down-gyved to his Ankle.] I have restor'd the Reading of the Elder *Quarto's*——his Stockings loose. ——The Change, I suspect, was first from the Players, who saw a Contradiction in his Stockings being loose, and yet shackled down at Ankle. But they, in their Ignorance, blunder'd away our Author's Word, because they did not understand it ;

Ungarter'd, and down-gyred,

i. e. turn'd down. So, the oldest Copies ; and, so his Stockings were properly loose, as they were *ungarter'd* and rowl'd down to the Ankle. The *Latins* borrow'd *Gyrus* from the *Greeks*, to signify, a Circle ; as we may find in their best Poets and Prose-Writers : and the *Spaniards* and *Italians* have from thence adopted both the Verb and Substantive into their Tongues : so that *Shakespeare* could not be at a Loss for the Use of the Term,

Ungarter'd, and down-gyred to his ancle ;
 Pale as his shirt, his knees knocking each other,
 And with a look so piteous in purport,
 As if he had been loosed out of hell,
 To speak of horrors ; thus he comes before me.

Pol. Mad for thy love ?

Opb. My lord, I do not know :

But, truly, I do fear it:

Pol. What said he ?

Opb. He took me by the wrist, and held me hard ;
 Then goes he to the length of all his arm ;
 And with his other hand, thus o'er his brow,
 He falls to such perusal of my face,
 As he would draw it. Long time staid he so ;
 At last, a little shaking of mine arm,
 And thrice his head thus waving up and down,
 He rais'd a sigh, so piteous and profound,
 That it did seem to shatter all his bulk,
 And end his Being. Then he lets me go,
 And, with his head over his shoulder turn'd,
 He seem'd to find his way without his eyes ;
 For out o' doors he went without their help,
 And, to the last, bended their light on me.

Pol. Come, go with me, I will go seek the King ;
 This is the very ecstasie of love ;
 Whose violent property foredoes it self,
 And leads the will to desp'rate undertakings,
 As oft as any passion under heav'n,
 That does afflict our natures. I am forty ;
 What, have you giv'n him any hard words of late ?

Opb. No, my good lord ; but, as you did command,
 I did repel his letters, and deny'd
 His access to me.

Pol. That hath made him mad.
 I'm sorry, that with better speed and judgment
 I had not quoted him. I fear'd, he triff'd,
 And meant to wreck thee ; but beshrew my jealousy ;
 It seems, it is as proper to our age
 To cast beyond our selves in our opinions,
 As it is common for the younger sort

To lack discretion. Come; go we to the King.
 This must be known; which, being kept close, might
 move
 More grief to hide, than hate to utter, love. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E *changes to the Palace.*

*Enter King, Queen, Rosincrantz, Guildenstern, Lords
 and other Attendants.*

King. W E L C O M E, dear *Rosincrantz*, and *Guildenstern!*

Moreover that we much did long to see you,
 The need, we have to use you, did provoke
 Our hasty sending. Something you have heard
 Of *Hamlet's* transformation; so I call it,
 Since not th' exterior, nor the inward, man
 Resembles That it was. What it should be
 More than his Father's death, that thus hath put him
 So much from th' understanding of himself,
 I cannot dream of. I entreat you Both,
 That being of so young days brought up with him,
 And since so neighbour'd to his youth and humour,
 That you vouchsafe your Rest here in our Court
 Some little time; so by your companies
 To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather,
 So much as from occasions you may glean,
 If aught, to us unknown, afflicts him thus,
 That open'd lies within our remedy.

Queen. Good gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you;
 And, sure I am, two men there are not living,
 To whom he more adheres. If it will please you
 To shew us so much gentry and good will,
 As to extend your time with us a while,
 For the supply and profit of our hope,
 Your visitation shall receive such thanks,
 As fits a King's remembrance.

Ros. Both your Majesties
 Might, by the sov'reign power you have of us,
 Put your dread pleasures more into command

Than

Than to entreaty.

Guil. But we both obey,
And here give up our selves, in the full bent,
To lay our service freely at your feet.

King. Thanks, *Rosincrantz*, and gentle *Guildenstern*.

Queen. Thanks, *Guildenstern*, and gentle *Rosincrantz*.

And, I beseech you, instantly to visit
My too much changed son. Go, some of ye,
And bring these gentlemen where *Hamlet* is.

Guil. Heav'ns make our presence and our practices
Pleasant and helpful to him! [*Exeunt Ros. and Guil.*]

Queen. Amen.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Th' ambfadors from *Norway*, my good lord,
Are joyfully return'd.

King. Thou still hast been the father of good news.

Pol. Have I, my lord? assure you, my good liege,
I hold my duty, as I hold my soul,
Both to my God, and to my gracious King;
And I do think, (or else this brain of mine
Hunts not the trail of policy so sure
As I have us'd to do) that I have found
The very cause of *Hamlet's* lunacy.

King. Oh, speak of that, that do I long to hear.

Pol. Give first admittance to th' ambaffadors:
My news shall be the fruit to that great feast.

King. Thy self do grace to them, and bring them in.
[*Ex. Pol.*]

He tells me, my sweet *Queen*, that he hath found
The head and source of all your son's distemper.

Queen. I doubt, it is no other but the main,
His father's death, and our o'er-hasty marriage.

Re-enter Polonius, with Voltimand, and Cornelius.

King. Well, we shall sift him. — Welcome, my good
friends!

Say, *Voltimand*, what from our brother *Norway*?

Volt. Most fair return of Greetings, and Desires.

Upon

Upon our first, he sent out to suppress
 His Nephew's levies, which to him appear'd
 To be a preparation 'gainst the *Polack*:
 But, better look'd into, he truly found
 It was against your Highness: Whereat griev'd,
 That so his sickness, age, and impotence
 Was falsely borne in hand, sends out Arrests
 On *Fortinbras*; which he, in brief, obeys;
 Receives rebuke from *Norway*; and, in fine,
 Makes yow before his uncle, never more
 To give th' assay of arms against your Majesty.
 Whereon old *Norway*, overcome with joy,
 Gives him threescore thousand crowns in annual fee; (13)

(13) Gives him three thousand Crowns in annual Fee.] This Reading first obtain'd in the Edition put out by the Players. But all the old *Quarto's* (from 1605, downwards,) read, as I have reform'd the Text. I had hinted, that *threescore thousand Crowns* seem'd a much more suitable Donative from a King to his own Nephew, and the General of an Army, than so poor a Pittance as *three thousand Crowns*, a Pension scarce large enough for a dependent Courtier. I therefore restor'd,

Gives him threescore thousand Crowns——

To this Mr. *Pope*, (very archly critical, as he imagines;) has only replied,——*which in his Ear is a Verse.* I own, it is; and I'll venture to prove to this great Master in Numbers, that 2 Syllables may, by Pronunciation, be *resolv'd* and *melted* into one, as easily as two Notes are *slur'd* in *Musick*: and a Redundance of a Syllable, that may be so sunk, has never been a Breach of Harmony in any Language. We must pronounce, and scan, as if 'twere written;

Gi's'm three | score thou | sand crowns |

Mr. *Pope* would advance a false Nicety of Ear against the Licence of *Shakespeare's* Numbers; nay, indeed, against the Licence of all *English* Versification, in common with That of other Languages. Three Syllables, thus liquidated into Two, are in Scansion plainly an *Anapest*; and equal to a *Spondee*, or Foot of two Syllables. I could produce at least two thousand of our Poet's Verses, that would be disturb'd by this modern, unreasonable, Chafteness of *Metre*.

And his Commission to employ those soldiers,
 So levied as before, against the *Polack* :
 With an entreaty, herein further shewn,
 That it might please you to give quiet Pass
 Through your Dominions for this enterprize,
 On such regards of safety and allowance,
 As therein are set down.

King. It likes us well ;
 And at our more consider'd time we'll read,
 Answer, and think upon this business.
 Mean time, we thank you for your well-took labour.
 Go to your Rest ; at night we'll feast together.
 Most welcome home ! [*Ex. Ambas.*]

Pol. This business is well ended.
 My Liege, and Madam, to expostulate
 What Majesty should be, what duty is,
 Why day is day, night night, and time is time,
 Were nothing but to waste night, day, and time.
 Therefore, since brevity's the soul of wit,
 And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes,
 I will be brief ; your noble son is mad ;
 Mad, call I it ; for, to define true madness,
 What is't, but to be nothing else but mad ?
 But let that go. —————

Queen. More matter, with less art.

Pol. Madam, I swear, I use no art at all : —————
 That he is mad, 'tis true ; 'tis true, 'tis pity ;
 And pity 'tis, 'tis true ; a foolish figure, —————
 But farewell it ; for I will use no art.
 Mad let us grant him then ; and now remains
 That we find out the cause of this effect,
 Or rather say, the cause of this defect ;
 For this effect, defective, comes by cause ;
 Thus it remains, and the remainder thus.—Perpend. —
 I have a daughter ; have, whilst she is mine ;
 Who in her duty and obedience, mark,
 Hath giv'n me this ; now gather, and surmise.

[*He opens a letter, and reads.*]

To the celestial, and my soul's idol, the most beati-
 fied

fied (14) Ophelia. — — — That's an ill phrase, a vile phrase: *beatified* is a vile phrase; but you shall hear —
These to her excellent white bosom, these. — — —

Queen. Came this from *Hamlet* to her?

Pol. Good Madam, stay a while, I will be faithful.

Doubt thou, the stars are fire, [Reading.]
Doubt, that the Sun doth move;
Doubt truth to be a liar,
But never doubt, I love.

Oh, dear Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers; I have not art to reckon my groans; but that I love thee best, oh most best, believe it. Adieu.

*Thine evermore, most dear Lady, whilst
 this Machine is to him, Hamlet.*

This in obedience hath my daughter shewn me:
 And, more above, hath his solicitings,
 As they fell out by time, by means, and place,
 All given to mine ear.

King. But how hath she receiv'd his love?

(14) *To the Celestial, and my Soul's Idol, the most beautified Ophelia.*] I have ventur'd at an Emendation here, against the Authority of all the Copies; but, I hope, upon Examination it will appear probable and reasonable. The Word *beautified* may carry two distinct Ideas, either as applied to a Woman made up of artificial Beauties, or to one rich in native Charms. As *Shakespeare* has therefore chose to use it in the latter Acceptation, to express natural Comeliness; I cannot imagine, that, here, he would make *Polonius* except to the Phrase, and call it a *vile one*. But a stronger Objection still, in my Mind, lies against it. As *Celestial* and *Soul's Idol* are the introductory Characteristics of *Ophelia*, what a dreadful *Anticlimax* is it to descend to such an Epithet as *beautified*? On the other hand, *beatified*, as I have conjectur'd, raises the Image: but *Polonius* might very well, as a *Roman* Catholick, call it a *vile* Phrase, i. e. favouring of Prophanation; since the Epithet is peculiarly made an Adjunct to the *Virgin Mary's* Honour, and therefore ought not to be employ'd in the Praise of a meer Mortal.

Pol. What do you think of me?

King. As of a man, faithful and honourable.

Pol. I would fain prove so. But what might you think?

When I had seen this hot love on the wing,
 (As I perceiv'd it, I must tell you that,
 Before my daughter told me :) what might you,
 Or my dear Majesty your Queen here, think?
 If I had play'd the desk or table-book,
 Or giv'n my heart a working, mute and dumb,
 Or look'd upon this love with idle sight;
 What might you think? no, I went round to work,
 And my young mistress thus I did bespeak;
 Lord *Hamlet* is a Prince out of thy sphere,
 This must not be; and then, I precepts gave her,
 That she should lock her self from his resort,
 Admit no messengers, receive no tokens:
 Which done, she took the fruits of my advice;
 And he repulsed, a short tale to make,
 Fell to a sadness, then into a fast,
 Thence to a watching, thence into a weakness,
 Thence to a lightness, and, by this declension,
 Into the madness wherein now he raves,
 And all we wail for.

King. Do you think this?

Queen. It may be very likely.

Pol. Hath there been such a time, I'd fain know that,

That I have positively said, 'tis so,
 When it prov'd otherwise?

King. Not that I know.

Pol. Take this from this, if this be otherwise.

[*Pointing to his Head and Shoulder.*]

If circumstances lead me, I will find
 Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
 Within the center.

King. How may we try it further?

Pol. You know, sometimes he walks four hours together,

Here in the lobby.

Queen.

Queen. So he does, indeed.

Pol. At such a time I'll loose my daughter to him ;
Be you and I behind an Arras then,
Mark the encounter : If he love her not,
And be not from his reason fal'n thereon,
Let me be no assistant for a State,
But keep a farm and carters.

King. We will try it.

Enter Hamlet reading.

Queen. But, look, where, sadly the poor wretch comes
reading.

Pol. Away, I do beseech you, both away.

I'll board him presently. [*Exe. King and Queen.*]

Oh, give me leave. ——— How does my good lord

Hamlet?

Ham. Well, God o' mercy.

Pol. Do you know me, my lord ?

Ham. Excellent well ; you are a fishmonger.

Pol. Not I, my lord.

Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man.

Pol. Honest, my lord ?

Ham. Ay, Sir ; to be honest, as this world goes, is
to be one man pick'd out of ten thousand.

Pol. That's very true, my lord.

Ham. For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog,
Being a good kissing carrion ———

Have you a daughter ?

Pol. I have, my lord.

Ham. Let her not walk i'th' Sun ; conception is a
blessing, but not as your daughter may conceive. Friend,
look to't.

Pol. How say you by that ? still harping on my daugh-
ter ! ———

Yet he knew me not at first ; he said, I was a fish-
monger.

He is far gone ; and, truly, in my youth, [*Aside.*]
I suffer'd much extremity for love ;

Very near this. ——— I'll speak to him again.

What do you read, my lord ?

Ham.

Ham. Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the matter, my lord ?

Ham. Between whom ?

Pol. I mean the matter that you read, my lord.

Ham. Slanders, Sir : for the fatyrical slave fays here, that old men have grey beards ; that their faces are wrinkled ; their eyes purging thick amber, and plum-tree gum ; and that they have a plentiful lack of wit ; together with most weak hams. All which, Sir, tho' I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus set down ; for your self, Sir, shall be as old as I am, if, like a crab, you could go backward.

Pol. Though this be madness, yet there's method in't : Will you walk out of the air, my lord ?

Ham. Into my Grave. —

Pol. Indeed, that is out o' th' air : —

How pregnant (sometimes) his replies are ?
A happiness that often madness hits on,
Which sanity and reason could not be
So prosp'rously deliver'd of. I'll leave him,
And suddenly contrive the means of meeting
Between him and my daughter.
My honourable lord, I will most humbly
Take my leave of you.

Ham. You cannot, Sir, take from me any thing that I will more willingly part withal, except my life.

Pol. Fare you well, my lord.

Ham. These tedious old fools !

Pol. You go to seek lord *Hamlet* ; there he is. [*Exit,*

Enter Rosincrantz and Guildenstern.

Ros. God save you, Sir.

Guild. Mine honour'd lord !

Ros. My most dear lord !

Ham. My excellent good friends ! How dost thou,
Guildenstern ?

Oh, *Rosincrantz*, good lads ! how do ye both ?

Ros. As the indifferent children of the earth.

Guil.

Guil. Happy, in that we are not over-happy; on fortune's cap, we are not the very button.

Ham. Nor the soles of her shoe?

Rof. Neither, my lord.

Ham. Then you live about her waste, or in the middle of her favours?

Guil. Faith, in her privates we.

Ham. In the secret parts of fortune? oh, most true; she is a strumpet. What news?

Rof. None, my lord, but that the world's grown honest.

Ham. Then is dooms-day near; but your news is not true. Let me question more in particular: what have you, my good friends, deserved at the hands of fortune, that she sends you to prison hither?

Guil. Prison, my lord!

Ham. *Denmark's* a prison.

Rof. Then is the world one.

Ham. A goodly one, in which there are many confines, wards, and dungeons; *Denmark* being one o'th' worst.

Rof. We think not so, my lord.

Ham. Why, then, 'tis none to you; for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so: to me, it is a prison.

Rof. Why, then your ambition makes it one: 'tis too narrow for your mind.

Ham. Oh God, I could be bounded in a nut-shell, and count my self a King of infinite space; were it not, that I have bad dreams.

Guil. Which dreams, indeed, are Ambition; for the very substance of the ambitious is meerly the shadow of a dream.

Ham. A dream it self is but a shadow.

Rof. Truly, and I hold ambition of so airy and light a quality, that it is but a shadow's shadow.

Ham. Then are our beggars, bodies; and our monarchs and out-stretch'd heroes, the beggars' shadows; Shall we to th' Court? for, by my fay, I cannot reason.

Both. We'll wait upon you.

Ham. No such matter. I will not fort you with the rest of my servants: for, to speak to you like an honest man, I am most dreadfully attended: but in the beaten way of Friendship, what make you at *Elsinoor*?

Ros. To visit you, my lord; no other occasion.

Ham. Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks; but I thank you; and sure, dear friends, my thanks are too dear of a half-penny. Were you not sent for? is it your own inclining? is it a free visitation? come, deal justly with me; come, come; nay, speak.

Guil. What should we say, my lord?

Ham. Any thing, but to the purpose. You were sent for; and there is a kind of confession in your looks, which your modesties have not craft enough to colour. I know, the good King and Queen have sent for you.

Ros. To what end, my lord?

Ham. That you must teach me; but let me conjure you by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preserved love, and by what more dear, a better proposer could charge you withal; be even and direct with me, whether you were sent for or no?

Ros. What say you?

[*To Guilden.*

Ham. Nay, then I have an eye of you: if you love me, hold not off.

Guil. My lord, we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the King and Queen moult no feather. I have of late, but wherefore I know not, lost all my mirth, foregone all custom of exercise; and, indeed, it goes so heavily with my disposition, that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a steril promontory; this most excellent canopy the air, look you, this brave o'er-hanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me, than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is a man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form

an

and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a God! the beauty of the world, the paragon of animals! and yet to me, what is this quintessence of dust? man delights not me, nor woman neither; though by your smiling you seem to say so.

Ros. My lord, there was no such stuff in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did you laugh, when I said, man delights not me?

Ros. To think, my lord, if you delight not in man, what lenten entertainment the Players shall receive from you; we accosted them on the way, and hither are they coming to offer you service.

Ham. He that plays the King shall be welcome; his Majesty shall have tribute of me; the adventurous Knight shall use his foil and target; the lover shall not sigh gratis; the humourous man shall end his part in peace; and the lady shall say her mind freely, or the blank verse shall halt for't. What Players are they?

Ros. Even those you were wont to take delight in, the Tragedians of the city.

Ham. How chanceth it, they travel? their residence both in reputation and profit was better, both ways.

Ros. I think, their inhibition comes by the means of the late innovation.

Ham. Do they hold the same estimation they did, when I was in the city? are they so follow'd?

Ros. No, indeed, they are not.

Ham. How comes it? do they grow rusty?

Ros. Nay, their endeavour keeps in the wonted pace; but there is, Sir, an Aiery of Children, little Yases, (15) that

(15) But there is, Sir, an Aiery of Children, little Yases, that cry out on the Top of Question.] The Poet here steps out of his subject to give a Lash at home, and sneer at the prevailing fashion of following Plays perform'd by the Children of the Chapel, and abandoning the establish'd Theatres. But why are they call'd little Yases? I wish, some of the Editors would have expounded this fine new Word to us; or, at least, told us where we might meet with it. 'Till then, I shall make

that cry out on the top of question; and are most tyrannically clapt for't; these are now the fashion, and so berattle the common stages, (so they call them) that many wearing rapiers are afraid of goose-quills, and dare scarce come thither.

Ham. What, are they children? who maintains 'em? how are they escoted? will they pursue the Quality, no longer than they can sing? will they not say afterwards, if they should grow themselves to common players, (as it is most like, if their means are no better:) their writers do them wrong to make them exclaim against their own succession?

Ros. Faith, there has been much to do on both sides; and the nation holds it no sin, to tarre them on to controversy. There was, for a while, no mony bid for argument, unless the poet and the player went to cuffs in the question.

Ham. Is't possible?

Guil. Oh, there has been much throwing about of brains.

Ham. Do the Boys carry it away?

Ros. Ay, that they do, my lord, *Hercules* and his load too.

Ham. It is not strange; for mine uncle is King of *Denmark*; and those, that would make mowes at him while my father lived, give twenty, forty, fifty, an hundred ducates a-piece, for his picture in little. There is something in this more than natural, if philosophy could find it out. [*Flourish for the Players.*]

Guil. There are the Players.

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcome to *Elfsnoor*; your hands: come then, the appurtenance of welcome is fashion and ceremony. Let me comply with you in this

bold to suspect it; and, without overstraining Sagacity, attempt to retrieve the true Word. As he first calls 'em an *Aiery* of Children, (now, an *Aiery* or *Eyery* is a Hawk's or Eagle's Nest;) there is not the least Question but we ought to restore—— *little Eyases*; i. e. Young Nestlings, Creature just out of the Egg,

garbe, lest my extent to the players (which, I tell you, must shew fairly outward) should more appear like entertainment than yours. You are welcome; but my Uncle-father and Aunt-mother are deceiv'd.

Guil. In what, my dear lord?

Ham. I am but mad north, north-west: when the wind is southerly, I know a hawk from a handsaw.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Well be with you, gentlemen.

Ham. Hark you, *Guildenstern*, and you too, at each ear a hearer; that great Baby, you see there, is not yet out of his swathing-clouts.

Ros. Haply, he's the second time come to them; for they say, an old man is twice a child.

Ham. I will prophesy, he comes to tell me of the players. Mark it; — you say right, Sir; for on *Monday* morning 'twas so, indeed.

Pol. My lord, I have news to tell you.

Ham. My lord, I have news to tell you.

When *Roscious* was an Actor in *Rome* ———

Pol. The Actors are come hither, my lord.

Ham. Buzze, buzze. ———

Pol. Upon mine honour ———

Ham. Then came each Actor on his ass ———

Pol. The best Actors in the world, either for tragedy comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical, pastoral, scene undivideable, or Poem unlimited: *Seneca* cannot be too heavy, nor *Plautus* too light. For the law of wit, and the Liberty, these are the only men.

Ham. Ob, *Jephtha*, judge of *Israel*, what a treasure hadst Thou!

Pol. What a treasure had he, my lord?

Ham. Why, one fair daughter, and no more,
The which he loved passing well.

Pol. Still on my daughter.

Ham. Am I not i'th' right, old *Jephtha*?

Pol. If you call me *Jephtha*, my lord, I have a daughter that I love passing well.

Ham. Nay, that follows not.

Pol. What follows then, my lord ?

Ham. Why, as *by lot, God wot*—— and then you know, *it came to pass, as most like it was*; the first row of *the rubrick* will shew you more. For, look, where my abridgements come.

Enter four or five Players.

Y'are welcome, masters, welcome all. I am glad to see thee well; welcome, good friends. Oh! old friend! thy face is valanc'd, since I saw thee last: com'st thou to beard me in *Denmark*? What! my young lady and mistress? b'erlady, your ladyship is nearer heaven than when I saw you last, by the altitude of a chioppine. Pray God, your voice, like a piece of uncurrent gold, be not crack'd within the ring.——Masters, you are all welcome; we'll e'en to't like friendly faulconers, fly at any thing we see; we'll have a speech straight. Come, give us a taste of your quality; come, a passionate speech.

1 Play. What speech, my good lord ?

Ham. I heard thee speak me a speech once; but it was never acted: or if it was, not above once; for the Play, I remember, pleas'd not the million, 'twas *Caviar* to the general; but it was (as I receiv'd it, and others, whose judgment in such matters cried in the top of mine) an excellent Play; well digested in the scenes, set down with as much modesty as cunning. I remember, one said, there was no salt in the lines, to make the matter favoury; nor no matter in the phrase, that might indite the author of affection; but call'd it, an honest method. One speech in it I chiefly lov'd; 'twas *Æneas's* tale to *Dido*; and thereabout of it especially, where he speaks of *Priam's* slaughter. If it live in your memory, begin at this line, let me see, let me see——The rugged *Pyrrhus*, like th' *Hyrceanian* beast,——It is not so;——it begins with *Pyrrhus*.

The rugged *Pyrrhus*, he, whose fable arms,
Black as his purpose, did the Night resemble
When he lay couched in the ominous horse;
Hath now his dread and black complexion smear'd

With

With heraldry more dismal; head to foot,
 Now is he total geules; horridly trickt
 With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons,
 Bak'd and impasted with the parching fires,
 That lend a tyrannous and damned light
 To murders vile. Roasted in wrath and fire,
 And thus o'er-sized with coagulate gore,
 With eyes like carbuncles, the hellish *Pyrrhus*
 Old grandfire *Priam* seeks.

Pol. 'Fore God, my lord, well spoken, with good
 accent, and good discretion.

1 Play. Anon he finds him,
 Striking, too short, at *Greeks*. His antique sword,
 Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls,
 Repugnant to Command; unequal match'd,
Pyrrhus at *Priam* drives, in rage strikes wide;
 But with the whif and wind of his fell sword
 Th'unnerved father falls. Then senseless *Ilium*,
 Seeming to feel this blow, with flaming top
 Stoops to his Base; and with a hideous crash
 Takes prisoner *Pyrrhus*' ear. For lo, his sword,
 Which was declining on the milky head
 Of rev'rend *Priam*, seem'd i' th' air to stick:
 So, as a painted tyrant, *Pyrrhus* stood;
 And, like a neutral to his will and matter,
 Did nothing.

But as we often see, against some storm,
 A silence in the heav'ns, the rack stand still,
 The bold winds speechless, and the orb below
 As hush as death: anon the dreadful thunder
 Doth rend the region: So after *Pyrrhus*' pause,
 A roused vengeance sets him new a-work:
 And never did the *Cyclops*' hammers fall
 On *Mars* his armour, forg'd for proof eterne,
 With less remorse than *Pyrrhus*' bleeding sword
 Now falls on *Priam*. —

Out, out, thou strumpet Fortune! all you Gods,
 In general synod take away her power:
 Break all the spokes and fellies from her wheel,
 And bowl the round nave down the hill of heav'n,

As low as to the fiends.

Pol. This is too long.

Ham. It shall to th' barber's with your beard. Pr'ythee, say on; he's for a jig, or a tale of bawdry, or he sleeps. Say on, come to *Hecuba*.

1 Play. But who, oh! who, had seen the mobled Queen,——

Ham. The mobled Queen?

Pol. That's good; mobled Queen, is good.

1 Play. Run bare-foot up and down, threatning the flames

With biffon rheum; a clout upon that head,
Where late the Diadem stood; and for a robe
About her lank and all-o'er-teemed loyns,
A blanket in th' alarm of fear caught up:
Who this had seen, with tongue in venom steep'd,
'Gainst fortune's state would treason have pronounc'd:
But if the Gods themselves did see her then,
When she saw *Pyrrhus* make malicious sport
In mincing with his sword her husband's limbs;
The instant burst of clamour that she made,
(Unless things mortal move them not at all)
Would have made milch the burning eyes of heav'n,
And passion in the Gods.

Pol. Look, wher' he has not turn'd his colour, and has tears in's eyes. Pr'ythee, no more.

Ham. 'Tis well, I'll have thee speak out the rest of this soon. Good my lord, will you see the Players well bestow'd? Do ye hear, let them be well us'd; for they are the abstract, and brief chronicles of the time. After your death, you were better have a bad Epitaph, than their ill report while you liv'd.

Pol. My lord, I will use them according to their desert.

Ham. God's bodikins, man, much better. Use every man after his desert, and who shall 'scape whipping? use them after your own honour and dignity. The less they deserve, the more merit is in your bounty. Take them in.

Pol. Come, Sirs.

[*Exit Polonius.*

Ham.

Ham. Follow him, Friends: we'll hear a Play to morrow. Dost thou hear me, old friend, can you play the murder of *Gonzago*?

Pol. Ay, my lord.

Ham. We'll ha't to morrow night. You could, for a need, study a speech of some dozen or sixteen lines, which I would set down, and insert in't? could ye not?

Play. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Very well. Follow that lord, and, look, you mock him not. My good friends, I'll leave you 'till night, you are welcome to *Elsinoor*.

Ros. Good my lord.

[*Exeunt.*

Manet Hamlet.

Ham. Ay, so, God b' w' ye: now I am alone.

Oh, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!

Is it not monstrous that this Player here,

But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,

Could force his soul so to his own conceit,

That, from her working, all his visage warm'd:

Tears in his eyes, distraction in his aspect,

A broken voice, and his whole function suiting,

With forms, to his conceit? and all for nothing?

For *Hecuba*?

What's *Hecuba* to him, or he to *Hecuba*,

That he should weep for her? what would he do,

Had he the motive and the cue for passion,

That I have? he would crown the stage with tears,

And cleave the gen'ral ear with horrid speech;

Make mad the guilty, and appall the free;

Confound the ign'rant, and amaze, indeed,

The very faculty of eyes and ears. — Yet I,

A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak,

Like *John-a-dreams*, unpregnant of my cause,

And can say nothing. — no, not for a King,

Upon whose property and most dear life

A damn'd defeat was made. Am I a coward?

Who calls me villain, breaks my pate a-cross,

Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face?

Tweaks me by th' nose, gives me the lye i'th' throat,

As deep as to the lungs? who does me this?
 Yet I should take it——for it cannot be,
 But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall
 To make oppression bitter; or, ere this,
 I should have fatted all the region kites
 With this slave's offal. Bloody, bawdy villain!
 Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless villain!
 Why, what an ass am I? this is most brave,
 That I, the son of a dear father murdered,
 Prompted to my revenge by heav'n and hell,
 Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with words,
 And fall a cursing like a very drab—— (16)
 A cullion,—— fye upon't! foh! —— about, my brain!——
 I've heard, that guilty creatures, at a Play,
 Have by the very cunning of the Scene
 Been struck so to the soul, that presently
 They have proclaim'd their malefactions.
 For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
 With most miraculous organ. I'll have these Players
 Play something like the murder of my father,
 Before mine uncle. I'll observe his looks;
 I'll tent him to the quick; if he but blench,
 I know my course. The Spirit, that I have seen,
 May be the Devil; and the Devil hath power
 T' assume a pleasing shape; yea, and, perhaps,
 Out of my weakness and my melancholy,
 (As he is very potent with such spirits)
 Abuses me to damn me. I'll have grounds
 More relative than this: The Play's the thing,
 Wherein I'll catch the Conscience of the King. [Exit.

(16) *And fall a cursing like a very Drab ——*

A Stallion. ——] But why a *Stallion*? The two old Folio's have it, a *Scullion*: but that too is wrong. I am persuaded, *Shakespeare* wrote as I have reform'd the Text, a *Cullion*, i. e. a stupid, heartless, faint-hearted, white-liver'd Fellow; one good for nothing, but cursing and talking big.



A C T III.

S C E N E, *the PALACE.*

Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosincrantz, Guildenstern, and Lords.

K I N G.

AND can you by no drift of conference
Get from him why he puts on this confusion,
Grating so harshly all his days of quiet,
With turbulent and dang'rous lunacy?

Ros. He does confess, he feels himself distracted;
But from what cause he will by no means speak.

Guil. Nor do we find him forward to be sounded;
But with a crafty madness keeps aloof,
When we would bring him on to some confession
Of his true state.

Queen. Did he receive you well?

Ros. Most like a gentleman.

Guil. But with much forcing of his disposition.

Ros. Niggard of question, but of our demands
Most free in his reply.

Queen. Did you assay him to any pastime?

Ros. Madam, it so fell out, that certain Players
We o'er-took on the way; of these we told him;
And there did seem in him a kind of joy
To hear of it: they are about the Court;
And (as I think) they have already order
This night to play before him.

Pol. 'Tis most true:

And he beseech'd me to entreat your Majesties
To hear and see the matter.

King. With all my heart, and it doth much content me
To hear him so inclin'd.

Good

156 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*

Good gentlemen, give him a further edge,
And drive his purpose into these delights.

Ros. We shall, my lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

King. Sweet *Gertrude*, leave us too;
For we have closely sent for *Hamlet* hither,
That he, as 'twere by accident, may here
Affront *Ophelia*. Her father, and my self,
Will so bestow our selves, that, seeing, unseen,
We may of their encounter frankly judge;
And gather by him, as he is behav'd,
If 't be th' affliction of his love, or no,
That thus he suffers for.

Queen. I shall obey you:
And for my part, *Ophelia*, I do wish,
That your good beauties be the happy cause
Of *Hamlet's* wildness: So shall I hope, your virtues
May bring him to his wonted way again
To both your honours.

Oph. Madam, I wish it may. [Exit Queen.]

Pol. *Ophelia*, walk you here. — Gracious, so please ye,
We will bestow our selves — Read on this book;
That shew of such an exercise may colour
Your lonelieness. We're oft to blame in this,
'Tis too much prov'd, that with devotion's visage,
And pious action, we do sugar o'er
The devil himself.

King. Oh, 'tis too true.
How smart a lash that speech doth give my conscience!
[*Aside:*

The harlot's cheek, beautied with plastring art,
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it,
Than is my deed to my most painted word.
Oh heavy burthen!

Pol. I hear him coming; let's withdraw, my lord.
[*Exeunt all but Ophelia.*]

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. To be, or not to be? that is the question. —
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer
The stings and arrows of outrageous fortune;

Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
 And by opposing end them? — to die, — to sleep —
 No more; and by a sleep, to say, we end
 The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
 That flesh is heir to; 'tis a consummation
 Devoutly to be wish'd. To die — to sleep —
 To sleep? perchance, to dream; ay, there's the rub —
 For in that sleep of Death what dreams may come,
 When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
 Must give us pause. — There's the respect,
 That makes Calamity of so long life.

For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
 Th' oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
 The pang of despis'd love, the law's delay,
 The insolence of office, and the spurns
 That patient merit of th' unworthy takes;
 When he himself might his *Quietus* make
 With a bare bodkin? who would fardles bear,
 To groan and sweat under a weary life?
 But that the dread of something after death,
 (That undiscover'd country, from whose bourne
 No traveller returns) puzzles the will;
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
 Than fly to others that we know not of.
 Thus conscience does make cowards of us all:
 And thus the native hue of resolution
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
 And enterprizes of great pith, and moment,
 With this regard their currents turn awry,
 And lose the name of action — Soft you, now!

[*Seeing Oph.*

The fair *Ophelia*? Nymph, in thy orisons
 Be all my sins remembered.

Oph. Good my lord,

How does your Honour for this many a day?

Ham. I humbly thank you, well; —

Oph. My lord, I have remembrances of yours,
 That I have longed long to re-deliver.

I pray you, now receive them.

Ham. No, I never gave you aught.

Oph.

Oph. My honour'd lord, you know right well, you did;

And with them words of so sweet breath compos'd,
As made the things more rich: that perfume lost,
Take these again; for to the noble mind
Rich gifts wax poor, when givers prove unkind.
There, my lord.

Ham. Ha, ha! are you honest?

Oph. My lord, ——

Ham. Are you fair?

Oph. What means your lordship?

Ham. That if you be honest and fair, you should admit no discourse to your beauty.

Oph. Could beauty, my lord, have better commerce than with honesty?

Ham. Ay, truly; for the power of beauty will sooner transform honesty from what it is, to a bawd; than the force of honesty can translate beauty into its likeness. This was sometime a paradox; but now the time gives it proof. —— I did love you once.

Oph. Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.

Ham. You should not have believed me. For virtue cannot so inoculate our old stock, but we shall relish of it. I lov'd you not.

Oph. I was the more deceiv'd.

Ham. Get thee to a nunnery. Why wouldst thou be a breeder of sinners? I am my self indifferent honest; but yet I could accuse me of such Things, that it were better, my mother had not borne me. I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious, with more offences at my beck, than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in. What should such fellows, as I, do crawling between heav'n and earth? we are arrant knaves, believe none of us —— Go thy ways to a nunnery —— Where's your father?

Oph. At home, my lord.

Ham. Let the doors be shut upon him, that he may play the fool no where but in's own house. Farewel.

Oph. Oh help him, you sweet heav'ns!

Ham. If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this plague for thy

thy dowry. Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny. — Get thee to a nunnery, — farewell — Or, if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool; for wise men know well enough, what monsters you make of them — To a nunnery, go — and quickly too: farewell.

Oph. Heav'nly powers, restore him!

Ham. I have heard of your painting too, well enough: God has given you one face, and you make your selves another. You jig, you amble, and you lisp, and nickname God's creatures, and make your wantonness your ignorance. Go to, I'll no more on't, it hath made me mad. I say, we will have no more marriages. Those that are married already, all but one, shall live; the rest shall keep as they are. To a nunnery, go.

[*Exit Hamlet.*

Oph. Oh, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue, sword!
Th' expectancy and rose of the fair State,
The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,
Th' observ'd of all observers, quite, quite down!
I am of ladies most deject and wretched,
That suck'd the honey of his musick vows:
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled out of tune, and harsh;
That unmatch'd form, and feature of blown youth,
Blasted with extasie. Oh, woe is me!
T' have seen what I have seen; see what I see.

Enter King and Polonius.

King. Love! his affections do not that way tend,
Nor what he spake, tho' it lack'd form a little,
Was not like madness. Something's in his soul,
O'er which his melancholy sits on brood;
And, I do doubt, the hatch and the disclose
Will be some danger, which, how to prevent,
I have in quick determination
Thus set it down. He shall with speed to *England*,
For the demand of our neglected Tribute:
Haply, the Seas and Countries different,

With

With variable objects, shall expel
This something-settled matter in his heart ;
Whereon his brains still beating, puts him thus
From fashion of himself. What think you on't ?

Pol. It shall do well. But yet do I believe,
The origin and commencement of this grief
Sprung from neglected love. How now, *Ophelia*? —
You need not tell us what lord *Hamlet* said,
We heard it all. — My lord, do as you please ;

[*Exit Ophelia.*

But if you hold it fit, after the Play
Let his Queen-mother all alone intreat him
To shew his griefs ; let her be round with him :
And I'll be plac'd, so please you, in the ear
Of all their conf'rence. If she find him not,
To *England* send him ; or confine him, where
Your wisdom best shall think.

King. It shall be so :
Madness in Great ones must not unwatch'd go.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet, and two or three of the Players.

Ham. Speak the speech, I pray you ; as I pronounc'd
it to you, trippingly on the tongue. But if you mouth
it, as many of our Players do, I had as lieve, the town-
crier had spoke my lines. And do not saw the air too
much with your hand thus, but use all gently ; for in
the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, whirl-wind
of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance
that may give it smoothness. Oh, it offends me to the
soul, to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a pas-
sion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the
groundlings : who (for the most part) are capable of no-
thing, but inexplicable dumb shews, and noise : I could
have such a fellow whipt for o'er-doing Termagant ; it
out-berods Herod. Pray you, avoid it.

Play. I warrant your Honour.

Ham. Be not too tame neither ; but let your own di-
cretion be your tutor. Sute the action to the word,
the word to the action, with this special observance, that
you

you o'er-step not the modesty of Nature ; for any thing so overdone is from the purpose of playing ; whose end, both at the first and now ; was and is, to hold as 'twere the mirror up to nature ; to shew virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure. Now this over-done, or come tardy of, tho' it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve : the censure of which one must in your allowance o'er-weigh a whole theatre of others. Oh, there be Players that I have seen play, and heard others praise, and that highly, (not to speak it prophanely) that neither having the accent of christian, nor the gate of christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellow'd, that I have thought some of nature's journey-men had made men, and not made them well ; they imitated humanity so abominably.

Play. I hope, we have reform'd that indifferently with us.

Ham. Oh, reform it altogether. And let those, that play your Clowns, speak no more than is set down for them : For there be of them that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too ; though, in the mean time, some necessary question of the Play be then to be considered : That's villanous ; and shews a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it. Go make you ready. [*Exeunt Players.*]

Enter Polonius, Rosincrantz, and Guildenstern.

How now, my lord ; will the King hear this piece of work ?

Pol. And the Queen too, and that presently.

Ham. Bid the Players make haste. [*Exit Polonius.*]

Will you two help to hasten them ?

Both. We will, my lord. [*Exeunt.*]

Ham. What, ho, *Horatio!*

Enter Horatio to Hamlet.

Hor. Here, sweet lord, at your service.

Ham. *Horatio,* thou art e'en as just a Man,
As e'er my conversation coap'd withal.

Hor.

Hor. Oh my dear lord, ———

Ham. Nay, do not think, I flatter :

For what advancement may I hope from thee,
That no revenue hast, but thy good spirits,
To feed and cloath thee ? Should the poor be flatter'd ?
No, let the candied tongue lick absurd Pomp,
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou hear ?
Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,
And could of men distinguish, her election
Hath seal'd thee for her self. For thou hast been
As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing :
A man, that fortune's buffets and rewards
Hast ta'en with equal thanks. And blest are those,
Whose blood and judgment are so well comingled,
That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger,
To sound what stop she please. Give me that man,
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core : ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee. ——— Something too much of this. ———
There is a Play to night before the King,
One Scene of it comes near the circumstance,
Which I have told thee, of my father's death.
I pry'thee, when thou seest that Act a-foot,
Ev'n with the very comment of thy soul
Observe mine uncle : if his occult guilt
Do not it self unkennel in one speech,
It is a damned Ghost that we have seen :
And my imaginations are as foul (17)
As *Vulcan's* Smithy. Give him heedful note ;
For I mine eyes will rivet to his face ;
And, after, we will both our judgments join,
In censure of his Seeming.

Hor. Well, my lord.

(17) *And my Imaginations are as foul,*

As Vulcan's Smithy.] I have ventur'd, against the Authority of all the Copies, to substitute *Smithy* here. I have given my Reasons already in a Note on *Troilus*, to which, for Brevity's sake, I beg Leave to refer the Readers.

If he steal aught, the whilst this Play is playing,
And 'scape detecting, I will pay the theft.

Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosincrantz, Guildenstern, and other lords attendant, with a guard carrying torches. Danish March. Sound a flourish.

Ham. They're coming to the Play; I must be idle.
Get you a place.

King. How fares our cousin *Hamlet*?

Ham. Excellent, i'faith, of the camelion's dish: I eat
the air, promise-cramm'd: you cannot feed capons so.

King. I have nothing with this answer, *Hamlet*; these
words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine. — Now, my lord; you plaid
once i'th' university, you say? [*To Polonius.*]

Pol. That I did, my lord, and was accounted a good
actor.

Ham. And what did you enact?

Pol. I did enact *Julius Cæsar*, I was kill'd i'th' Ca-
pitol: *Brutus* kill'd me.

Ham. It was a brute part of him, to kill so capital a
calf there. Be the players ready?

Ros. Ay, my lord, they stay upon your patience.

Queen. Come hither, my dear *Hamlet*, sit by me.

Ham. No, good mother, here's mettle more attractive.

Pol. Oh ho, do you mark that?

Ham. Lady, shall I lye in your lap?

[*Lying down at Ophelia's feet.*]

Oph. No, my lord.

Ham. I mean, my Head upon your Lap?

Oph. Ay, my Lord.

Ham. Do you think, I meant country matters?

Oph. I think nothing, my lord.

Ham. That's a fair thought, to lie between a maid's
legs.

Oph. What is, my lord?

Ham. Nothing.

Oph. You are merry, my lord.

Ham. Who, I?

Oph.

Oph. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Oh God! your only jig-maker; what should a man do, but be merry? For, look you, how chearfully my mother looks, and my father dy'd within these two hours.

Oph. Nay, 'tis twice two months, my lord.

Ham. So long? nay, then let the Devil wear black, for I'll have a suit of fables. Oh heav'ns! dye two months ago, and not forgotten yet! then there's hope, a Great man's memory may out-live his life half a year: but, by'r-lady, he must build churches then; or else shall he suffer not thinking on, with the hobby-horse; whose epitaph is, *For oh, for oh, the hobby horse is forgot.*

Hautboys play. The dumb shew enters.

[18] *Enter a Duke and Dutchess, with regal Coronets, very lovingly; the Dutchess embracing him, and he her. She kneels; he takes her up, and declines his head upon her neck; he lays him down upon a bank of flowers; she seeing him asleep, leaves him. Anon comes in a fellow, takes off his Crown, kisses it, and pours poison in the Duke's ears, and Exit. The Dutchess returns, finds the Duke dead, and makes passionate action. The poisoner, with some two or three mutes, comes in again, seeming to lament with her. The dead body is carried away. The poisoner wooes the Dutchess with gifts; she seems loth and unwilling a while, but in the end accepts his love.*

[Exeunt.]

[18] *Enter a King and Queen very lovingly:]* Thus have the blundering and inadvertent Editors all along given us this Stage-Direction, tho' we are expressly told by *Hamlet* anon, that the Story of this-introduced Interlude is the Murder of *Gonzago Duke of Vienna*. The Source of this Mistake is easily to be accounted for, from the Stage's dressing the Characters. *Regal Coronets* being at first order'd by the Poet for the *Duke and Dutchess*, the succeeding Players, who did not strictly observe the *Quality of the Persons or Circumstances of the Story*, mistook 'em for a King and Queen; and so the Error was deduced down from thence to the present Times.

Oph.

Oph. What means this, my lord?

Ham. Marry, this is miching *Malicho*; it means mischief.

Oph. Belike, this show imports the Argument of the Play?

Enter Prologue.

Ham. We shall know by this fellow: the Players cannot keep counsel; they'll tell all.

Oph. Will he tell us, what this show meant?

Ham. Ay, or any show that you'll shew him. Be not you ashamed to shew, he'll not shame to tell you what it means.

Oph. You are naught, you are naught, I'll mark the Play.

Prol. *For us, and for our tragedy,
Here stooping to your clemency,
We beg your hearing patiently.*

Ham. Is this a prologue, or the posie of a ring?

Oph. 'Tis brief, my lord.

Ham. As woman's love.

Enter Duke, and Dutchess, Players.

Duke. Full thirty times hath *Phœbus'* Carr gone round
Neptune's salt wash, and *Tellus'* orb'd ground;
And thirty dozen moons with borrowed sheen
About the world have time twelve thirties been,
Since love our hearts, and *Hymen* did our hands,
Unite commutual, in most sacred bands.

Dutch. So many journeys may the Sun and Moon
Make us again count o'er, ere love be done.
But woe is me, you are so sick of late,
So far from cheer and from your former state,
That I distrust you; yet though I distrust,
Discomfort you, my lord, it nothing must:
For women fear too much, ev'n as they love.
And womens' fear and love hold quantity;
'Tis either none, or in extremity.

Now,

Now, what my love is, proof hath made you know ;
 And as my love is fix'd, my fear is so. (19)
 Where love is great, the smallest doubts are fear ;
 Where little fears grow great, great love grows there.

Duke. Faith, I must leave thee, Love, and shortly too :
 My operant powers their functions leave to do,
 And thou shalt live in this fair world behind,
 Honour'd, belov'd ; and, haply, one as kind
 For husband shalt thou —

Dutch. Oh, confound the rest !
 Such love must needs be treason in my breast :
 In second husband let me be accurst !
 None wed the second, but who kill the first.

Ham. Wormwood, wormwood ! —

Dutch. The instances, that second marriage move,
 Are base respects of thrift, but none of love.
 A second time I kill my husband dead,
 When second husband kisses me in bed.

Duke. I do believe, you think what now you speak ;
 But what we do determine, oft we break ;
 Purpose is but the slave to memory,
 Of violent birth, but poor validity :
 Which now, like fruits unripe, sticks on the tree,
 But fall unshaken, when they mellow be.
 Most necessary 'tis, that we forget
 To pay our selves what to our selves is debt :
 What to our selves in passion we propose,

(19) *And as my Love is fix'd, my Fear is so.*] Mr. Pope says, I read *fix'd* ; and, indeed, I do so: because, I observe, the *Quarto* of 1605 reads, *ciz'd* ; that of 1611 *ciz'd* ; the *Folio* in 1632, *fix* ; and that in 1623, *fix'd*: and because, besides, the whole Tenour of the Context demands this Reading : For the Lady evidently is talking here of the Quantity and Proportion of her Love and Fear ; not of their Continuance, Duration, or Stability. *Cleopatra* expresses herself much in the same manner, with regard to her Grief for the Loss of *Antony*.

————— *our Size of Sorrow,*
 Proportion'd to our Cause, must be as great
 As that which makes it.

The passion ending, doth the purpose lose ;
 The violence of either grief or joy,
 Their own enactors with themselves destroy .
 Where joy most revels, grief doth most lament ;
 Grief joys, joy grieves, on slender accident.
 This world is not for aye ; nor 'tis not strange,
 That ev'n our loves should with our fortunes change.
 For 'tis a question left us yet to prove,
 Whether love leads fortune, or else fortune love.
 The Great man down, you mark, his fav'rite flies ;
 The poor advanc'd, makes friends of enemies.
 And hitherto doth love on fortune tend,
 For who not needs, shall never lack a friend ;
 And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
 Directly seasons him his enemy.
 But orderly to end where I begun,
 Our wills and fates do so contrary run,
 That our devices still are overthrown ;
 Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own.
 Think still, thou wilt no second husband wed ;
 But die thy thoughts, when thy first lord is dead.

Dutch. Nor earth to me give food, nor heaven light !
 Sport and repose lock from me, day and night !
 To desperation turn my trust and hope !
 An Anchor's cheer in prison be my scope !
 Each opposite, that blanks the face of joy,
 Meet what I would have well, and it destroy !
 Both here, and hence, pursue me lasting strife !
 If, once a widow, ever I be wife.

Ham. If she should break it now —

Duke. 'Tis deeply sworn ; Sweet, leave me here a while ;

My spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile
 The tedious day with sleep. [Sleeps.]

Dutch. Sleep rock thy brain,
 And never come mischance between us twain ! [Exit.]

Ham. Madam, how like you this Play ?

Queen. The lady protests too much, methinks.

Ham. Oh, but she'll keep her word.

King. Have you heard the argument, is there no offence in't?

Ham. No, no, they do but jest, poison in jest, no offence i'th' world.

King. What do you call the Play?

Ham. The *Mouse-Trap*;——Marry, how? tropically. This Play is the image of a murder done in *Vienna*; *Gonzago* is the Duke's name, his wife's *Baptista*; you shall see anon, 'tis a knavish piece of Work; but what o' that? your Majesty, and we that have free souls, it touches us not; let the gall'd jade winch, our withers are unwrung.

Enter Lucianus.

This is one *Lucianus*, nephew to the Duke.

Oph. You are as good as a chorus, my lord.

Ham. I could interpret between you and your love, if I could see the puppets dallying.

Oph. You are keen, my lord, you are keen.

Ham. It would cost you a groaning to take off my edge.

Oph. Still better and worse.

Ham. So you mistake your husbands.

Begin, murderer.——Leave thy damnable faces, and begin.

Come, the croaking raven doth bellow for revenge.

Luc. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing:

Confederate feaſon, and no creature ſeeing:

Thou mixture rank, of mid-night weeds collected,

With *Hecate's* ban thrice blaſted, thrice infected,

Thy natural magick, and dire property,

On whoſom life uſurp immediately.

[*Pours the poiſon into his ears.*]

Ham. He poiſons him i'th' garden for's eſtate; his name's *Gonzago*; the ſtory is extant, and writ in choice *Italian*. You ſhall ſee anon how the murderer gets the love of *Gonzago's* wife.

Oph. The King riſes.

Ham. What, frightened with falſe fire?

Queen.

Queen. How fares my lord?

Pol. Give o'er the Play.

King. Give me some light. Away!

All. Lights, lights, lights!

[*Exeunt.*]

Manent Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. Why, let the stricken deer go weep,
The hart ungalled play;

For some must watch, whilst some must sleep;
So runs the world away.

Would not this, Sir, and a forest of Feathers, (if the rest of my fortunes turn *Turk* with me) with two provincial roses on my rayed shoes, get me a fellowship in a cry of Players, Sir?

Hor. Half a share.

Ham. A whole one, I.

“ For thou dost know, oh *Damon* dear,

“ This realm dismantled was

“ Of *Jove* himself, and now reigns here

“ A very, very, — (20) Paddock.

Hor.

(20) *A very very Peacock.*] The old Copies have it *Paicoock*, *Paicocke*, and *Pajocke*. I substitute *Paddock*, as nearest to the Traces of the corrupted Reading. I have, as Mr. *Pope* says, been willing to substitute any Thing in the place of his *Peacock*. He thinks a Fable alluded to, of the Birds chusing a King; instead of the *Eagle*, a *Peacock*. I suppose, he must mean the Fable of *Barlandus*, in which it is said, The Birds being weary of their State of Anarchy, mov'd for the setting up of a King: and the *Peacock* was elected on account of his gay Feathers. But, with Submission, in this Passage of our *Shakespeare*, there is not the least Mention made of the *Eagle* in Antithesis to the *Peacock*; and it must be by a very uncommon Figure, that *Jove* himself stands in the place of his *Bird*. I think, *Hamlet* is setting his Father's and Uncle's Characters in Contrast to each other: and means to say, that by his Father's Death the State was stripp'd of a godlike Monarch, and that now in his Stead reign'd the most despicable poisonous Animal that could be: a meer *Paddock*, or *Toad*. *PaD*, *bufs*, *rubeta major*; a toad. This Word, I take to be of *Hamlet's* own substituting.

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Hor. You might have rhim'd.

Ham. Oh, good *Horatio*, I'll take the Ghost's word for a thousand pounds. Didst perceive?

Hor. Very well, my lord.

Ham. Upon the talk of the poisoning?

Hor. I did very well note him.

Enter Rosincrantz and Guildenstern.

Ham. Oh, ha! come, some musick: Come, the recorders.

For if the King like not the comedy;
Why, then, belike, he likes it not, perdy.
Come, some musick.

Guil. Good my lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.

Ham. Sir, a whole history.

Guil. The King, Sir——

Ham. Ay, Sir, what of him?

Guil. Is, in his retirement, marvellous distemper'd——

Ham. With drink, Sir?

Guil. No, my lord, with choler.

Ham. Your wisdom should shew it self more rich, to signify this to his Doctor: for, for me to put him to his purgation, would, perhaps, plunge him into more choler.

Guil. Good my lord, put your discourse into some frame, and start not so wildly from my affair.

Ham. I am tame, Sir;——pronounce.

Guil. The Queen your mother, in most great affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guil. Nay, good my lord, this Courtesy is not of the right Breed. If it shall please you to make me a wholsom answer, I will do your mother's commandment; if not, your pardon, and my return shall be the end of my business.

stituting. The Verses, repeated, seem to be from some old Ballad; in which, Rhyme being necessary, I doubt not but the last Verse ran thus;

A very, very,——As.

Ham.

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Guil. What, my lord?

Ham. Make you a wholsom answer: my wit's diseas'd. But, Sir, such answer as I can make, you shall command; or, rather, as you say, my mother—— therefore no more but to the matter——my mother, you say——

Rof. Then thus she says; your behaviour hath struck her into amazement, and admiration.

Ham. Oh wonderful son, that can so astonish a mother! But is there no sequel at the heels of this mother's admiration?

Rof. She desires to speak with you in her closet, ere you go to bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our mother. Have you any further trade with us?

Rof. My lord, you once did love me.

Ham. So I do still, by these pickers and stealers.

Rof. Good my lord, what is your cause of distemper? you do, surely, bar the door of your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friend.

Ham. Sir, I lack advancement.

Rof. How can that be, when you have the voice of the King himself, for your succession in *Denmark*?

Ham. Ay, but *while the grass grows* — the Proverb is something musty.

Enter one, with a Recorder.

Oh, the Recorders; let me see one. To withdraw with you——why do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil?

Guil. Oh my lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.

Ham. I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this pipe?

Guil. My lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guil. Believe me, I cannot.

Ham. I do beseech you.

Guil. I know no touch of it, my lord.

Ham. 'Tis as easy as lying; govern these ventiges with your fingers and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent musick. Look you, these are the stops.

Guil. But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony; I have not the skill.

Ham. Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me; you would play upon me, you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from my lowest note, to the top of my compass; and there is much musick, excellent voice, in this little organ, yet cannot you make it speak. Why, do you think, that I am easier to be plaid on than a pipe? call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me. ——— God bless you, Sir.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My lord, the Queen would speak with you, and presently.

Ham. Do you see yonder cloud, that's almost in shape of a *Camel*?

Pol. By the mass, and it's like a *Camel*, indeed.

Ham. Methinks, it is like an *Ouzle*.

Pol. It is black like an *Ouzle*.

Ham. Or, like a *Whale*?

Pol. Very like a *Whale*.

Ham. Then will I come to my mother by and by—— they fool me to the top of my bent.——I will come by and by.

Pol. I will say so.

Ham. By and by is easily said. Leave me, friends.

[*Exeunt.*

'Tis now the very witching time of night,
When church-yards yawn, and hell it self breathes out
Contagion to this world. Now could I drink hot blood,
And do such bitter business as the day
Would quake to look on. Soft, now to my mother ——
O heart, lose not thy nature; let not ever
The Soul of *Nero* enter this firm bosom;

Let

Let me be cruel, not unnatural ;
 I will speak daggers to her, but use none.
 My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites ;
 How in my words soever she be shent,
 To give them seals never my soul consent ! [Exit.

Enter King, Rosincrantz, and Guildenstern.

King. I like him not, nor stands it safe with us
 To let his madness range. Therefore, prepare you ;
 I your Commission will forthwith dispatch,
 And he to *England* shall along with you.
 The terms of our estate may not endure (21)
 Hazard so near us, as doth hourly grow
 Out of his Lunes.

Guil. We will provide our selves ;
 Most holy and religious fear it is,
 To keep those many, many, Bodies safe,
 That live and feed upon your Majesty.

Ros. The single and peculiar life is bound,
 With all the strength and armour of the mind,
 To keep it self from noyance ; but much more,
 That spirit, on whose weal depends and rests
 The lives of many. The cease of Majesty
 Dies not alone, but, like a gulf, doth draw
 What's near it with it. It's a massy wheel
 Fixt on the summit of the highest mount,

(21) *The Terms of our Estate may not endure
 Hazard so near us, as doth hourly grow
 Out of his Lunacies.*

Guil. *We will provide our selves.*

The old *Quarto's* read,———*Out of his Brows.* This was
 from the Ignorance of the first Editors ; as is this unnecessary
Alexandrine, which we owe to the Players. The Poet, I am
 persuaded, wrote,

—————*as doth hourly grow*

Out of his Lunes.

i. e. his *Madness, Frenzy.* So our Poet, before, in his *Win-*
ter's Tale.

*These dang'rous, unsafe Lunes i'th' King!—beshrew 'em,
 He must be told of it, &c.*

To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things
 Are mortiz'd and adjoin'd; which, when it falls,
 Each small annexment, petty consequence,
 Attends the boist'rous ruin. Ne'er alone
 Did the King sigh; but with a general groan.

King. Arm you, I pray you, to this speedy voyage;
 For we will fetters put upon this fear,
 Which now goes too free-footed.

Both. We will haste us. [*Exeunt Gentlemen.*

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My lord, he's going to his mother's closet;
 Behind the arras I'll convey my self
 To hear the process. I'll warrant, she'll tax him home.
 And, as you said, and wisely was it said,
 'Tis meet, that some more audience than a mother
 (Since nature makes them partial,) should o'er-hear
 The speech, of vantage. Fare you well, my liege;
 I'll call upon you ere you go to bed,
 And tell you what I know. [*Exit.*

King. Thanks, dear my lord.
 Oh! my offence is rank, it smells to heav'n,
 It hath the primal, eldest, curse upon't; (22)
That of a brother's murth'. Pray I cannot,
 Though inclination be as sharp as will;
 My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent:
 And, like a man to double business bound,
 I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
 And both neglect. What if this cursed hand

(22) *It hath the primal, eldest, Curse upon't:*

A brother's Murth'—Pray I cannot,] The last Verse, 'tis evident, halts in the Measure; and, if I don't mistake, is a little lame in the Sense too. Was a brother's Murth' the eldest *Curse*? Surely, it was rather the *Crime*, that was the *Cause* of this eldest *Curse*. We have no Assistance, however, either to the *Sense* or *Numbers*, from any of the Copies. I have ventur'd at two Supplemental Syllables, as innocent in themselves as necessary to the Purposes for which they are introduc'd:

That of a Brother's Murth'.—

Were

Were thicker than itself with brother's blood?
 Is there not rain enough in the sweet heav'n's
 To wash it white as snow? whereto serves Mercy,
 But to confront the visage of offence?
 And what's in prayer, but this two-fold force,
 To be fore-stalled ere we come to fall,
 Or pardon'd being down? then I'll look up;
 My fault is past.——But oh, what form of prayer
 Can serve my turn? Forgive me my foul murder!——
 That cannot be, since I am still possess'd
 Of those effects for which I did the murder,
 My Crown, mine own Ambition, and my Queen.
 May one be pardon'd, and retain th'offence?
 In the corrupted currents of this world,
 Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice;
 And oft 'tis seen, the wicked prize it self
 Buys out the law; but 'tis not so above:
 There, is no shuffling; there, the action lies
 In his true nature, and we our selves compell'd,
 Ev'n to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
 To give in evidence. What then? what rests?
 Try, what repentance can: What can it not?
 Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?
 Oh wretched state! oh bosom, black as death!
 Oh limed soul, that, struggling to be free,
 Art more engaged! help, angels! make assay!
 Bow, stubborn knees; and, heart, with strings of steel,
 Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe!
 All may be well. [The King retires and kneels.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now might I do it pat, now he is praying,
 And now I'll do't——and so he goes to heav'n.——
 And so am I reveng'd? that would be scann'd;
 A villain kills my father, and for that
 I, his sole son, do this same villain send
 To heav'n—O, this is hire and salary, not revenge.
 He took my father grossly, full of bread,
 With all his crimes broad blown, as flush as *May*;
 And how his audit stands, who knows, save heaven?

But in our circumstance and course of thought,
 'Tis heavy with him. Am I then reveng'd,
 To take him in the purging of his soul,
 When he is fit and season'd for his passage?
 Up, sword, and know thou a more horrid Bent; (23)
 When he is drunk, asleep, or in his rage,
 Or in th' incestuous pleasure of his bed;
 At gaming, swearing, or about some act
 That has no relish of salvation in't;
 Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heav'n;
 And that his soul may be as damn'd and black
 As hell, whereto it goes. My mother stays;
 This physick but prolongs thy sickly days. [Exit.

The King rises, and comes forward.

King. My words fly up, my thoughts remain below;
 Words, without thoughts, never to heaven go. [Exit.

SCENE changes to the *Queen's Apartment.*

Enter Queen and Polonius.

Pol. HE will come straight; look, you lay home to
 him;
 Tell him, his pranks have been too broad to bear with;
 And that your Grace hath screen'd, and stood between
 Much heat and him. I'll silence me e'en here;
 Pray you, be round with him.

Ham. [*within.*] Mother, Mother, Mother.—

(23) *Up, Sword, and know thou a more horrid Time.*] This is a sophisticated Reading, warranted by none of the Copies of any Authority. Mr. Pope says, I read conjecturally;
 ——— a more horrid Bent.

I do so; and why? the two oldest *Quarto's*, as well as the two elder *Folio's*, read; ——— a more horrid Bent. But, as there is no such *English* Substantive, it seems very natural to conclude, that, with the Change of a single Letter, our Author's genuine Word was, *Bent*; i. e. *Drift, Scope, Inclination, Purpose, &c.*

Queen.

Queen. I'll warrant you, fear me not.

Withdraw, I hear him coming.

[*Polonius hides himself behind the Arras.*]

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now, mother, what's the matter?

Queen. *Hamlet*, thou hast thy father much offended.

Ham. Mother, you have my father much offended.

Queen. Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.

Ham. Go, go, you question with a wicked tongue.

Queen. Why, how now, *Hamlet*?

Ham. What's the matter now?

Queen. Have you forgot me?

Ham. No, by the rood, not so;

You are the *Queen*, your husband's brother's wife,

But, 'would you were not so!—You are my mother.

Queen. Nay, then I'll set those to you that can speak.

Ham. Come, come, and sit you down; you shall not budge:

You go not, 'till I set you up a glass

Where you may see the inmost part of you.

Queen. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murder me?

Help, ho.

Pol. What ho, help.

[*Behind the Arras.*]

Ham. How now, a rat? dead for a ducate, dead.

Hamlet kills Polonius.

Pol. Oh, I am slain.

Queen. Oh me, what hast thou done?

Ham. Nay, I know not: is it the King?

Queen. Oh, what a rash and bloody deed is this!

Ham. A bloody deed; almost as bad, good mother,

As kill a King, and marry with his brother.

Queen. As kill a King?

Ham. Ay, lady, 'twas my word.

Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell,

[*To Polonius.*]

I took thee for thy Betters; take thy fortune;

Thou find'st, to be too busy, is some danger.

Leave wringing of your hands; peace, sit you down,

And let me wring your heart, for so I shall,

If it be made of penetrable stuff :

If damned custom have not braz'd it so,
That it is proof and bulwark against sense.

Queen. What have I done, that thou dar'st wag thy
tongue
In noise so rude against me ?

Ham. Such an act,
That blurs the grace and blush of modesty ;
Calls virtue hypocrite ; takes off the rose
From the fair forehead of an innocent love,
And sets a blister there ; makes marriage-vows
As false as dicers' oaths. Oh, such a deed,
As from the body of Contraction plucks
The very soul, and sweet Religion makes
A rhapsody of words. Heav'n's face doth glow ;
Yea, this solidity and compound mass,
With tristful visage, as against the doom,
Is thought-sick at the act.

Queen. Ay me ! what act,
That roars so loud, and thunders in the index ?

Ham. Look here upon this picture, and on this,
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers :
See, what a grace was seated on this brow ;
Hyperion's curls ; the front of *Jove* himself ;
An eye, like *Mars*, to threaten or command ;
A station, like the herald *Mercury*
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill ;
A combination, and a form indeed,
Where every God did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man.
This *was* your husband, — — Look you now, what fol-
lows ;
Here *is* your husband, like a mildew'd ear,
Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes ?
Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
And batten on this moore ? ha ! have you eyes ?
You cannot call it Love ; for, at your age,
The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waits upon the judgment ; and what judgment

Would

Would step from this to this? Sense, sure, you have, (24)
 Else could you not have motion: but, sure, that sense
 Is apoplex'd: for madness would not err;
 Nor sense to ecstasy was ne'er so thrall'd,
 But it reserv'd some quantity of choice
 To serve in such a difference. — What devil was't,
 That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman-blind?
 Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,
 Ears without hands or eyes, smelling *sans* all,
 Or but a sickly part of one true sense
 Could not so mope. —

O shame! where is thy blush? rebellious hell,
 If thou canst mutiny in a matron's bones,
 To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
 And melt in her own fire. Proclaim no shame,
 When the compulsive ardour gives the charge;
 Since frost it self as actively doth burn,
 And Reason panders Will.

Queen. O *Hamlet*, speak no more.
 Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul,
 And there I see such black and grained spots,
 As will not leave their tinct.

Ham. Nay, but to live
 In the rank sweat of an incestuous bed,
 Stew'd in corruption, honying and making love
 Over the nasty sty; —

Queen. Oh, speak no more;
 These words like daggers enter in mine ears.
 No more, sweet *Hamlet*.

Ham. A murderer, and a villain! —
 A slave, that is not twentieth part the tythe
 Of your precedent lord. A Vice of Kings; —

(24) *Sense, sure, you have, &c.*] Mr. Pope has left out the quantity of about eight Verses here, which I have taken care to replace. They are not, indeed, to be found in the two elder *Folio's*, but they carry the Style, Expression, and Cast of Thought, peculiar to our Author; and that they were not an Interpolation from another Hand needs no better Proof, than that they are in all the oldest *Quarto's*.

A cutpurse of the Empire and the Rule,
That from a shelf the precious Diadem stole
And put it in his pocket.

Queen. No more.

Enter Ghost.

Ham. A King of shreds and patches——
Save me! and hover o'er me with your wings;

[*Starting up.*

You heav'nly guards! what would your gracious figure?

Queen. Alas, he's mad ——

Ham. Do you not come your tardy son to chide,
That, laps'd in time and passion, lets go by
Th' important acting of your dread command?
O say!

Ghost. Do not forget: this visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
But, look! amazement on thy mother sits;
O step between her and her fighting soul:
Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works.
Speak to her, *Hamlet.*

Ham. How is it with you, lady?

Queen. Alas, how is't with you?
That thus you bend your eye on vacancy,
And with th' incorporal air do hold discourse?
Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep,
And, as the sleeping soldiers in th' alarm,
Your bedded hairs, like life in excrements,
Start up, and stand on end. O gentle son,
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look?

Ham. On him! on him! —— look you, how pale he
glares!

His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,
Would make them capable. Do not look on me,
Lest with this piteous action you convert
My stern effects; then what I have to do,
Will want true colour; tears, perchance, for blood.

Queen. To whom do you speak this?

Ham.

Ham. Do you see nothing there?

[*Pointing to the Ghost.*

Queen. Nothing at all; yet all, that is, I see.

Ham. Nor did you nothing hear?

Queen. No, nothing but our selves.

Ham. Why, look you there! look, how it steals away!
My father in his habit as he lived!

Look, where he goes ev'n now, out at the portal.

[*Exit Ghost.*

Queen. This is the very coinage of your brain,
This bodiless creation Ecstasy
Is very cunning in.

Ham. What Ecstasy?

My pulse, as yours, doth temp'rately keep time,
And makes as healthful musick. 'Tis not madness
That I have utter'd; bring me to the test,
And I the matter will re-word; which madness
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,
That not your trespass, but my madness, speaks:
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place;
Whilst rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unseen. Confess your self to heav'n;
Repent what's past, avoid what is to come;
And do not spread the compost on the weeds
To make them ranker. Forgive me this my virtue;
For, in the fatness of these purfy times,
Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg,
Yea, coub, and woe, for leave to do it good.

Queen. Oh Hamlet! thou hast cleft my heart in twain.

Ham. O, throw away the worser part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.
Good night; but go not to mine uncle's bed:
Assume a virtue, if you have it not.
That monster custom, who all sense doth eat (25)

Of

(25) *That Monster Custom, who all Sense doth eat,
Of Habit's Devil, is Angel yet in this,
That to the Use of Actions fair and good*

Of habits evil, is angel yet in this ;
 That to the use of actions fair and good
 He likewise gives a frock, or livery,
 That aptly is put on : Refrain to night ;
 And That shall lend a kind of easiness
 To the next abstinence ; the next, more easy ;
 For use can almost change the stamp of Nature,
 And master ev'n the Devil, or throw him out
 With wondrous potency. Once more, good night !
 And when you are desirous to be blest,
 I'll Blessing beg of you. — For this same lord,

[*Pointing to Polonius.*

I do repent : but heav'n hath pleas'd it so,
 To punish me with this, and this with me,
 That I must be their scourge and minister.
 I will bestow him, and will answer well
 The death I gave him ; so, again, good night !
 I must be cruel, only to be kind ;
 Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind.

Queen. What shall I do ?

Ham. Not this by no means, that I bid you do.
 Let the fond King tempt you again to bed ;
 Pinch wanton on your cheek ; call you his mouse ;
 And let him, for a pair of reechy kisses,
 Or padding in your neck with his damn'd fingers,
 Make you to ravel all this matter out,
 That I essentially am not in madness,

He likewise gives a Frock or Livery,

That aptly is put on.] This Passage is left out in the two elder *Folio's* : It is certainly corrupt, and the Players did the discreet part to stifle what they did not understand. *Habit's Devil* certainly arose from some conceited Tamperer with the Text, who thought it was necessary, in Contrast to *Angel*. The Emendation of the Text I owe to the Sagacity of *Dr. Thirlby*.

*That Monster Custom, who all Sense doth eat
 Of Habits evil, is Angel, &c.*

i. e. Custom, which by inuring us to ill Habits, makes us lose the Apprehension of their being really ill, as easily will reconcile us to the Practice of good Actions,

But mad in craft. 'Twere good, you let him know.
 For who that's but a Queen, fair, sober, wife,
 Would from a paddock, from a bat, a gibbe,
 Such dear concernings hide? who would do so?
 No, in despite of sense and secrecy,
 Unpeg the basket on the house's top,
 Let the birds fly, and, like the famous ape,
 To try conclusions, in the basket creep;
 And break your own neck down.

Queen. Be thou assur'd, if words be made of breath,
 And breath of Life, I have no life to breathe
 What thou hast said to me.

Ham. I must to *England*, you know that?

Queen. Alack, I had forgot; 'tis so concluded on.

Ham. There's letters seal'd, and my two school-
 fellows,

(Whom I will trust, as I will adders fang'd;)
 They bear the mandate; they must sweep my way,
 And marshal me to knavery: let it work.——
 For 'tis the sport, to have the engineer
 Hoist with his own petar: and't shall go hard,
 But I will delve one yard below their mines,
 And blow them at the moon. O, 'tis most sweet,
 When in one line two crafts directly meet!
 This man shall set me packing; ——
 I'll lug the guts into the neighbour room;
 Mother, good night.—Indeed, this Counsellor
 Is now most still, most secret, and most grave,
 Who was in life a foolish prating knave.
 Come, Sir, to draw toward an end with you.
 Good night, mother.

[*Exit Hamlet, tugging in Polonius.*]





A C T IV.

S C E N E, *A Royal Apartment.*

Enter King and Queen, with Rosincrantz, and Guildenstern.

K I N G.

TH E R E's matter in these sighs; these profound
heaves

You must translate; 'tis fit, we understand them.
Where is your son?

Queen. Bestow this place on us a little while.

[To Ros. and Guild. who go out.]

Ah, my good lord, what have I seen to night?

King. What, *Gertrude*? How does *Hamlet*?

Queen. Mad as the seas, and wind, when both contend
Which is the mightier; in his lawless fit,
Behind the arras hearing something stir,
He whips his rapier out, and cries, a rat!
And, in this brainish apprehension, kills
The unseen good old man.

King. O heavy deed!

It had been so with us, had we been there:

His liberty is full of threats to all,

To you your self, to us, to every one.

Alas! how shall this bloody deed be answer'd?

It will be laid to us, whose providence

Should have kept short, restrain'd, and out of haunt,

This mad young man. But so much was our love,

We would not understand what was most fit;

But, like the owner of a foul disease,

To keep it from divulging, let it feed

Ev'n on the pith of life. Where is he gone?

Queen. To draw apart the body he hath kill'd,
O'er whom his very madness, like some ore

Among

Among a mineral of metals base,
Shews it self pure. He weeps for what is done.

King. O *Gertrude*, come away :
The sun no sooner shall the mountains touch,
But we will ship him hence ; and this vile deed
We must, with all our Majesty and Skill,
Both countenance and excuse. Ho ! *Guildestern* !

Enter Rosincrantz and Guildestern.

Friends both, go join you with some further aid :
Hamlet in madness hath *Polonius* slain,
And from his mother's closet hath he drag'd him.
Go seek him out, speak fair, and bring the body
Into the chappel. Pray you, haste in this.

[*Ex. Ros. and Guil.*

Come, *Gertrude*, we'll call up our wisest friends, (26)
And

(26) *Gertrude*, We'll call up our wisest Friends,
And let them know both what we mean to do,
And what's untimely done.
Whose Whisper o'er the World's Diameter,
As level as the Cannon to his blank,
Transports its poison'd Shot, may miss our Name,
And hit the woundless Air.— O, come away ;]

Mr. *Pope* takes notice, that *I* replace some Verses that were imperfect, (and, tho' of a modern Date, seem to be genuine ;) by inserting two Words. But to see, what an accurate and faithful Collator he is ! I produc'd these Verses in my SHAKESPEARE restor'd, from a Quarto Edition of *Hamlet* printed in 1637, and happen'd to say, that they had not the Authority of any earlier Date in Print, that I knew of, than that Quarto. Upon the Strength of this Mr. *Pope* comes and calls the Lines modern, tho' they are in the Quarto's of 1605 and 1611, which I had not then seen, but both of which Mr. *Pope* pretends to have collated. The Verses carry the very Stamp of *Shakespeare* upon them. The Coin, indeed, has been clipt from our first receiving it ; but it is not so diminish'd, but that with a small Assistance we may hope to make it pass current. We have not, 'tis true, so much as the Footsteps, or Traces, of a corrupted Reading, to lead us to an Emendation ; nor any means of restoring what is lost, but Conjecture. I am far from as-

firming,

And let them know both what we mean to do,
 And what's untimely done. For, haply, Slander
 (Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter,
 As level as the cannon to his blank,
 Transports its poyfon'd shot;) may miss our Name,
 And hit the woundless air.—O, come away;
 My soul is full of discord and dismay. [Exeunt.]

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Safely stowed.—

Gentlemen within. Hamlet! lord Hamlet!

Ham. What noise? who calls on Hamlet?
 Oh, here they come.

Enter Rosincrantz, and Guildenstern.

Ros. What have you done, my lord, with the dead
 body?

Ham. Compounded it with dust, whereto 'tis kin.

Ros. Tell us where 'tis, that we may take it thence,
 And bear it to the chappel.

Ham. Do not believe it.

Ros. Believe what?

Ham. That I can keep your counsel, and not mine
 own. Besides, to be demanded of a sponge, what repli-
 cation should be made by the son of a King?

Ros. Take you me for a sponge, my lord?

Ham. Ay, Sir, that sokes up the King's countenance,
 his rewards, his authorities; but such officers do the
 King best service in the end; he keeps them, like an
 apple, in the corner of his jaw; first mouth'd, to be

firming, therefore, that I have given the Poet's very Words;
 but the Supplement is such as the Sentiment naturally seems
 to demand. The Poet has the same Thought, concerning the
 diffusive Pow'rs of *Slander* in another of his Plays.

No, 'tis Slander;

*Whose Edge is sharper than the Sword, whose Tongue
 Out-venomes all the Worms of Nile, whose Breath
 Rides on the posting Winds, and doth belie
 All Corners of the World.*

Cymbeline.

last

last swallow'd : when he needs what you have glean'd, it is but squeezing you, and, sponge, you shall be dry again.

Rof. I understand you not, my lord.

Ham. I am glad of it; a knavish speech sleeps in a foolish ear.

Rof. My lord, you must tell us where the body is, and go with us to the King.

Ham. The body is with the King, but the King is not with the body. The King is a thing —

Guild. A thing, my lord?

Ham. Of nothing : bring me to him ; hide fox, and all after. [*Exeunt.*

Enter King.

King. I've sent to seek him, and to find the body ;
How dang'rous is it, that this man goes loose !
Yet must not we put the strong law on him ;
He's lov'd of the distracted multitude,
Who like not in their judgment, but their eyes :
And where 'tis so, th' offender's scourge is weigh'd,
But never the offence. To bear all smooth,
This sudden sending him away must seem
Deliberate pause : diseases, desp'rate grown,
By desperate appliance are relieved,
Or not at all.

Enter Rosincrantz.

How now ? what hath befall'n ?

Rof. Where the dead body is bestow'd, my lord,
We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he ?

Rof. Without, my lord, guarded to know your pleasure.

King. Bring him before us.

Rof. Ho, *Guildestern!* bring in my lord.

Enter Hamlet, and Guildestern.

King. Now, *Hamlet*, where's *Polonius* ?

Ham. At supper.

King.

King. At supper? where?

Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten; a certain convocation of politike worms are e'en at him. Your worm is your only Emperor for diet. We fat all creatures else to fat us, and we fat our selves for maggots. Your fat King and your lean beggar is but variable service, two dishes but to one table; that's the end.

King. Alas, alas!

Ham. A man may fish with the worm that hath eat of a King, eat of the fish that hath fed of that worm.

King. What dost thou mean by this?

Ham. Nothing, but to shew you how a King may go a progress through the guts of a beggar.

King. Where is *Polonius*?

Ham. In heav'n, send thither to see. If your messenger find him not there, seek him i'th' other place your self. But, indeed, if you find him not within this month, you shall nose him as you go up the stairs into the lobby.

King. Go seek him there.

Ham. He will stay 'till ye come.

King. *Hamlet*, this deed, for thine especial safety, (Which we do tender, as we dearly grieve For That which thou hast done) must send thee hence With fiery quickness; therefore prepare thy self; The bark is ready, and the wind at help, Th' associates tend, and every thing is bent For *England*.

Ham. For *England*?

King. Ay, *Hamlet*.

Ham. Good.

King. So is it, if thou knew'st our purposes.

Ham. I see a Cherub, that sees them; but come, for *England*! farewell, dear mother.

King. Thy loving father, *Hamlet*.

Ham. My mother: father and mother is man and wife; man and wife is one flesh, and, so, my mother. Come, for *England*.

King. Follow him at foot; tempt him with speed aboard;

[*Exit.*
Delay

Delay it not, I'll have him hence to night.
 Away, for every thing is seal'd and done
 That else leans on th' affair ; pray you, make haste.
 [Exeunt Ros. and Guild.

And, *England!* if my love thou hold'st at aught,
 As my great power thereof may give thee sense,
 Since yet thy cicatrice looks raw and red
 After the *Danish* sword, and thy free awe
 Pays homage to us ; thou may'st not coldly set
 Our sovereign process, which imports at full,
 By letters congruing to that effect,
 The present death of *Hamlet*. Do it, *England!*
 For like the hestick in my blood he rages,
 And thou must cure me ; 'till I know 'tis done,
 How-e'er my haps, my joys will ne'er begin. [Exit.

S C E N E, *A Camp, on the Frontiers of
 Denmark.*

Enter Fortinbras, with an Army.

For. G O, Captain, from me greet the *Danish* King ;
 Tell him, that, by his license, *Fortinbras*
 Claims the conveyance of a promis'd March
 Over his Realm. You know the rendezvous.
 If that his Majesty would aught with us,
 We shall express our duty in his eye,
 And let him know so.

Capt. I will do't, my lord.

For. Go softly on. [Exit *Fortinbras, with the Army.*

Enter Hamlet, Rosincrantz, Guildenstern, &c.

Ham. Good Sir, whose Powers are these ?

Capt. They are of *Norway*, Sir.

Ham. How purpos'd, Sir, I pray you ?

Capt. Against some part of *Poland*.

Ham. Who commands them, Sir ?

Capt. The nephew of old *Norway*, *Fortinbras*.

Ham. Goes it against the main of *Poland*, Sir,
 Or for some frontier ?

Capt.

Capt. Truly to speak it, and with no addition,
 We go to gain a little patch of ground,
 That hath in it no profit but the name.
 To pay five ducats—five, I would not farm it;
 Nor will it yield to *Norway*, or the *Pole*,
 A ranker rate, should it be sold in fee.

Ham. Why, then the *Polacke* never will defend it.

Capt. Yes, 'tis already garrison'd.

Ham. Two thousand souls, and twenty thousand ducats,

Will not debate the question of this straw;
 This is th' imposthume of much wealth and peace,
 That inward breaks, and shews no cause without
 Why the man dies. I humbly thank you, Sir.

Capt. God b'w'ye, Sir.

Ros. Will't please you go, my lord?

Ham. I'll be with you straight, go a little before.

[*Exeunt.*]

Manet Hamlet.

How all occasions do inform against me,
 And spur my dull revenge? what is a man,
 If his chief good and market of his time
 Be but to sleep and feed? a beast, no more.
 Sure, he that made us with such large discourse,
 Looking before and after, gave us not
 That capability and god-like reason
 To rust in us unus'd. Now whether it be
 Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple
 Of thinking too precisely on th' event,
 (A thought, which, quarter'd, hath but one part
 wisdom,

And ever three parts coward:) I do not know
 Why yet I live to say this thing's to do;
 Sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and means
 'To do't. Examples, gross as earth, exhort me;
 Witness this army of such mass and charge,
 Led by a delicate and tender Prince,
 Whose spirit, with divine ambition puff'd,
 Makes mouths at the invisible event;

Exposing

Exposing what is mortal and unsure
 To all that fortune, death, and danger dare,
 Ev'n for an egg-shell. 'Tis not to be great,
 Never to stir without great argument;
 But greatly to find quarrel in a straw,
 When Honour's at the stake. How stand I then,
 That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,
 (Excitements of my reason and my blood)
 And let all sleep? while, to my shame, I see
 The imminent death of twenty thousand men;
 That for a fantasie and trick of fame
 Go to their Graves like beds; fight for a Plot,
 Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
 Which is not tomb enough and continent
 To hide the slain? O, then, from this time forth,
 My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E *changes to a Palace.*

Enter Queen, Horatio, and a Gentleman:

Queen. I Will not speak with her.

Gent. She is importunate,
 Indeed, distract; her mood will needs be pitied.

Queen. What would she have?

Gent. She speaks much of her father; says, she hears,
 There's tricks i'th' world; and hems, and beats her heart;
 Spurns enviously at straws; speaks things in doubt,
 That carry but half sense: her speech is nothing,
 Yet the unshaped use of it doth move
 The hearers to collection; they aim at it,
 And botch the words up fit to their own thoughts;
 Which as her winks, and nods, and gestures yield them,
 Indeed, would make one think, there might be thought;
 Tho' nothing sure, yet much unhappily.

Hor. 'Twere good she were spoken with, for she may
 strow

Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds.

Let her come in. ———

Queen. To my sick soul, as sin's true nature is,

Each

Each Toy seems prologue to some great Amis ;
 So full of artless jealousy is guilt,
 It spills it self, in fearing to be spilt.

Enter Ophelia, distracted.

Oph. Where is the beauteous Majesty of Denmark ?

Queen. How now, *Ophelia* ?

Oph. How should I your true Love know from another
 one ?

By his cockle hat and staff, and his sandal shoon.

[Singing.]

Queen. Alas, sweet lady ; what imports this Song ?

Oph. Say you ? nay, pray you, mark.

*He's dead and gone, lady, he is dead and gone ;
 At his head a grass-green turf, at his heels a stone.*

Enter King.

Queen. Nay, but *Ophelia*——

Oph. Pray you, mark.

White his sbrowd as the mountain snow.

Queen. Alas, look here, my lord.

Oph. Larded all with sweet flowers :
 Which bewept to the Grave did go
 With true love Showers.

King. How do ye, pretty lady ?

Oph. Well, God yield you ! They say, the owl was
 a baker's daughter. Lord, we know what we are, but
 know not what we may be. God be at your table !

King. Conceit upon her father.

Oph. Pray, let us have no words of this ; but when
 they ask you what it means, say you this :

*To morrow is St. Valentine's day, all in the morn betime,
 And I a maid at your window, to be your Valentine.
 Then up he rose, and don'd his cloaths, and dupt the
 chamber door ;*

Let in the maid, that out a maid never departed more.

King.

King. Pretty *Ophelia*!

Oph. Indeed, without an oath, I'll make an end on't.

By *Gis*, and by *S. Charity*,
Alack, and fie for shame!

Young men will do't, if they come to't,
By cock, they are to blame.

Quoth she, before you tumbled me,
You promis'd me to wed:

So would I ha' done, by yonder sun,
And thou hadst not come to my bed.

King. How long has she been thus?

Oph. I hope, all will be well. We must be patient;
but I cannot chuse but weep, to think, they should lay
him i'th' cold ground; my brother shall know of it, and
so I thank you for your good counsel. Come, my coach;
good night, ladies; good night, sweet ladies; good
night, good night. [Exit.

King. Follow her close, give her good watch, I pray
you; [Exit Horatio.

This is the poison of deep grief; it springs
All from her father's death. O *Gertrude*, *Gertrude*!
When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions. First, her father slain;
Next your Son gone, and he most violent author
Of his own just Remove; the people muddied,
Thick and unwholesome in their thoughts and whispers,
For good *Polonius*' death; (We've done but greenly,
In private to interr him;) poor *Ophelia*,
Divided from her self, and her fair judgment;
(Without the which we're pictures, or mere beasts:)
Last, and as much containing as all these,
Her brother is in secret come from *France*:
Feeds on this wonder, keeps himself in clouds,
And wants not buzzers to infect his ear
With pestilent speeches of his father's death;
Wherein necessity, of matter beggar'd,
Will nothing stick our persons to arraign
In ear and ear. O my dear *Gertrude*, this,
Like to a murdering piece, in many places

Gives me superfluous death! [A noise within.]

Queen. Alack! what Noise is this?

Enter a Messenger.

King. Where are my *Switzers*? let them guard the door.

What is the matter?

Mes. Save your self, my lord.

The ocean, over-peering of his list,
Eats not the flats with more impetuous haste,
Than young *Laertes*, in a riotous head,
O'er-bears your officers; the rabble call him lord;
And as the world were now but to begin,
Antiquity forgot, custom not known,
The ratifiers and props of every Ward; (27)
They cry, "Chuse we *Laertes* for our King."
Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the Clouds;
" *Laertes* shall be King, *Laertes* King!"

Queen. How chearfully on the false trail they cry!
Oh, this is counter, you false *Danish* dogs.

[Noise within.]

Enter Laertes, with a Party at the Door.

King. The doors are broke.

Laer. Where is this King? Sirs! stand you all without.

All. No, let's come in.

(27) *The Ratifiers and Props of ev'ry Word;*] The whole Tenour of the Context is sufficient to shew, that this is a mistaken Reading. What can Antiquity and Custom, being the Props of Words, have to do with the Business in hand? Or what Idea is convey'd by it? Certainly, the Poet wrote;

The Ratifiers and Props of ev'ry Ward;

The Messenger is complaining, that the riotous Head had over-borne the King's Officers, and then subjoins, that Antiquity and Custom were forgot, which were the Ratifiers and Props of every Ward, i. e. of every one of those *Securities*: that Nature and Law place about the Person of a King. All this is rational and consequential.

Mr. Warburton.

Laer.

Laer. I pray you, give me leave.

All. We will, we will.

[*Exeunt.*

Laer. I thank you ; keep the door.

O thou vile King, give me my father.

Queen. Calmly, good *Laertes*.

Laer. That drop of blood that's calm, proclaims me
bastard ;

Cries cuckold to my father ; brands the harlot
Even here, between the chaste and unsmirch'd brow
Of my true mother.

King. What is the cause, *Laertes*,
That thy Rebellion looks so giant-like ?
Let him go, *Gertrude* ; do not fear our person :
There's such divinity doth hedge a King,
That treason can but peep to what it would,
Acts little of its will. Tell me, *Laertes*,
Why are you thus incens'd ? Let him go, *Gertrude*.
Speak, man.

Laer. Where is my father ?

King. Dead.

Queen. But not by him.

King. Let him demand his fill.

Laer. How came he dead ? I'll not be juggled with :
To hell, allegiance ! vows, to the blackest devil !
Conscience and grace, to the profoundest pit !
I dare damnation ; to this point I stand,
That both the worlds I give to negligence,
Let come, what comes ; only I'll be reveng'd
Most thoroughly for my father.

King. Who shall stay you ?

Laer. My will, not all the world ;
And for my means, I'll husband them so well,
They shall go far with little.

King. Good *Laertes*,
If you desire to know the certainty
Of your dear father, is't writ in your revenge,
(That sweep-stake) you will draw both friend and foe,
Winner and loser ?

Laer. None but his enemies.

King. Will you know them then ?

Laer. To his good friends thus wide I'll ope my
arms,

And, like the kind life-rendring pelican,
Repast them with my blood.

King. Why, now you speak
Like a good child, and a true gentleman.
That I am guiltless of your father's death,
And am most sensible in grief for it,
It shall as level to your judgment pierce,
As day does to your eye. [*A noise within.* "Let her
come in.]

Laer. How now, what noise is that ?

*Enter Ophelia, fantastically drest with straws
and flowers.*

O heat, dry up my brains ! tears, seven times salt,
Burn out the sense and virtue of mine eye !
By heav'n, thy madness shall be paid with weight,
'Till our scale turn the beam. O rose of *May* !
Dear maid, kind sister, sweet *Ophelia* !
O heav'ns, is't possible a young maid's wits
Should be as mortal as an old man's life ?
Nature is fine in love ; and, where'tis fine,
It sends some precious instance of it self
After the thing it loves.

Oph. They bore him bare-fac'd on the bier,
And on his Grave rains many a tear ;
Fare you well, my dove !

Laer. Had'st thou thy wits, and did'st perswade Re-
venge,
It could not move thus.

Oph. You must sing, down a-down, and you call him
a-down-a. O how the wheel becomes it ! it is the false
steward that stole his master's daughter.

Laer. This nothing's more than matter.

Oph. There's rosemary, that's for remembrance ;
pray, love, remember ; and there's pancies, that's for
thoughts.

Laer.

Laer. A document in madness, thoughts and remembrance fitted.

Oph. There's fennel for you, and columbines; there's rue for you, and here's some for me. We may call it herb of grace o' *Sundays*: you may wear your rue with a difference. There's a daisie; I would give you some violets, but they withered all when my father dy'd: they say, he made a good end;

For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy.

Laer. Thought, and affliction, passion, hell it self, She turns to favour, and to prettiness.

Oph. *And will he not come again?
And will he not come again?
No, no, he is dead, go to thy death-bed,
He never will come again.
His beard was as white as snow,
All flaxen was his pole:
He is gone, he is gone, and we cast away mone;
Gramercy on his soul!*

And of all christian souls! God b'w'ye. [*Exit Ophelia.*]

Laer. Do you see this, you Gods!

King. *Laertes*, I must commune with your grief, Or you deny me right: go but a-part, Make choice of whom your wisest friends you will, And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and me; If by direct or by collateral hand They find us touch'd, we will our Kingdom give, Our Crown, our life, and all that we call ours, To you in satisfaction. But if not, Be you content to lend your patience to us; And we shall jointly labour with your soul, To give it due content.

Laer. Let this be so.

His means of death, his obscure funeral,
No trophy, sword, nor hatchment o'er his bones,
No noble rite, nor formal ostentation,
Cry to be heard, as 'twere from heav'n to earth,
That I must call't in question.

198 HAMLET, Prince of Denmark.

King. So you shall:
 And where th' offence is, let the great ax fall.
 I pray you, go with me. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Horatio, with an attendant.

Hor. What are they, that would speak with me?

Ser. Sailors, Sir; they say, they have letters for you.

Hor. Let them come in.

I do not know from what part of the world
 I should be greeted, if not from lord Hamlet.

Enter Sailors:

Sail. God bless you, Sir.

Hor. Let him bless thee too.

Sail. He shall, Sir, an't please him. — There's a letter for you, Sir: It comes from th' ambassador that was bound for *England*, if your name be *Horatio*, as I am let to know it is.

Horatio reads the letter.

HORATIO, when thou shalt have overlook'd this, give these fellows some means to the King: they have letters for him. Ere we were two days old at sea, a pirate of very warlike appointment gave us chase. Finding our selves too slow of sail, we put on a compelled valour, and in the grapple I boarded them: on the instant they got clear of our ship, so I alone became their prisoner. They have dealt with me, like thieves of mercy; but they knew what they did: I am to do a good turn for them. Let the King have the letters I have sent, and repair thou to me with as much haste as thou wouldst fly death. I have words to speak in thy ear, will make thee dumb; yet are they much too light for the matter. These good fellows will bring thee where I am. Rosincrantz and Guildenstern hold their course for *England*. Of them I have much to tell thee, farewell.

He that thou knowest thine, Hamlet.

Come,

Come, I will make you way for these your letters ;
 And do't the speedier, that you may direct me
 To him from whom you brought them. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter King, and Laertes.

King. Now must your conscience my acquittance seal,
 And you must put me in your heart for friend ;
 Sith you have heard, and with a knowing ear,
 That he, which hath your noble father slain,
 Pursued my life.

Laer. It well appears. But tell me,
 Why you proceeded not against these feats,
 So crimeful and so capital in nature,
 As by your safety, wisdom, all things else,
 You mainly were stirr'd up ?

King. Two special reasons,
 Which may to you, perhaps, seem much unfinew'd,
 And yet to me are strong. The Queen, his mother,
 Lives almost by his looks ; and for myself,
 (My virtue or my plague, be't either which,)
 She's so conjunctive to my life and soul,
 That, as the star moves not but in his sphere,
 I could not but by her. The other motive,
 Why to a publick count I might not go,
 Is the great love the general gender bear him ;
 Who, dipping all his faults in their affection,
 Would, like the spring that turneth wood to stone,
 Convert his gyves to graces. So that my arrows,
 Too slightly timbred for so loud a wind,
 Would have reverted to my bow again,
 And not where I had aim'd them.

Laer. And so have I a noble father lost,
 A sister driven into desperate terms,
 Whose worth, if praises may go back again,
 Stood challenger on mount of all the age
 For her perfections—But my revenge will come.

King. Break not your sleeps for that ; you must not
 think,
 That we are made of stuff so flat and dull,
 That we can let our beard be shook with danger,

200 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*

And think it pastime. You shall soon hear more.
I lov'd your father, and we love our self,
And that, I hope, will teach you to imagine—
How now? what news?

Enter Messenger.

Mes. Letters, my lord, from *Hamlet*.
These to your Majesty: this to the Queen.

King. From *Hamlet*? who brought them?

Mes. Sailors, my lord, they say; I saw them not:
They were given me by *Claudio*, he receiv'd them.

King. *Laertes*, you shall hear them: leave us, all—

[*Exit Mes.*]

HIGH and Mighty, you shall know, I am set naked on your Kingdom. To morrow shall I beg leave to see your kingly eyes. When I shall, (first asking your pardon thereunto,) recount th' occasion of my sudden return.

Hamlet.

What should this mean? are all the rest come back?
Or is it some abuse—and no such thing?

Laer. Know you the hand?

King. 'Tis *Hamlet's* character;

Naked, and (in a postscript here, he says)

Alone: can you advise me?

Laer. I'm lost in it, my lord: but let him come;

It warms the very sickness in my heart,

That I shall live and tell him to his teeth,

Thus diddest thou.

King. If it be so, *Laertes*,

As how should it be so?—how, otherwise?—

Will you be rul'd by me?

Laer. I, so you'll not o'er-rule me to a peace.

King. To thine own peace: if he be now return'd,

As liking not his voyage, and that he means

No more to undertake it; I will work him

To an exploit now ripe in my device,

Under the which he shall not chuse but fall:

And for his death no wind of Blame shall breathe;

But

But ev'n his mother shall uncharge the practice,
And call it accident.

Laer. I will be rul'd,
The rather, if you could devise it so,
That I might be the organ.

King. It falls right :
You have been talkt of since your travel much,
And that in *Hamlet's* Hearing, for a quality
Wherein, they say, you shine ; your sum of parts
Did not together pluck such envy from him,
As did that one, and that in my regard
Of the unworthiest siege.

Laer. What part is that, my lord ?

King. A very feather in the cap of youth,
Yet needful too ; for youth no less becomes
The light and careless livery that it wears,
Than settled age his fables, and his weeds'
Importing health and graveness.—Two months since,
Here was a gentleman of *Normandy* ;
I've seen myself, and serv'd against the *French*,
And they can well on horse-back ; but this Gallant
Had witchcraft in't, he grew unto his feat ;
And to such wondrous doing brought his horse,
As he had been incorps'd and demy-natur'd
With the brave beast ; so far he top'd my thought,
That I in forgery of shapes and tricks
Come short of what he did.

Laer. A *Norman*, was't ?

King. A *Norman*.

Laer. Upon my life, *Lamond*.

King. The same.

Laer. I know him well ; he is the brooch, indeed,
And gem of all the nation.

King. He made confession of you,
And gave you such a masterly report,
For art and exercise in your defence ;
And for your rapier most especial,
That he cry'd out, 'twould be a Sight indeed,
If one could match you. The Scrimers of their nation,
He swore, had neither motion, guard, nor eye,

If you oppos'd 'em.—Sir, this Report of his
 Did *Hamlet* so envenom with his envy,
 That he could nothing do, but wish and beg
 Your sudden coming o'er to play with him.
 Now out of this——

Laer. What out of this, my lord?

King. *Laertes*, was your father dear to you?
 Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,
 A face without a heart?

Laer. Why ask you this?

King. Not that I think, you did not love your father,
 But that I know, love is begun by time;
 And that I see in passages of proof,
 Time qualifies the spark and fire of it:
 There lives within the very flame of love
 A kind of wick, or snuff, that will abate it,
 And nothing is at a like goodness still;
 For goodness, growing to a pleurisie,
 Dies in his own too much; what we would do,
 We should do when we would; for this *would* changes,
 And hath abatements and delays as many
 As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents;
 And then this *should* is like a spend-thrift sigh
 That hurts by easing; but to th' quick o'th' ulcer——
Hamlet comes back; what would you undertake
 To shew your self your father's Son indeed
 More than in words?

Laer. To cut his throat i'th' church.

King. No place, indeed, should murder sanctuarise;
 Revenge should have no bounds; but, good *Laertes*,
 Will you do this? keep close within your chamber;
Hamlet, return'd, shall know you are come home:
 We'll put on those shall praise your excellence,
 And set a double varnish on the fame
 The *Frenchman* gave you; bring you in fine together,
 And wager on your heads. He being remiss,
 Most generous, and free from all contriving,
 Will not peruse the foils; so that with ease,
 Or with a little shuffling, you may chuse
 A sword unbated, and in a pass of practice

Requite him for your father.

Laer. I will do't;

And for the purpose I'll anoint my sword :
I bought an unction of a Mountebank,
So mortal, that but dip a knife in it,
Where it draws blood, no Cataplasm so rare,
Collected from all Simples that have virtue
Under the Moon, can save the thing from death,
That is but scratch'd withal ; I'll touch my point
With this contagion, that if I gall him slightly,
It may be death.

King. Let's farther think of this ;

Weigh, what convenience both of time and means
May fit us to our shape. If this should fail,
And that our drift look through our bad performance,
'Twere better not assay'd ; therefore this project
Should have a back, or second, that might hold,
If this should blast in proof. Soft—let me see—
We'll make a solemn wager on your cunnings ;
I ha't—when in your motion you are hot,
(As make your bouts more violent to that end,)
And that he calls for Drink, I'll have prepar'd him
A Chalice for the nonce ; whereon but sipping,
If he by chance escape your venom'd tuck,
Our purpose may hold there.

Enter Queen.

How now, sweet Queen ?

Queen. One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
So fast they follow : your sister's drown'd, *Laertes.*

Laer. Drown'd ! oh where ?

Queen. There is a willow grows afloat a Brook,
That shews his hoar leaves in the glassie stream :
There with fantastick garlands did she come,
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples,
(That liberal shepherds give a grosser name ;
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them ;)
There on the pendant boughs, her coronet weeds
Clambring to hang, an envious fliver broke ;
When down her weedy trophies and her self

Fell in the weeping brook ; her cloaths spread wide,
 And mermaid-like, a while they bore her up ;
 Which time she chaunted snatches of old tunes,
 As one incapable of her own distress ;
 Or like a creature native, and indued
 Unto that element : but long it could not be,
 'Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
 Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
 To muddy death.

Laer. Alas then, she is drown'd !

Queen. Drown'd, drown'd.

Laer. Too much of water hast thou, poor *Ophelia*,
 And therefore I forbid my tears : but yet
 It is our trick ; Nature her custom holds,
 Let Shame say what it will ; when these are gone,
 The woman will be out : adieu, my lord !
 I have a speech of fire, that fain would blaze,
 But that this folly drowns it. [Exit.]

King. Follow, *Gertrude* :

How much had I to do to calm his rage !
 Now fear I, this will give it start again ;
 Therefore, let's follow. [Exeunt.]



A C T V.

S C E N E, A C H U R C H.

Enter two Clowns, with spades and mattocks.

I C L O W N.

IS she to be buried in christian burial, that wilfully
 seeks her own salvation ?

2 Clown. I tell thee, she is, therefore make her
 Grave straight ; the crowner hath fate on her, and
 finds it christian burial.

1 Clown.

1 *Clown.* How can that be, unless she drowned her self in her own defence?

2 *Clown.* Why, 'tis found so.

1 *Clown.* It must be *se offendendo*, it cannot be else. For here lyes the point; if I drown my self wittingly, it argues an act; and an act hath three branches; It is to act, to do, and to perform; *argal*, she drown'd her self wittingly.

2 *Clown.* Nay, but hear you, goodman *Delver*.

1 *Clown.* Give me leave; here lies the water, good: here stands the man, good: if the man go to this water, and drown himself, it is, will he, nill he, he goes; mark you that: but if the water come to him, and drown him, he drowns not himself. *Argal*, he, that is not guilty of his own death, shortens not his own life.

2 *Clown.* But is this law?

1 *Clown.* Ay, marry is't, crowner's quest-law.

2 *Clown.* Will you ha' the truth on't? if this had not been a gentlewoman, she should have been buried out of christian burial.

1 *Clown.* Why, there thou say'st. And the more pity, that great folk should have countenance in this world to drown or hang themselves, more than other christians. Come, my spade; there is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers, and grave-makers; they hold up *Adam's* profession.

2 *Clown.* Was he a gentleman?

1 *Clown.* He was the first, that ever bore arms.

2 *Clown.* Why, he had none.

1 *Clown.* What, art a heathen? how dost thou understand the Scripture? the Scripture says, *Adam* digg'd; could he dig without arms? I'll put another question to thee; if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confess thy self —

2 *Clown.* Go to.

1 *Clown.* What is he that builds stronger than either the mason, the ship-wright, or the carpenter?

2 *Clown.* The gallows-maker; for that frame out-lives a thousand tenants.

1 *Clown.*

1 *Clown.* I like thy wit well, in good faith; the gallows does well; but how does it well? it does well to those that do ill: now thou dost ill, to say the gallows is built stronger than the church; *argal*, the gallows may do well to thee. To't again, come.

2 *Clown.* Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter? —

1 *Clown.* Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.

2 *Clown.* Marry, now I can tell.

1 *Clown.* To't.

2 *Clown.* Mafs, I cannot tell.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio, at a distance.

1 *Clown.* Cudgel thy brains no more about it; for your dull afs will not mend his pace with beating; and, when you are ask'd this question next, say, a grave-maker. The houses, he makes, last 'till dooms-day: go, get thee to *Youghan*, and fetch me a stoup of liquor.

[*Exit 2 Clown.*]

He digs, and sings.

In youth when I did love, did love, (28)

Methought, it was very sweet;

To contrait, oh, the time for, a, my behove,

Oh, methought, there was nothing meet.

Ham. Has this fellow no feeling of his business, that he sings at Grave-making?

Hor. Custom hath made it to him a property of easiness.

Ham. 'Tis e'en so; the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.

(28) *In Youth, when I did love, &c.]* The Three Stanza's, sung here by the *Grave-digger*, are extracted, with a slight Variation, from a little Poem, call'd, *The Aged Lover renounceth Love*: written by *Henry Howard Earl of Surrey*, who flourish'd in the Reign of King *Henry VIII.* and who was beheaded in 1547, on a strain'd Accusation of Treason.

Clown sings.

*But age, with his stealing steps,
Hath claw'd me in his clutch:
And hath shipped me into the land,
As if I had never been such.*

Ham. That scull had a tongue in it, and could sing once; how the knave jowles it to the ground, as if it were *Cain's* jaw-bone, that did the first murder! this might be the pate of a politician, which this ass o'er-offices; one that would circumvent God, might it not?

Hor. It might, my lord.

Ham. Or of a courtier, which could say, "good-morrow, sweet lord; how dost thou, good lord?" this might be my lord such a one, that prais'd my lord such a one's horse, when he meant to beg it; might it not?

Hor. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Why, e'en so: and now my lady *Worm's*, chapless, and knockt about the mazzard with a sexton's spade. Here's a fine revolution, if we had the trick to see't. Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at loggats with 'em? mine ake to think on't.

Clown sings.

*A pick-axe and a spade, a spade,
For, — and a shrouding sheet!
O, a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet.*

Ham. There's another: why may not that be the scull of a lawyer? where be his quiddits now? his quilletts? his cafes? his tenures, and his tricks? why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the sconce with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery? hum! this fellow might be in's time a great buyer of land, with his statutes, his recognizances, his fines,

finer, his double vouchers, his recoveries. Is this the fine of his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt? will his vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases, and double ones too, than the length and breadth of a pair of indentures? the very conveyances of his lands will hardly lye in this box; and must the inheritor himself have no more? ha?

Hor. Not a jot more, my lord.

Ham. Is not parchment made of sheep-skins?

Hor. Ay, my lord, and of calve-skins too.

Ham. They are sheep and calves that seek out assurance in that. I will speak to this fellow: Whose Grave's this, Sirrah?

Clown. Mine, Sir ———

*O, a pit of clay for to be made
For such a Guest is meet.*

Ham. I think, it be thine, indeed, for thou liest in't.

Clown. You lie out on't, Sir, and therefore it is not yours; for my part, I do not lie in't, yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou dost lie in't, to be in't, and say, 'tis thine: 'tis for the dead, not for the quick, therefore thou ly'st.

Clown. 'Tis a quick lie, Sir, 'twill away again from me to you.

Ham. What man dost thou dig it for?

Clown. For no man, Sir.

Ham. What woman then?

Clown. For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

Clown. One, that was a woman, Sir; but, rest her soul, she's dead.

Ham. How absolute the knave is? we must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us. By the lord, *Horatio*, these three years I have taken note of it, the age is grown so picked, that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of our courtier, he galls his kibe. How long hast thou been a grave-maker?

Clown.

Clown. Of all the days i'th' year, I came to't that day that our last King *Hamlet* o'ercame *Fortinbras*.

Ham. How long is that since?

Clown. Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that: it was that very day that young *Hamlet* was born, he that was mad, and sent into *England*.

Ham. Ay, marry, why was he sent into *England*?

Clown. Why, because he was mad; he shall recover his wits there; or, if he do not, it's no great matter there.

Ham. Why?

Clown. 'Twill not be seen in him; there the men are as mad as he.

Ham. How came he mad?

Clown. Very strangely, they say.

Ham. How strangely?

Clown. Faith, e'en with losing his wits.

Ham. Upon what ground?

Clown. Why, here, in *Denmark*. I have been sexton here, man and boy, thirty years.

Ham. How long will a man lie i'th' earth ere he rot?

Clown. I'faith, if he be not rotten before he die, (as we have many pocky coarces now-a-days, that will scarce hold the laying in) he will last you some eight year, or nine year; a tanner will last you nine years.

Ham. Why he, more than another?

Ham. Why, Sir, his hide is so tann'd with his trade, that he will keep out water a great while. And your water is a fore decayer of your whorson dead body. Here's a scull now has lain in the earth three and twenty years.

Ham. Whose was it?

Clown. A whorson mad fellow's it was; whose do you think it was?

Ham. Nay, I know not.

Clown. A pestilence on him for a mad rogue! he pour'd a flaggon of Rhenish on my head once. This same scull, Sir, was *Yarick's* scull, the King's jester.

Ham. This?

Clown. E'en that.

Ham.

Ham. Alas, poor *Yorick!* I knew him, *Horatio*, a fellow of infinite jest; of most excellent fancy: he hath borne me on his back a thousand times: and now how abhorred in my imagination it is! my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips, that I have kiss'd I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table in a roar? not one now, to mock your own grinning? quite chap-fallen? now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come; make her laugh at that — Pr'ythee, *Horatio*, tell me one thing.

Hor. What's that, my Lord?

Ham. Dost thou think, *Alexander* look'd o' this fashion i'th' earth?

Hor. E'en so.

Ham. And smelt so, puh? [Smelling to the Scull.

Hor. E'en so, my lord.

Ham. To what base uses we may return, *Horatio!* why may not imagination trace the noble dust of *Alexander*, 'till he find it stopping a bung-hole?

Hor. 'Twere to consider too curiously, to consider so.

Ham. No, faith, not a jot: But to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it; as thus: *Alexander* died, *Alexander* was buried, *Alexander* returneth to dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make lome; and why of that lome, whereto he was converted, might they not stop a beer-barrel?

Imperial *Cæsar*, dead and turn'd to clay,

Might stop a hole to keep the wind away:

Oh, that that earth, which kept the world in awe,

Should patch a wall, t' expel the winter's flaw!

But soft! but soft, a while — here comes the King,

Enter King, Queen, Laertes, and a coffin, with Lords, and Priests, attendant.

The Queen, the Courtiers. What is that they follow,
And with such maimed rites? this doth betoken,
The coarſe, they follow, did with desperate hand
Foredo its own life; 'twas of some estate.

Couch

Couch we a while, and mark.

Laer. What ceremony else?

Ham. That is *Laertes*, a most noble youth: mark —

Laer. What ceremony else?

Priest. Her obsequies have been so far enlarg'd
As we have warrant; her death was doubtful;
And but that great Command o'er-sways the order,
She should in ground un sanctified have lodg'd
'Till the last Trump. For charitable prayers,
Shards, flints, and pebbles, should be thrown on her;
Yet here she is allow'd her virgin rites,
Her maiden-strewments, and the bringing home
Of bell and burial.

Laer. Must no more be done?

Priest. No more be done!

We should profane the service of the dead,
To sing a *Requiem*, and such Rest to her
As to peace-parted souls.

Laer. Lay her i'th' earth;
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring! I tell thee, churlish priest,
A ministring angel shall my sister be,
When thou liest howling.

Ham. What, the fair *Ophelia*!

Queen. Sweets to the sweet, farewell!
I hop'd, thou should'st have been my *Hamlet's* wife;
I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet maid,
And not have strew'd thy Grave.

Laer. O treble woe
Fall ten times treble on that curs'd head,
Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious sense
Depriv'd thee of! Hold off the earth a while,
'Till I have caught her once more in my arms;
[*Laertes leaps into the Grave.*]

Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead,
'Till of this flat a mountain you have made,
T' o'er-top old *Pelion*, or the skyish head
Of blue *Olympus*.

Ham. [*discovering himself.*] What is he, whose griefs
Bear such an emphasis? whose phrase of sorrow

Conjures

Conjures the wandring stars, and makes them stand
Like wonder-wounded hearers? this is I,

[*Hamlet leaps into the Grave.*]

Hamlet the Dane.

Laer. The Devil take thy soul! [*Grappling with him.*]

Ham. Thou pray'st not well.

I pr'ythee, take thy fingers from my throat ———
For though I am not splenitive and rash;
Yet have I in me something dangerous,
Which let thy wisdom fear. Hold off thy hand.

King. Pluck them afunder ———

Queen. *Hamlet, Hamlet* ———

Hor. Good my lord, be quiet.

[*The attendants part them.*]

Ham. Why, I will fight with him upon this theme,
Until my eye-lids will no longer wag.

Queen. Oh my son! what theme?

Ham. I lov'd *Ophelia*; forty thousand brothers
Could not with all their quantity of love
Make up my sum. What wilt thou do for her?

King. O, he is mad, *Laertes*.

Queen. For love of God, forbear him.

Ham. Come, shew me what thou'lt do.

Woo't weep? woo't fight? woo't fast? woo't tear
thy self?

Woo't drink up Eisel, eat a crocodile? (29)

I'll

(29) *Would drink up Eisel, eat a Crocodile?*] This Word has thro' all the Editions been distinguish'd by *Italick* Characters, as if it were the proper Name of some River: and so, I dare say, all the Editors have from time to time understood it to be. But then this must be some River in *Denmark*; and there is none there so call'd; nor is there any near it in Name, that I know of, but *Yffel*, from which the Province of *Over-yffel* derives its Title in the *German Flanders*. Besides, *Hamlet* is not proposing any Impossibilities to *Laertes*, as the drinking up a River would be: but he rather seems to mean, Wilt thou resolve to do things the most shocking and distasteful to human Nature? and, behold, I am as resolute. I am persuaded, the Poet wrote;

I'll do't. — Do't thou come hither but to whine?
 To out-face me with leaping in her Grave?
 Be buried quick with her; and so will I;
 And if thou prate of mountains, let them throw
 Millions of acres on us, 'till our ground,
 Singeing his pate against the burning Zone,
 Make *Offa* like a wart! nay, an thou'lt mouth,
 I'll rant as well as thou.

Queen. This is meer madness;
 And thus a while the Fit will work on him:
 Anon, as patient as the female dove,
 When that her golden couplets are disclos'd,
 His silence will fit drooping.

Ham. Hear you, Sir —
 What is the reason that you use me thus?
 I lov'd you ever; but it is no matter —
 Let *Hercules* himself do what he may,
 The cat will mew, the dog will have his day. [*Exit.*

King. I pray you, good *Horatio*, wait upon him.
 [*Exit Hor.*
 Strengthen your patience in our last night's speech.
 [*To Laertes.*

We'll put the matter to the present push.
 Good *Gertrude*, set some watch over your son:
 This Grave shall have a living Monument.
 An hour of quiet shortly shall we see;
 'Till then, in patience our proceeding be. [*Exeunt.*

Wilt drink up Eisel, eat a Crocodile?

i. e. Wilt thou swallow down large Draughts of *Vinegar*? The Proposition, indeed, is not very grand; but the doing it might be as distasteful and unfavoury, as eating the Flesh of a *Crocodile*. And now there is neither an Impossibility, nor an *Anticlimax*: and the Lowness of the Idea is in some measure remov'd by the uncommon Term.

SCENE *changes to a HALL, in the Palace**Enter Hamlet and Horatio.*

Ham. SO much for this, now shall you see the other.

You do remember all the circumstance ?

Hor. Remember it, my lord ?]

Ham. Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting, That would not let me sleep ; methought, I lay Worfe than the mutines in the Bilboes ; Rashness (And prais'd be rashness for it) lets us know, Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well, When our deep plots do fail ; and that should teach us, There's a Divinity that shapes our ends, Rough-hew them how we will.

Hor. That is most certain.

Ham. Up from my cabin, My sea-gown scarft about me, in the dark Grop'd I to find out them ; had my desire, Finger'd their packet, and in fine withdrew To mine own room again ; making so bold (My fears forgetting manners) to unseal Their grand Commission, where I found, *Horatio*, A royal knavery ; an exact Command, Larded with many several sorts of reasons, Importing *Denmark's* health, and *England's* too, With, ho ! such buggs and goblins in my life ;) That on the supervize, no leisure bated, No, not to stay the grinding of the ax, My head should be struck off.

Hor. Is't possible ?

Ham. Here's the commission, read it at more leisure ; But wilt thou hear now how I did proceed ?

Hor. I beseech you.

Ham. Being thus benetted round with villany, (Ere I could make a prologue, to my Bane (30)

They

(30) *Being thus benetted round with villains,
E'er I could make a Prologue to my Brains,
They had begun the Play. I sat me down, &c.]*

This

They had begun the Play :) I fate me down,
Devis'd a new commission, wrote it fair :
(I once did hold it, as our Statists do,
A baseness to write fair ; and labour'd much
How to forget that Learning ; but, Sir, now
It did me yeoman's service ;) wilt thou know
Th' effect of what I wrote ?

Hor. Ay, good my lord.

Ham. An earnest conjuration from the King,
As *England* was his faithful tributary,
As love between them, like the palm, might flourish,
As peace should still her wheaten garland wear, (31)

This Passage is certainly corrupt both in the Text and Pointing. *Making a Prologue to his Brains* is such a Phrase as SHAKESPEARE would never have us'd, to mean, *e're I could form my Thoughts in making a Prologue.* I communicated my Doubts to my two ingenious Friends Mr. Warburton and Mr. Bishop, and by their Assistance, I hope, I have reform'd the whole to the Author's Intention. The Sense is, plainly, this " Being thus in their Snares, e're I could make a Prologue (take the least previous Step) to ward off Danger, they had begun the Play (put their Schemes in Action) which was to terminate in my Destruction."

(31) *As Peace should still her wheaten Garland wear,
And stand a Comma 'tween their Amities, &c.]*

Peace is finely and properly personaliz'd here, as the Goddess of good League and Friendship : but what Ideas can we form of her standing as a *Comma*, or Stop, betwixt their Amities ? I am sure, she stands rather like a *Cypher*, in this Reading. I have no Doubt, but the Poet wrote ;

And stand a Commere 'tween their Amities ;

i. e. a Guarantee, a Common Mother. Nothing can be more *picturesque* than this Image of *Peace's* standing drest in her wheaten Garland between the two Princes, and extending a Hand to each. In this Equipage and Office we frequently see her on *Roman* Coins : particularly, on two exhibited by Baron *Spanheim* ; one of *Augustus*, and the other of *Vespasian*. The Poets likewise image to us *Peace* holding an Ear of Corn, as an Emblem of Plenty. *Tibull. lib. I. Eleg. x.*

At nobis, Pax alma, veni, spicamq; teneto.

Mr. Warburton.

And

And stand a Commere 'tween their amities ;
 And many such like *As's* of great charge ;
 That on the view and knowing these contents,
 Without debatement further, more or less,
 He should the bearers put to sudden death,
 Not thriving-time allow'd.

Hor. How was this seal'd ?

Hor. Why, ev'n in that was heaven ordinant ;
 I had my father's Signet in my purse,
 Which was the model of that *Danish* seal :
 I folded the Writ up in form of th' other,
 Subscrib'd it, gave th' impressiion, plac'd it safely,
 The changeling never known ; now, the next day
 Was our sea-fight, and what to this was sequent
 Thou know'it already.

Hor. So, *Guildestern* and *Rosincrantz* go to't.

Ham. Why, man, they did make love to this employ-
 ment. ———

They are not near my conscience ; their defeat
 Doth by their own insinuation grow :
 'Tis dangerous when the baser nature comes
 Between the pass, and fell incensed points,
 Of mighty opposites.

Hor. Why, what a King is this !

Ham. Does it not, think'it thou, stand me now upon ?
 He that hath kill'd my King, and whor'd my mother,
 Popt in between th' election and my hopes,
 Thrown out his angle for my proper life,
 And with such cozenage ; is't not perfect conscience,
 To quit him with this arm ? and is't not to be damn'd,
 To let this canker of our nature come
 In further evil ?

Hor. It must be shortly known to him from *England*,
 What is the issue of the business there.

Ham. It will be short.

The *Interim's* mine ; and a man's life's no more
 Than to say, one.

But I am very sorry, good *Horatio*,
 That to *Laertes* I forgot my self ;
 For by the image of my cause I see

The portraiture of his ; I'll court his favour ;
But, sure, the bravery of his grief did put me
Into a tow'ring passion.

Hor. Peace, who comes here ?

Enter Ofrick.

Ofr. Your lordship is right welcome back to *Denmark.*

Ham. I humbly thank you, Sir. Dost know this water-fly ?

Hor. No, my good lord.

Ham. Thy state is the more gracious ; for 'tis a vice to know him : he hath much land, and fertile ; let a beast be lord of beasts, and his crib shall stand at the King's messe ; 'tis a chough ; but, as I say, spacious in the possession of dirt.

Ofr. Sweet lord, if your lordship were at leisure, I should impart a thing to you from his Majesty.

Ham. I will receive it with all diligence of spirit : your bonnet to his right use, — 'tis for the head.

Ofr. I thank your lordship, 'tis very hot.

Ham. No, believe me, 'tis very cold ; the wind is northerly.

Ofr. It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed.

Ham. But yet, methinks, it is very fultry, and hot for my complexion.

Ofr. Exceedingly, my lord, it is very fultry, as 'twere, I cannot tell how : — My lord, his Majesty bid me signify to you, that he has laid a great wager on your head : Sir, this is the matter —

Ham. I beseech you, remember —

Ofr. Nay, in good faith, for mine ease, in good faith : — Sir, here is newly come to Court *Laertes* ; (32) believe

(32) *Sir, here is newly come to Court Laertes.*] I have restored here several speeches from the elder *Quarto's*, which were omitted in the *Folio* Editions, and which Mr. *Pope* has likewise thought fit to sink upon us. They appear to me very well worthy not to be lost, as they thoroughly shew the Foppery

lieve me, an absolute Gentleman, full of most excellent Differences, of very soft society, and great shew: indeed, to speak feelingly of him, he is the card or kalendar of gentry; for you shall find in him the content of what part a gentleman would see.

Ham. Sir, his refinement suffers no perdition in you, tho' I know, to divide him inventorially would dizzy the arithmetick of memory; and yet but raw neither in respect of his quick sail: But, in the verity of extolment, I take him to be a Soul of great article; and his infusion of such dearth and rareness, as, to make true diction of him, his Semblable is his mirrour; and, who else would trace him, his umbrage, nothing more.

Ofr. Your Lordship speaks most infallibly of him.

Ham. The Concernancy, Sir?— Why do we wrap the Gentleman in our more rawer breath?

[*To* Horatio.]

Ofr. Sir, —

Hor. Is't not possible to understand in another tongue? you will do't, Sir, rarely.

Ham. What imports the nomination of this gentleman?

Ofr. Of *Laertes*?

Hor. His purse is empty already: all's golden words are spent.

Ham. Of him, Sir.

Ofr. I know, you are not ignorant, —

Ham. I would, you did, Sir; yet, in faith, if you did, it would not much approve me. — Well, Sir.

Ofr. You are not ignorant of what excellence *Laertes* is.

Ham. I dare not confess that, lest I should compare with him in excellence: but to know a man well, were to know himself.

Ofr. I mean, Sir, for his weapon: but in the Im-

and Affectation of *Ofrick*, and the Humour and Address of *Hamlet* in accosting the other at once in his own Vein and Style.

putation

putation laid on him by them in his Meed, he's unfellow'd.

Ham. What's his weapon ?

Ofr. Rapier and dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons ; but well.

Ofr. The King, Sir, has wag'd with him six *Barbary* horses, against the which he has impon'd, as I take it, six *French* rapiers and poniards, with their assigns, as girdle, hangers, and so : three of the carriages, in faith, are very dear to fancy, very responsive to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit.

Ham. What call you the carriages ?

Hor. I knew, you must be edified by the Margent, e'er you had done. [*aside.*]

Ofr. The carriages, Sir, are the hangers.

Ham. The phrase would be more germane to the matter, if we could carry cannon by our sides ; I would, it might be hangers 'till then. But, on ; six *Barbary* horses against six *French* swords, their assigns, and three liberal-conceited carriages ; that's the *French* bett against the *Danish* ; why is this impon'd, as you call it ?

Ofr. The King, Sir, hath laid, that in a Dozen PASSES between you and him, he shall not exceed you three hits ; he hath laid on twelve for nine, and it would come to immediate tryal, if your lordship would vouchsafe the answer.

Ham. How if I answer, no ?

Ofr. I mean, my lord, the opposition of your person in tryal.

Ham. Sir, I will walk here in the Hall ; If it please his Majesty, 'tis the breathing time of day with me ; let the foils be brought, the gentleman willing, and the King hold his purpose, I will win for him if I can : if not, I'll gain nothing but my shame, and the odd hits.

Ofr. Shall I deliver you so ?

Ham. To this effect, Sir, after what flourish your nature will.

Ofr. I commend my duty to your lordship. [*Exit.*]

Ham. Yours, yours ; he does well to commend it himself, there are no tongues else for's turn.

Hor. This lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.

Ham. He did so, Sir, with his dug before he suck'd it: thus has he (and many more of the same breed, that, I know, the drossy age dotes on) only got the tune of the time, and outward habit of encounter, a kind of yesty collection, which carries them through and through the most fond and winnowed opinions ; and do but blow them to their tryals, the bubbles are out.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. My lord, his Majesty commended him to you by young *Osrick*, who brings back to him, that you attend him in the Hall ; he sends to know if your pleasure hold to play with *Laertes*, or that you will take longer time ?

Ham. I am constant to my purposes, they follow the King's pleasure ; if his fitness speaks, mine is ready, now, or whensoever, provided I be so able as now.

Lord. The King, and Queen, and all are coming down.

Ham. In happy time.

Lord. The Queen desires you to use some gentle entertainment to *Laertes*, before you fall to play.

Ham. She well instructs me.

[*Exit Lord.*

Hor. You will lose this wager, my lord.

Ham. I do not think so ; since he went into *France*, I have been in continual practice ; I shall win at the odds. But thou wouldst not think how ill all's here about my heart—— but it is no matter.

Hor. Nay, my good lord.

Ham. It is but foolery ; but it is such a kind of gain-giving as would, perhaps, trouble a woman.

Hor. If your mind dislike any thing, obey it. I will forestal their repair hither, and say you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit, we defy augury ; there is a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come ; if it be not to come, it will be now : if it

be

be not now, yet it will come; the readines is all. Since no man has aught of what he leaves, what is't to leave betimes?

Enter King, Queen, Laertes and lords, Ofrick, with other attendants with foils, and gantlets. A table, and flaggons of wine on it.

King. Come, *Hamlet*, come, and take this hand from me.

Ham. Give me your pardon, Sir; I've done you wrong;

But pardon't, as you are a gentleman.

This presence knows, and you must needs have heard, How I am punish'd with a sore distraction.

What I have done,

That might your Nature, Honour, and Exception Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness:

Was't *Hamlet* wrong'd *Laertes*? never, *Hamlet*.

If *Hamlet* from himself be ta'en away,

And, when he's not himself, does wrong *Laertes*,

Then *Hamlet* does it not; *Hamlet* denies it:

Who does it then? his madness. If't be so,

Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong'd;

His madness is poor *Hamlet's* enemy.

Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd Evil,

Free me so far in your most generous thoughts,

That I have shot mine arrow o'er the house,

And hurt my brother.

Laer. I am satisfied in nature,

Whose motive, in this case, should stir me most

To my revenge: but in my terms of honour

I stand aloof, and will no reconciliation;

'Till by some elder masters of known honour

I have a voice, and president of peace,

To keep my name ungor'd. But till that time,

I do receive your offer'd love like love,

And will not wrong it.

Ham. I embrace it freely,

And will this brother's wager frankly play.

Give us the foils.

Laer. Come, one for me.

Ham. I'll be your foil, *Laertes*; in mine ignorance
Your skill shall like a star i'th' darkeſt night
Stick fiery off, indeed.

Laer. You mock me, Sir.

Ham. No, by this hand.

King. Give them the foils, young *Oſrick*.

Hamlet, you know the wager.

Ham. Well, my lord;

Your Grace hath laid the odds o'th' weaker ſide.

King. I do not fear it, I have ſeen you both:
But ſince he's better'd, we have therefore odds.

Laer. This is too heavy, let me ſee another.

Ham. This likes me well; theſe foils have all a
length. [*Prepares to play.*]

Oſr. Ay, my good lord.

King. Set me the ſtoops of wine upon that table:
If *Hamlet* gives the firſt, or ſecond, Hit,
Or quit in answer of the third exchange,
Let all the battlements their ordnance fire;
The King ſhall drink to *Hamlet's* better breath:
And in the cup an Union ſhall he throw, (33)

Richer

(33) *And in the Cup an Onyx ſhall he throw,
Richer than that which four ſucceſſive Kings*

In Denmark's Crown have worn.] This is a various
Reading in ſeveral of the old Copies; but *Union* ſeems to me
to be the true word, for ſeveral reaſons. The *Onyx* is a ſpe-
cies of lucid Stone, of which the Antients made both Co-
lumnns and Pavements for Ornament, and in which they like-
wiſe cut *Seals*, &c. but, if I am not miſtaken, neither the
Onyx, nor *Sardonix*, are Jewels which ever found Place in an
Imperial Crown. On the other hand, an *Union* is the fineſt
ſort of Pearl, and has its Place in all Crowns and Coronets.
Beſides, let us conſider what the King ſays on *Hamlet's* giving
Laertes the firſt Hit.

*Stay, give me Drink: Hamlet, this Pearl is thine:
Here's to thy Health.*

Therefore, if an *Union* be a Pearl, and an *Onyx* a Gemm, or
Stone quite differing in its Nature from Pearls; the King ſay-
ing,

Richer than that which four successive Kings
 In *Denmark's* Crown have worn. Give me the cups ;
 And let the kettle to the trumpets speak,
 The trumpets to the cannoneer without,
 The cannons to the heav'ns, the heav'ns to earth :
 Now the King drinks to *Hamlet*. — Come, begin,
 And you the Judges bear a wary eye.

Ham. Come on, Sir.

- *Laer.* Come, my lord.

[*They play.*]

Ham. One ———

Laer. No ———

Ham. Judgment.

Ofr. A hit, a very palpable hit.

Laer. Well ——— again ———

King. Stay, give me Drink. *Hamlet*, this Pearl is thine,
 Here's to thy health. Give him the cup.

Trumpets sound, Shot goes off.

Ham. I'll play this bout first, set it by a while.

[*They play.*]

Come ——— another hit ——— what say you?

Laer. A touch, a touch, I do confess.

King. Our son shall win.

Queen. He's fat, and scant of breath.

Here, *Hamlet*, take my napkin, rub thy brows ;
 The Queen carouses to thy fortune, *Hamlet*.

Ham. Good Madam, ———

King. *Gertrude*, do not drink.

Queen. I will, my lord ; I pray you, pardon me.

King. It is the poison'd cup, it is too late. [*aside.*]

Ham. I dare not drink yet, Madam, by and by.

Queen. Come, let me wipe thy face.

Laer. I'll hit him now.

King. I do not think't.

Laer. And yet it is almost against my conscience.

[*Aside.*]

Ham. Come, for the third, *Laertes*, you but dally ;

ing, that *Hamlet* has earn'd the Pearl, I think, amounts to a
 Demonstration that it was an *Union-Pearl*, which he meant
 to throw into the Cup.

I pray you, pass with your best violence ;
I am afraid, you make a Wanton of me.

Laer. Say you so? come on.

[*Play.*

Ofr. Nothing neither way.

Laer. Have at you now.

[*Laertes wounds Hamlet; then, in scuffling, they change rapiers, and Hamlet wounds Laertes.*

King. Part them, they are incens'd.

Ham. Nay, come again —

Ofr. Look to the Queen there, ho!

Hor. They bleed on both sides. How is't, my lord?

Ofr. How is't, *Laertes*?

Laer. Why, as a woodcock to my own sprindge,
Ofrick;

I'm justly kill'd with mine own treachery.

Ham. How does the Queen?

King. She swoons to see them bleed.

Queen. No, no, the drink, the drink —

Oh my dear *Hamlet*, the drink, the drink, —

I am poison'd —

[*Queen dies.*

Ham. Oh villany! ho! let the door be lock'd:
Treachery! seek it out —

Laer. It is here, *Hamlet*, thou art slain,
No medicine in the world can do thee good.

In thee there is not half an hour of life;

The treach'rous instrument is in thy hand, (34)

Unbated and envenom'd: the foul practice
Hath turn'd itself on me. Lo, here I lye,

(34) *The treach'rous Instrument is in thy hand, Unbated and envenom'd.*] The King in the fourth Act, in the Scene betwixt him and *Laertes*, says;

————— *So that with ease,*

Or with a little shuffling, you may chuse

A Sword unbated, and in a Pass of Practise

Require him for your Father.

In which Passage the old Folio's read,

A Sword unbated —

which makes Nonsense of the Place, and destroys the Poet's Meaning. *Unbated* signifies, *unabated, unblunted, not charg'd with a Button as Foils are.*

Never

Never to rise again ; thy mother's poison'd ;
I can no more — the King, the King's to blame.

Ham. The point evenom'd too ?

Then venom do thy work. [*Stabs the King.*]

All. Treason, treason.

King. O yet defend me, friends, I am but hurt.

Ham. Here, thou incestuous, murth'rous, damned
Dane,

Drink off this potion : is the Union here ?

Follow my mother. [*King dies.*]

Laer. He is justly served.

It is a poison temper'd by himself.

Exchange forgiveness with me, noble *Hamlet* ;

Mine and my father's death come not on thee,

Nor thine on me ! [*Dies.*]

Ham. Heav'n make thee free of it ! I follow thee.

I'm dead, *Horatio* ; wretched Queen, adieu !

You that look pale, and tremble at this chance,

That are but mutes or audience to this act,

Had I but time, (as this fell Serjeant death

Is strict in his arrest) oh, I could tell you —

But let it be — *Horatio*, I am dead ;

Thou liv'st, report me and my cause aright

To the unsatisfied.

Hor. Never believe it.

I'm more an antique *Roman* than a *Dane* ;

Here's yet some liquor left.

Ham. As th' art a man,

Give me the cup ; let go ; by heav'n, I'll hav't.

Oh good *Horatio*, what a wounded name,

Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me ?

If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,

Absent thee from felicity a while,

And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,

To tell my tale. [*March afar off, and shout within.*]

What warlike noise is this ?

Enter Ofrick.

Ofr. Young *Fortinbras*, with Conquest come from
Poland,
To the Ambassadors of *England* gives
This warlike volley.

Ham. O, I die, *Horatio* :
The potent poison quite o'e-growes my spirit ;
I cannot live to hear the news from *England*.
But I do prophesie, th' election lights
On *Fortinbras* ; he has my dying voice ;
So tell him, with the occurrents more or less,
Which have sollicited. — The rest is silence. [*Dies.*]

Hor. Now cracks a noble heart ; good night, sweet
Prince ;
And flights of angels sing thee to thy Rest !
Why does the Drum come hither ?

*Enter Fortinbras, and English Ambassadors, with drum,
colours, and attendants.*

Fort. Where is this fight ?

Hor. What is it you would see ?
If aught of woe or wonder, cease your search.

Fort. This quarry cries on havock. Oh proud
death !

What feast is tow'rd in thy infernal cell,
'That thou so many Princes at a shot
So bloodily hast struck ?

Amb. The fight is dismal,
And our affairs from *England* come too late :
'The ears are senseless, that should give us hearing ;
To tell him, his commandment is fulfill'd,
'That *Rosincrantz* and *Guildestern* are dead :
Where should we have our thanks ?

Hor. Not from his mouth,
Had it th' ability of life to thank you :
He never gave commandment for their death.
But since so jump upon this bloody question,
You from the *Polack Wars*, and you from *England*,

Are

Are here arriv'd ; give Order, that these bodies
High on a Stage be placed to the view,
And let me speak to th' yet unknowing world,
How these things came about. So shall you hear
Of cruel, bloody, and unnatural acts ;
Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters ;
Of deaths put on by cunning, and forc'd cause ;
And, in this upshot, purposes mistook,
Fall'n on th' inventors' heads. All this can I
Truly deliver.

Fort. Let us haste to hear it,
And call the Nobles to the audience.
For me, with sorrow I embrace my fortune ;
I have some rights of memory in this Kingdom,
Which, now to claim my vantage doth invite me.

Hor. Of that I shall have also cause to speak,
And from his mouth whose voice will draw on more : (35)
But let this same be presently perform'd,
Even while men's minds are wild, lest more mischance
On plots and errors happen.

Fort. Let four captains
Bear *Hamlet*, like a soldier, to the Stage ;
For he was likely, had he been put on,
To have prov'd most royally. And for his passage,

(35) *And from his Mouth, whose Voice will draw no more.]*
This is the Reading of the old *Quarto's*, but certainly a mis-
taken one. We say, *a Man will no more draw Breath* ; but that
a Man's *Voice will draw no more*, is, I believe, an Expression
without any Authority. I chuse to espouse the Reading of the
Elder *Folio*.

And from his Mouth, whose Voice will draw on more.
And this is the Poet's Meaning. *Hamlet*, just before his Death,
had said ;

*But I do prophesie, th' Election lights
On Fortinbras : He has my dying Voice ;
So tell him, &c.*

Accordingly, *Horatio* here delivers that Message ; and very
justly infers, that *Hamlet's Voice* will be seconded by others,
and procure them in Favour of *Fortinbras's* Succession.

228 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*

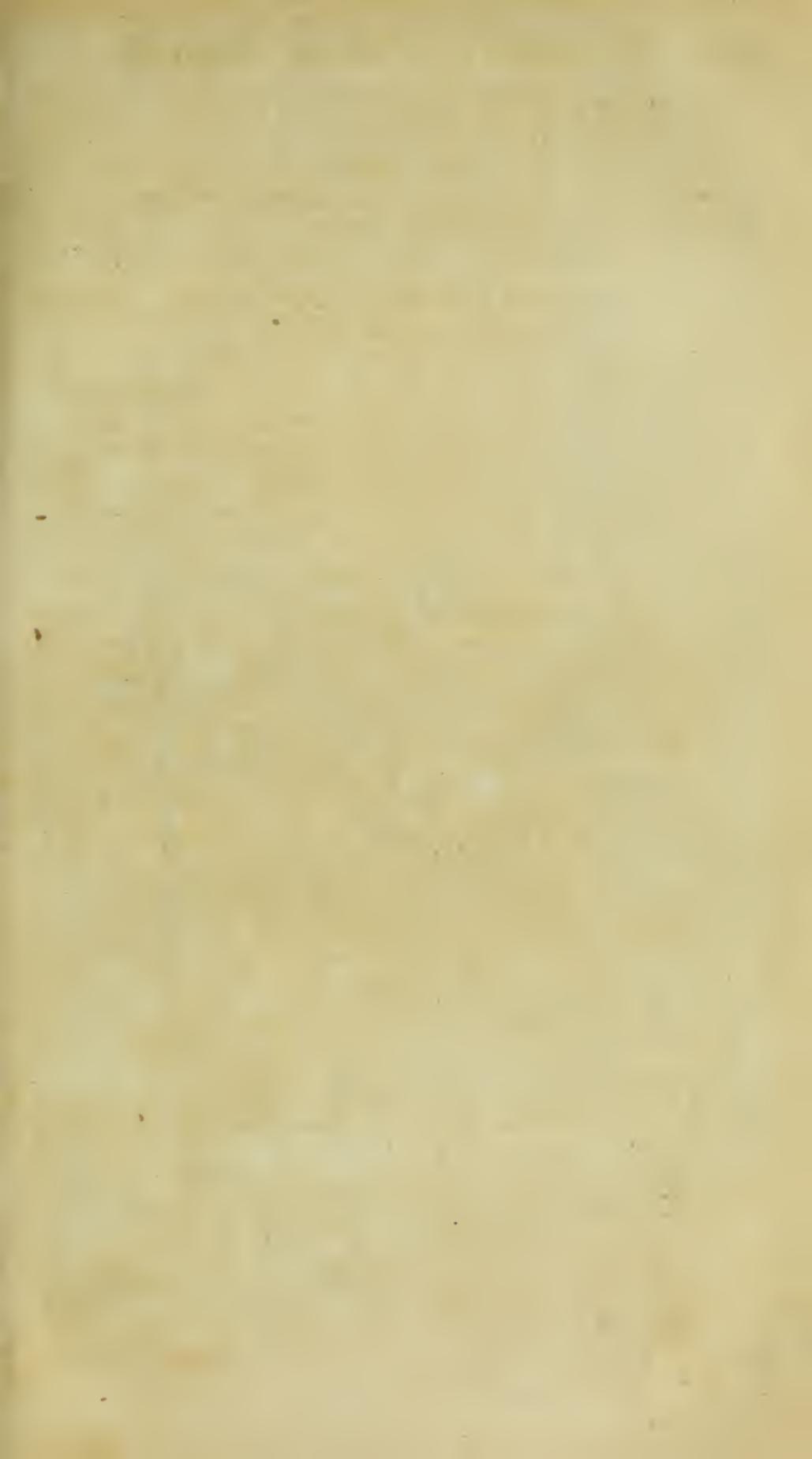
The Soldiers' musick, and the rites of war
Speak loudly for him ———

Take up the body : such a sight as this
Becomes the field, but here shews much amiss.
Go, bid the Soldiers shoot.

*[Exeunt, marching: after which, a peal of
Ordnance is shot off.]*



OTHELLO,





H. Gravelot in & del.
V. 8. P. 229

G. Vander Gucht Scul.



O T H E L L O,

T H E

Moor of *V E N I C E*.





Dramatis Personæ.

D U K E of Venice.

Brabantio, *a noble Venetian.*

Gratiano, *Brother to Brabantio.*

Lodovico, *Kinsman to Brabantio and Gratiano.*

Othello, *the Moor, General for the Venetians in Cyprus.*

Cassio, *his Lieutenant-General.*

Iago, *Standard-bearer to Othello.*

Rodorigo, *a foolish Gentleman, in love with Desdemona.*

Montano, *the Moor's Predecessor in the Government of Cyprus.*

Clown, Servant to the Moor.

Herald.

Desdemona, *Daughter to Brabantio, and Wife to Othello.*

Æmilia, *Wife to Iago.*

Bianca, *Curtesan, Mistress to Cassio.*

*Officers, Gentlemen, Messengers, Musicians, Sailors,
and Attendants.*

*SCENE, for the First Act, in Venice; during
the rest of the Play, in Cyprus.*





O T H E L L O,

The Moor of V E N I C E.

A C T I.

SCENE, *a Street in V E N I C E.*

Enter Rodorigo and Iago.

R O D O R I G O.



EVER tell me, I take it much unkindly,
That thou, *Iago*, who hast had my purse,
As if the strings were thine, shouldst know
of this.

Iago. But you'll not hear me.

If ever I did dream of such a matter, ab-
hor me.

Rod. Thou told'st me, thou didst hold him in thy
hate.

Iago. Despise me,
If I do not. Three Great ones of the city,
In personal suit to make me his lieutenant,
Off-cap'd to him: and, by the faith of man,
I know my price, I'm worth no worse a Place.
But he, as loving his own pride and purpose,

Evades

Evades them with a bombast circumstance,
Horribly stuff with epithets of war,
And, in conclusion,
Non-suits my mediators. “ Certes, says he,
“ I have already chose my officer.”

And what was he?

Forsooth, a great arithmetician,
One *Michael Cassio*;— (“ the *Florentine’s* (1)
“ A fellow almost damn’d in a fair wife;”) —
That never set a squadron in the field,
Nor the division of a battle knows
More than a spinster; but the bookish theorick,

(1) *Forsooth, a great Arithmetician,
One Michael Cassio, a Florentine,*

A Fellow almost damn’d in a fair Wife.] Thus has this Passage ignorantly been corrupted, (as Mr. Warburton likewise saw with me;) by false Pointing, and an Inadvertence to Matter of Fact, thro’ the whole Course of the Editions. By the Bye, this Play was not publish’d even singly, that I can find, till six Years after the Author’s Death: and by that Interval became more liable to Errors. I’ll subjoin the Reasons in proof of the Correction. The new Pointing sets Circumstances right, as I shall immediately explain; and it gives a Variety, in *Iago* reporting the Behaviour of *Othello*, to start into these Breaks; now, to make *Othello* speak;—then, to interrupt what *Othello* says with his own private Reflexions;—then, again, to proceed with *Othello’s* Speeches:—For this not only marks the Inquietude of *Iago’s* Mind upon the Subject in hand; but likewise shews the Actor in the Variation of Tone and Gesture, whilst he (in a breath, as ’twere) personates alternately *Othello* and himself. Besides, to come to the Necessity of the Change made; *Iago*, not *Cassio*, was the *Florentine*; *Iago*, not *Cassio*, was the married Man; *Iago’s* Wife attends *Desdemona* to *Cyprus*; *Cassio* has a Mistress there, a common Strumpet; and *Iago* tells him in the fourth Act,

She gives it out, that you shall marry her:

Which would be very absurd, if *Cassio* had been already married at *Venice*. Besides, our Poet follows the Authority of his Novel in giving the villanous Ensign a fair Wife.

Wherein

Wherein the toged counf'lors can propofe (2)
 As masterly as he; meer prattle, without praëctice,
 Is all his foldierfhip— he had th' election;
 And I, of whom his eyes had feen the proof
 At *Rhodes*, at *Cyprus*, and on other grounds
 Chriftian and heathen muft be beleë'd and calm'd
 By *Debitor* and *Creditor*, this *Counter-cafter*;
 He, in good time, muft his lieutenant be,
 And I, (God blefs the mark!) his Moor-fhip's Ancient.

Rod. By Heav'n, I rather would have been his hang-
 man.

Iago. But there's no remedy, 'tis the curfe of fervice;
 Preferment goes by letter and affection,
 And not by old gradation, where each fecond
 Stood heir to th' firft. Now, Sir, be judge your felf,
 If I in any juft term am affign'd
 To love the Moor.

Rod. I would not follow him then.

Iago. O Sir, content you;
 I follow him to ferve my turn upon him.
 We cannot all be mafters, nor all mafters

(2) *Wherein the tongued Confuls.*] So the generality of the
 Impreffions read; but the oldeft *Quarto* has it *toged*; (which
 gave the Hint for my Emendation;) the Senators, that affifted
 the Duke in Council, in their proper *Gowns*.—But let me
 explain, why I have ventured to fubftitute *Counfellors* in the
 Room of *Confuls*: and then, I hope, the Alteration will not
 appear arbitrary. The *Venetian* Nobility, 'tis well known, con-
 ftitute the great *Council* of the Senate, and are a Part of the
 Adminiftration; and fummou'd to affift and counfel the *Doge*,
 who is Prince of the Senate; and, in that Regard, has only
 Precedency before the other Magiftrates. So that, in this Re-
 fpect, they may very properly be call'd *Counfellors*. Befides, tho'
 the Government of *Venice* was Democrattick at firft, under *Con-
 fuls* and *Tribunes*; that Form of Power has been totally abro-
 gated, fince *Doges* have been elected: And whatever *Confuls* of
 other States may be refident there, yet they have no more a
 Voice, or Place, in the publick *Councils*, or in what concerns
 Peace or War; than foreign *Ambaffadors* can have in our Par-
 liament.

Cannot be truly follow'd. You shall mark
 Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,
 That, doting on his own obsequious bondage,
 Wears out his time, much like his master's ass,
 For nought but provender; and when he's old, casheir'd;
 Whip me such honest knaves—Others there are,
 Who, trimm'd in forms and visages of duty,
 Keep yet their hearts-attending on themselves;
 And, throwing but shows of service on their lords,
 Well thrive by them; and when they've lin'd their
 coats,

Do themselves homage. These folks have some soul,
 And such a one do I profess my self.

It is as sure as you are *Rodorigo*,
 Were I the Moor, I would not be *Iago*:
 In following him, I follow but my self,
 Heav'n is my judge, not I, for love and duty:
 But, seeming so, for my peculiar end:
 For when my outward action doth demonstrate
 The native act and figure of my heart
 In compliment extern, 'tis not long after
 But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve,
 For daws to peck at; I'm not what I seem.

Rod. What a full fortune does the thick-lips owe,
 If he can carry her thus?

Iago. Call up her father,
 Rouse him, make after him, poison his delight;
 Proclaim him in the streets, incense her kinsmen;
 And tho' he in a fertile climate dwell,
 Plague him with flies; tho' that his joy be joy,
 Yet throw such changes of vexation on't,
 As it may lose some colour.

Rod. Here is her father's house, I'll call aloud.

Iago. Do, with like timorous accent, and dire yell,
 As when, by night and negligence, the fire
 Is spied in populous cities.

Rod. What, ho! *Brabantio!* Signior *Brabantio!* ho.

Iago. Awake! what, ho! *Brabantio!* ho! thieves!
 thieves!

Look to your house, your daughter, and your bags :
Thieves ! thieves !

Brabantio appears above, at a window.

Bra. What is the reason of this terrible summons ?
What is the matter there ?

Rod. Signior, is all your family within ?

Iago. Are all doors lock'd ?

Bra. Why ? wherefore ask you this ?

Iago. Zounds ! Sir, you're robb'd : for shame, put on
your Gown ;

Your heart is burst, you have lost half your soul ;
Ev'n now, ev'n very now, an old black ram
Is tupp'ng your white ewe. Arise, arise,
Awake the snorting citizens with the bell,
Or else the Devil will make a grandfire of you.
Arise, I say.

Bra. What, have you lost your wits ?

Rod. Most reverend signior, do you know my voice ?

Bra. Not I ; what are you ?

Rod. My name is *Rodorigo*.

Bra. The worse welcome ;

I've charg'd thee not to haunt about my doors :
In honest plainness thou hast heard me say,
My daughter's not for thee. And now in madness,
Being full of supper and distemp'ring draughts,
Upon malicious bravery dost thou come
To start my quiet.

Rod. Sir, Sir, Sir ———

Bra. But thou must needs be sure,
My spirit and my place have in their power
To make this bitter to thee.

Rod. Patience, good Sir.

Bra. What tell'it thou me of robbing ? this is *Venice* :
My house is not a grange.

Rod. Most grave *Brabantio*,
In simple and pure soul, I come to you.

Iago. Zounds ! Sir, you are one of those that will
not serve God, if the Devil bid you. Because we come
to do you service, you think we are ruffians ; you'll
have

have your daughter cover'd with a *Barbary* horse, you'll have your nephews neigh to you; you'll have coursers for cousins, and gennets for germanes.

Bra. What prophane wretch art thou?

Iago. I am one, Sir, that comes to tell you, your daughter and the Moor are now making the beast with two backs.

Bra. Thou art a villain.

Iago. You are a senator.

Bra. This thou shalt answer. I know thee, *Rodorigo.*

Rod. Sir, I will answer any thing. But I beseech you,

If't be your pleasure and most wise consent,
(As partly, I find, it is,) that your fair daughter,
At this odd even and dull watch o'th' night,
Transported with no worse nor better guard,
But with a knave of hire, a *Gundalier*,
To the gross clasps of a lascivious Moor:
If this be known to you, and your allowance,
We then have done you bold and sawcy wrongs.
But if you know not this, my manners tell me,
We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe,
That from the sense of all civility
I thus would play, and trifle with your reverence.
Your daughter, if you have not given her leave,
I say again, hath made a gross revolt;
Tying her duty, beauty, wit and fortunes
To an extravagant and wheeling stranger,
Of here and every where; straight satisfie your self.
If she be in her chamber, or your house,
Let loose on me the justice of the State
For thus deluding you.

Bra. Strike on the tinder, ho!

Give me a taper; ——— call up all my people; ———
This accident is not unlike my Dream,
Belief of it oppresses me already.
Light, I say, light!

Iago. Farewel; for I must leave you.

It seems not meet, nor wholesome to my place,
'To be produc'd (as, if I stay, I shall)

Against the Moor. For I do know, the State,
 However this may gall him with some check,
 Cannot with safety cast him. For he's embark'd
 With such loud reason to the *Cyprus*' wars,
 Which ev'n now stand in act, that, for their souls,
 Another of his fadom they have none,
 To lead their business. In which regard,
 Tho' I do hate him as I do hell's pains,
 Yet, for necessity of present life,
 I must shew out a flag and sign of love:
 (Which is, indeed, but sign) That you may surely
 find him,
 Lead to the *Sagittary* the raised search;
 And there will I be with him. So, farewell. [*Exit.*

Enter Brabantio, and servants with torches.

Bra. It is too true an evil. Gone she is;
 And what's to come of my despised time,
 Is nought but bitterness. Now, *Rodorigo*,
 Where didst thou see her? oh unhappy girl!
 With the Moor, saidst thou? who would be a father?
 How didst thou know 'twas she? oh, she deceives me
 Past thought——— What said she to you? get more
 tapers———
 Raise all my kindred——are they married, think you?

Rod. Truly, I think, they are.

Bra. Oh heaven! how gat she out?

Oh treason of my blood!
 Fathers, from hence trust not your daughters' minds
 By what you see them act. Are there not charms,
 By which the property of youth and maidhood
 May be abus'd? have you not read, *Rodorigo*,
 Of some such thing?

Rod. Yes, Sir, I have, indeed.

Bra. Call up my brother: oh, 'would you had had
 her;

Some one way, some another— Do you know
 Where we may apprehend her and the Moor?

Rod. I think, I can discover him, if you please
 To get good guard, and go along with me.

Bra.

Bra. Pray you, lead on. At every house I'll call,
I may command at most; get weapons, ho!
And raise some special officers of might:
On, good *Rodorigo*, I'll deserve your pains. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E *changes to another STREET, before
the Sagittary.*

Enter Othello, Iago, and Attendants with Torches.

Iago. **T**H O' in the trade of war I have slain men:
Yet do I hold it very stuff o'th' conscience
To do no contriv'd murder: I lack iniquity
Sometimes to do me service. — Nine or ten times
I thought to've jerk'd him here under the ribs.

Oth. It's better as it is.

Iago. Nay, but he prated,
And spoke such scurvy and provoking terms
Against your honour;
That, with the little godliness I have,
I did full hard forbear him. But I pray, Sir,
Are you fast married? for, be sure of this,
That the Magnifico is much belov'd,
And hath in his effect a voice potential
As double as the Duke's: he will divorce you,
Or put upon you what restraint or grievance
The law (with all his might t'enforce it on)
Will give him cable.

Oth. Let him do his spight:
My services, which I have done the Signory,
Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'Tis yet to know,
(Which, when I know that Boasting is an honour,
I shall promulgate) I fetch my Life and Being (3)

From

(3) ——— *I fetch my Life and Being*

From Men of royal Siege; and my Demerits

May speak unbonnetted to as proud a Fortune

As this that I have reach'd.] Thus all the Copies read this

Passage. But, to speak *unbonnetted*, is to speak *with the Cap off*,
which is directly opposite to the Poet's Meaning. *Othello* means

From men of royal siege; and my demerits
 May speak, and bonnetted, to as proud a fortune
 As this that I have reach'd. For know, *Iago*,
 But that I love the gentle *Desdemona*,
 I would not my unhoused free condition
 Put into circumscription and confine,
 For the sea's worth. But look! what lights come yonder?

Enter Cassio, with torches.

Iago. Those are the raised father, and his friends:
 You were best go in.

Oth. Not I: I must be found.
 My parts, my title and my perfect Soul
 Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they?

Iago. By *Janus*, I think, no.

Oth. The Servants of the Duke, and my lieutenant:
 The goodness of the night upon you, friends!
 What is the news?

Cas. The Duke does greet you, General;
 And he requires your haste, post-haste, appearance,
 Ev'n on the instant.

Oth. What is the matter, think you?

Cas. Something from *Cyprus*, as I may divine;
 It is a business of some heat. The Gallies
 Have sent a dozen sequent messengers
 'This very night, at one another's heels:
 And many of the Couns'lors, rais'd and met, (4)
 Are at the Duke's already. You have been hotly call'd
 for,

to say, that his Birth and Services set him upon such a Rank,
 that he may speak to a Senator of *Venice* with his Hat on;
 i. e. without shewing any marks of Deference, or Inequality. I,
 therefore, am inclin'd to think, *Shakespeare* wrote;

May speak, and bonnetted, &c.

(4) *And many of the Consuls rais'd and met,*

Are at the Duke's already.] Thus all the Editions concur
 in reading; but there is no such Character as a *Consul* appears
 in any Part of the Play. I change it to, *Counsellors*; i. e. the
 Grandees that constitute the great *Council* at *Venice*. The Reason
 I have already given, above, in the Close of the 2d Note.
 When,

When, being not at your lodging to be found,
The Senate sent above three several quests,
To search you out.

Oth. Tis well I am found by you :

I will but spend a word here in the house,
And go with you.

[*Exit Othello.*]

Cas. Ancient, what makes he here ?

Iago. Faith, he to night hath boarded a land-carrack ;
If it prove lawful prize, he's made for ever.

Cas. I do not understand.

Iago. He's married.

Cas. To whom ?

Iago. Marry to——Come, Captain, will you go ?

Enter Othello.

Oth. Have with you.

Cas. Here comes another troop to seek for you.

Enter Brabantio, Rodorigo, with officers and torches.

Iago. It is *Brabantio*: General, be advis'd ;
He comes to bad intent.

Oth. Holla ! stand there.

Rod. Signior, it is the Moor.

Bra. Down with him, thief !

[*They draw on both sides.*]

Iago. You, *Rodorigo* ! come, Sir, I am for you——

Oth. Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will
rust 'em.

Good Signior, you shall more command with years,
Than with your weapons.

Bra. O thou foul thief ! where hast thou stow'd my
daughter ?

Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her ;
For I'll refer me to all things of sense,
If she in chains of magick were not bound,
Whether a maid, so tender, fair, and happy,
So opposite to marriage, that she shunn'd (5)

The

(5) ————— that she shunn'd

The wealthy curled Darlings of our Nation.] I have a-
dopted

The wealthy culled darlings of our nation,
 Would ever have, t'incur a general mock,
 Run from her guardage to the sooty bosom
 Of such a thing as thou, to fear, not to delight?
 Judge me the world, if 'tis not gross in sense, (6)
 That thou hast practis'd on her with foul charms,
 Abus'd her delicate youth with drugs or minerals,
 That weaken Notion.———I'll hav't disputed on;

dopted a very probable Conjecture, which Mr. Warburton propos'd to me.

The wealthy culled Darlings of our Nation.

i. e. pick'd, select, chosen, from the common Suitors. For the Epithet *curl'd*, as he observes, was no Mark of Distinction or Difference between a *Venetian* and a *Moor*; which latter People are remarkably *curl'd* by Nature. And tho' *culled* now, when our ears are nicer than our Understandings, may not so frequently find a Place in the *Drama*; the same objection did not lie to the Sound of it in *Shakespeare's Days*, who chuses to use it wherever he can.

(6) Judge me the World, if 'tis not gross in Sense,

That thou hast practis'd on her with foul Charms,

Abus'd her delicate Youth with Drugs, or Minerals,

That weaken Motion.] Brabantio is here accusing Othello

of having us'd some foul Play, and intoxicated Desdemona by Drugs and Potions to win her over to his Love. But why, Drugs to weaken Motion? How then could she have run away with him voluntarily from her Father's House? Had she been averse to chusing Othello, tho' he had given her Medicines that took away the Use of her Limbs, might she not still have retain'd her Senses, and oppos'd the Marriage? Her Father, 'tis evident, from several of his Speeches, is positive that she must have been abused in her rational Faculties; or she could not have made so preposterous a Choice, as to wed with a *Moor*, a *Black*, and refuse the finest young Gentlemen in *Venice*. What then have we to do with her Motion being weaken'd? If I understand any thing of the Poet's Meaning here, I cannot but think, he must have wrote;

Abus'd her delicate Youth with Drugs, or Minerals,

That weaken Notion.

i. e. her Apprehension, right Conception and Idea of Things, Understanding, Judgment, &c.

'Tis probable, and palpable to thinking.
I therefore apprehend and do attach thee
For an abuser of the world, a practicer
Of arts inhibited and out of warrant ;
Lay hold upon him ; if he do resist,
Subdue him at his peril.

Oth. Hold your hands,
Both you of my inclining, and the rest.
Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it
Without a prompter. Where will you I go
To answer this your charge ?

Bra. To prison, 'till fit time
Of law, and course of direct Session
Call thee to answer.

Oth. What if I do obey ?
How may the Duke be therewith satisfied,
Whose messengers are here about my side,
Upon some present business of the State,
To bring me to him ?

Off. True, most worthy signior,
The Duke's in Council ; and your noble self,
I'm sure, is sent for.

Bra. How ! the Duke in Council ?
In this time of the night ? bring him away ;
Mine's not an idle cause. The Duke himself,
Or any of my Brothers of the State,
Cannot but feel this wrong, as 'twere their own ;
For if such actions may have passage free, (7)

Bond-

(7) *For if such Actions may have Passage free,*

Bondslaves and Pagans shall our Statesmen be.] I have long had a Suspicion of Pagans here. Would *Brabantio* infer, if his private Injury were not redress'd, the Senate should no longer pretend to call themselves *Christians* ? But *Pagans* are as strict and moral, we find, all the World over, as the most regular *Christians*, in the Preservation of private Property. The Difference of *Faith* is not at all concern'd, but mere human *Policy*, in ascertaining the Right of *meum* and *tuum*. I have ventur'd to imagine, that our Author wrote,

Bondslaves and Pagants shall our Statesmen be,

i. e. if

Bond-slaves, and Pageants, shall our Statesmen be.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE *changes to the Senate House.*

Duke and Senators, set at a table with lights, and attendants.

Duke. THERE is no composition in these news,
That gives them credit.

1 Sen. Indeed, they're disproportion'd ;
My letters say, a hundred and seven Gallies.

Duke. And mine a hundred and forty.

2 Sen. And mine, two hundred ;

But though they jump not on a just account,
(As in these cases, where they aim reports,
'Tis oft with difference ;) yet do they all confirm
A *Turkish* Fleet, and bearing up to *Cyprus*.

Duke. Nay, it is possible enough to judgment ;
I do not so secure me in the error,
But the main article I do approve
In fearful sense.

Sailors within.] What hoa ! what hoa ! what hoa !

Enter Sailors.

Off. A messenger from the Gallies.

Duke. Now ! — what's the business ?

Sail. The *Turkish* preparation makes for *Rhodes*,
So was I bid report here to the State.

Duke. How say you by this change ?

1 Sen. This cannot be,
By no assay of reason. 'Tis a pageant,

i. e. if we'll let such injurious Actions go unpunish'd, our Statesmen must be *Slaves*, *Cyphers* in Office, and have no Pow'r of redressing ; be Things of meer Show, and gaudy Appearance only. Nor could *Pagans*, include any Reflexion on *Othello*, considering him as a *Moor*: for unless he had been turn'd Christian, he never could have had any Commission under the *Venetian* State.

To keep us in false gaze ; when we consider
 'Th' importancy of *Cyprus* to the *Turk*,
 And let our selves again but understand,
 That as it more concerns the *Turk* than *Rhodes*,
 So may he with more facile question bear it ;
 For that it stands not in such warlike brace,
 But altogether lacks th' abilities
 That *Rhodes* is dress'd in. If we make thought of this,
 We must not think the *Turk* is so unskilful,
 To leave that latest, which concerns him first ;
 Neglecting an attempt of ease and gain,
 To wake, and wage, a danger profitless.
Duke. Nay, in all confidence he's not for *Rhodes*.
Offi. Here is more news.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. The *Ottomites*, (reverend and gracious,)
 Steering with due course toward the Isle of *Rhodes*,
 Have there injoin'd them with an after-fleet —
1 Sen. Ay, so I thought ; how many, as you guess ?
Mes. Of thirty sail ; and now they do re-stem
 Their backward course, bearing with frank appearance
 Their Purposes toward *Cyprus*. Signior *Montano*,
 Your trusty and most valiant Servitor,
 With his free duty, recommends you thus,
 And prays you to believe him.

Duke. 'Tis certain then for *Cyprus*: *Marcus Luccicos*,
 Is he not here in town ?

1 Sen. He's now in *Florence*.

Duke. Write from us, to him, post, post-haste, dispatch.

1 Sen. Here comes *Brabantio*, and the valiant *Moor*.

To them, enter Brabantio, Othello, Cassio, Iago,
Rodorigo, and Officers.

Duke. Valiant *Othello*, we must straight employ you,
 Against the general enemy *Ottoman*.

I did not see you ; welcome, gentle signior :

[*To Braban.*

We lack'd your counsel, and your help to night.

Bra. So did I yours ; good your Grace, pardon me ;

Neither

Neither my place, nor aught I heard of business,
 Hath rais'd me from my bed ; nor doth the general
 Take hold on me : For my particular grief
 Is of so flood-gate and o'er-bearing nature,
 That it ingluts and swallows other sorrows,
 And yet is still itself.

Duke. Why ? what's the matter ?

Bra. My daughter ! oh, my daughter !——

Sen. Dead ? ——

Bra. To me ;

She is abus'd, stolen from me, and corrupted
 By spells and medicines, bought of mountebanks ;
 For nature so preposterously to err,
 (Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense,)
 Sans Witchcraft could not ——

Duke. Who-e'er he be, that in this foul proceeding
 Hath thus beguil'd your daughter of her self,
 And you of her, the bloody book of law
 You shall your self read in the bitter letter,
 After your own sense ; yea, though our proper Son
 Stood in your action.

Bra. Humbly I thank your Grace.

Here is the man, this Moor, whom now, it seems,
 Your special mandate, for the State-affairs,
 Hath hither brought.

All. We're very sorry for't.

Duke. What in your own part can you say to this ?

[*To Othel.*

Bra. Nothing, but this is so.

Oth. Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
 My very noble and approv'd good masters ;
 That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
 It is most true ; true, I have married her ;
 'The very head and front of my offending
 Hath this extent ; no more. Rude am I in my speech,
 And little bless'd with the soft phrase of peace ;
 For since these arms of mine had seven years' Pith,
 'Till now, some nine moons wasted, they have us'd
 Their dearest action in the tented field ;
 And little of this great world can I speak,

More than pertains to feats of broils and battle ;
 And therefore little shall I grace my cause,
 In speaking for my self. Yet, by your patience,
 I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver,
 Of my whole course of love ; what drugs, what charms,
 What conjuration, and what mighty magick,
 (For such proceeding I am charg'd withal,)
 I won his daughter with.

Bra. A maiden, never bold ;
 Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion
 Blush'd at it self ; and she, in spite of nature,
 Of years, of country, credit, every thing,
 To fall in love with what she fear'd to look on —
 It is a judgment maim'd, and most imperfect, (8)
 That will confess, Affection so could err
 Against all rules of nature ; and must be driven
 To find out practices of cunning hell,
 Why this should be. I therefore vouch again,
 That with some mixtures powerful o'er the blood,
 Or with some dram, conjur'd to this effect,
 He wrought upon her.

Duke. To vouch this, is no proof,
 Without more certain and more overt test,

(8) *It is a Judgment maim'd and most imperfect
 That will confess, Perfection so could err*

*Against all Rules of Nature.] Perfection erring, seems a
 Contradiction in Terminus, as the Schoolmen call it. Besides,
 Brabantio does not blazon his Daughter out for a Thing of ab-
 solute Perfection ; he only says, she was indued with such an
 extreme innate Modesty, that for her to fall in Love so pre-
 posterously, no sound Judgment could allow, but it must be
 by magical Practice upon her. I have ventur'd to imagine that
 our Author wrote ;*

That will confess, Affection so could err, &c.

This is entirely consonant to what *Brabantio* would say of
 her ; and one of the Senators, immediately after, in his Exa-
 mination of the *Moor*, thus addresses himself to him ;

— *But, Othello, speak ;*

Did you by indirect and forced Courses

Subdue and poison this young Maid's Affections, &c.

Than

Than these thin habits and poor likelyhoods
Of modern Seeming do prefer against him.

I Sen. But, *Othello*, speak;

Did you by indirect and forced courses
Subdue and poison this young maid's affections?
Or came it by request, and such fair question
As soul to soul affordeth?

Oth. I beseech you,
Send for the lady to the *Sagittary*,
And let her speak of me before her father;
If you do find me foul in her report,
The Trust, the Office, I do hold of you,
Not only take away, but let your Sentence
Even fall upon my life.

Duke. Fetch *Desdemona* hither.

[*Exeunt two or three.*]

Oth. Ancient, conduct them, you best know the place.

[*Exit Iago.*]

And 'till she come, as truly as to heav'n
I do confess the vices of my blood,
So justly to your grave ears I'll present
How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,
And she in mine.

Duke. Say it, *Othello*.

Oth. Her father lov'd me, oft invited me;
Still question'd me the story of my life,
From year to year; the battles, sieges, fortunes,
That I have past.
I ran it through, e'en from my boyish days,
To th' very moment that he bad me tell it:
Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field;
Of hair-breadth scapes in th' imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence,
And portance in my travel's history:
Wherein of antres vast, and desarts idle, (9)

Rough

(9) *Wherein of Antres vast and Desarts idle, &c.*] Thus it is
in all the old Editions: But *Mr. Pope* has thought fit to change

Rough quarries, rocks, and hills, whose heads touch heav'n,

It was my hint to speak; such was the process;
 And of the *Canibals* that each other eat,
 The *Anthropophagi*; and men whose heads
 Do grow beneath their shoulders. All these to hear
 Would *Desdemona* seriously incline;
 But still the house-affairs would draw her thence,
 Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,
 She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
 Devour up my discourse: which I observing,
 Took once a pliant hour, and found good means
 To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
 That I would all my pilgrimage dilate;
 Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
 But not distinctively: I did consent,
 And often did beguile her of her tears,
 When I did speak of some distressful stroke
 That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
 She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:
 She swore, "In faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing
 strange,
 " 'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful" —————
 She wish'd, she had not heard it; — yet she wish'd,
 That heav'n had made her such a man: — she thank'd me,
 And bad me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,
 I should but teach him how to tell my story,
 And that would woo her. On this hint I spake,
 She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd,
 And I lov'd her, that she did pity them:

the Epithet. *Deserts* idle; in the former Editions; (says he,) doubtless, a Corruption from *wilde*. — But he must pardon me, if I do not concur in thinking this so doubtless. I don't know whether Mr. *Pope* has observ'd it, but I know that *Shakespeare*, especially in Descriptions, is fond of using the more uncommon Word, in a poetick Latitude. And *idle*, in several other Passages, he employs in these Acceptations, *wild, useless, uncultivated, &c.*

This only is the witchcraft I have us'd.
Here comes the lady, let her witness it.

Enter Desdemona, Iago, and Attendants.

Duke. I think, this tale would win my daughter too—
Good Brabantio,
Take up this mangled matter at the best.
Men do their broken weapons rather use,
Than their bare hands.

Bra. I pray you, hear her speak;
If she confess that she was half the wooer,
Destruction on my head, if my bad blame
Light on the man! Come hither, gentle mistress,
Do you perceive in all this noble company,
Where you most owe obedience?

Des. My noble father,
I do perceive here a divided duty;
To you I'm bound for life and education:
My life and education both do learn me
How to respect you. You're the lord of duty;
I'm hitherto your daughter. But here's my husband;
And so much duty as my mother shew'd
To you, preferring you before her father;
So much I challenge, that I may profess
Due to the Moor, my lord.

Bra. God be with you: I have done.
Please it your Grace, on to the State-affairs;
I had rather to adopt a child, than get it.
Come hither, Moor:
I here do give thee That with all my heart,
Which, but thou hast already, with all my heart
I would keep from thee. For your sake, jewel,
I'm glad at soul I have no other child;
For thy escape would teach me tyranny,
To hang clogs on them. I have done, my lord.

Duke. Let me speak like your self; and lay a sentence,
Which, as a grise, or step, may help these lovers
Into your favour —

When remedies are past, the griefs are ended
By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended.

To mourn a mischief that is past and gone,
Is the next way to draw new mischief on.

What cannot be preserv'd when Fortune takes,
Patience her injury a mockery makes.

The robb'd, that smiles, steals something from the thief;
He robs himself, that spends a bootless grief.

Bra. So, let the *Turk* of *Cyprus* us beguile,
We lose it not, so long as we can smile;
He bears the sentence well, that nothing bears
But the free comfort which from thence he hears;
But he bears both the sentence, and the sorrow,
That, to pay grief, must of poor patience borrow.

These sentences to sugar, or to gall,
Being strong on both sides, are equivocal.

But words are words; I never yet did hear, (10)
That the bruise'd heart was pieced through the ear. —
Beseech you, now to the affairs o' th' State.

(10) *But Words are Words; I never yet did hear,*

That the bruise'd Heart was pierced thro' the Ear.] One superfluous Letter has for these hundred Years quite subverted the Sense of this Passage; and none of the Editors have ever attended to the Reasoning of the Context, by which they might have discover'd the Error. The Duke has by sage Sentences been exhorting *Brabantio* to Patience, and to forget the Grief of his Daughter's stoln Marriage, to which *Brabantio* is made very pertinently to reply, to this effect: "My Lord, I apprehend very well the Wisdom of your Advice; but tho' you would *comfort* me, Words are but Words; and the Heart, already *bruise'd*, was never *piec'd*, or *wounded*, thro' the *Ear*." — Well! If we want Arguments for a Senator, let him be educated at the Feet of our sagacious Editors. It is obvious, I believe, to my better Readers, that the Text must be restor'd, as Mr. *Warburton* acutely observ'd to me.

That the bruise'd Heart was pieced thro' the Ear.

i. e. That the Wounds of Sorrow were ever cur'd, or a Man made *heart-whole* meerly by Words of Consolation. I ought to take notice, this very Emendation was likewise communicated to me by an ingenious, unknown, Correspondent, who subscribes himself only *L. H.*

Duke.

Duke. The *Turk* with a most mighty preparation makes for *Cyprus*: *Othello*, the fortitude of the place is best known to you. And though we have there a substitute of most allowed sufficiency; yet opinion, a sovereign mistress of effects, throws a more safe voice on you; you must therefore be content to flubber the gloss of your new fortunes, with this more stubborn and boisterous expedition.

Oth. The tyrant custom, most grave senators, Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war My thrice-driven bed of down. I do agnize A natural and prompt alacrity I find in hardness; and do undertake This present war against the *Ottomites*. Most humbly therefore bending to your State, I crave fit disposition for my wife, Due reference of place and exhibition; With such accommodation and besort As levels with her breeding.

Duke. Why, at her father's.

Brā. I will not have it so.

Oth. Nor I.

Des. Nor would I there reside, To put my father in impatient thoughts By being in his eye. Most gracious Duke, To my unfolding lend your gracious ear, And let me find a charter in your voice T' assist my simpleness.

Duke. What would you, *Desdemona*?

Des. That I did love the Moor to live with him, My down-right violence and storm of fortunes May trumpet to the world. My heart's subdu'd Ev'n to the very quality of my lord; I saw *Othello's* visage in his mind, And to his honours and his valiant parts Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate. So that, dear lords, if I be left behind A moth of peace, and he go to the war, The rites, for which I love him, are bereft me: And I a heavy interin shall support,

By his dear absence. Let me go with him.

Oth. Your voices, lords; beseech you, let her will
Have a free way. I therefore beg it not, (11)
To please the palate of my appetite;
Nor to comply with heat, the young Affects,
In my distinct and proper Satisfaction;
But to be free and bounteous to her mind.
And heav'n defend your good souls, that you think,
I will your serious and great business scant,

(11) ——— *I therefore beg it not*

To please the Palate of my Appetite,

Nor to comply with Heat the young affects,

In my desunct and proper Satisfaction;

But to be free and bounteous to her Mind.] As this has

been all along hitherto printed and stop'd, it seems to me a Period of as stubborn Nonsense, as the Editors have obruded upon poor *Shakespeare* throughout his whole Works. What a preposterous Creature is this *Othello* made, to fall in Love with, and marry, a fine young Lady, when *Appetite* and *Heat*, and *proper Satisfaction* are dead and desunct in him! (For, *desunct* signifies nothing else, that I know of, either primitively or metaphorically:) But if we may take *Othello's* own Word in the Affair, when he speaks for himself, he was not reduc'd to this fatal, unperforming, State.

——— *or, for I am declin'd*

Into the Vale of Years; yet That's not much.

Again, Why should our Poet say, (for so he says, as the Passage has been pointed,) that the young *affect* Heat? Youth, certainly, *has* it, and has no occasion or Pretence of *affecting* it, whatever superannuated Lovers may have. And, again, after *desunct*, would he add so absurd a collateral Epithet as *proper*? But, I think, I may venture to affirm, that *affects* was not design'd here as a Verb; and that *desunct* was not design'd here at all. I have, by a slight Change, rescued the Poet's Text from Absurdity; and this I take to be the Tenour of what he would say; "I do not beg her Company with me, merely to please myself; nor to indulge the Heat and *Affects* (i. e. Affections) of a new-married Man, in my own distinct and proper Satisfaction; but to comply with her in her Request, and Desire, of accompanying me." *Affects*, for *Affections*, our Author in several other Passages uses.

For she is with me. — No, when light-wing'd toys
Of feather'd *Cupid* foil with wanton dulness
My speculative and offic'd instruments,
That my disports corrupt and taint my business;
Let housewives make a skillet of my helm,
And all indign and base adversities
Make head against my estimation.

Duke. Be it as you shall privately determine,
Or for her stay or going; th' affair cries haste;
And speed must answer. You must hence to night.

Des. To night, my lord?

Duke. This night.

Oth. With all my heart.

Duke. At nine i'th' morning here we'll meet again.
Othello, leave some officer behind,
And he shall our commission bring to you;
And such things else of quality and respect
As doth import you.

Oth. Please your Grace, my Ancient;
(A man he is of honesty and trust,
To his conveyance I assign my wife,
With what else needful your good Grace shall think
To be sent after me.

Duke. Let it be so;
Good night to every one. And, noble Signior,
If virtue no delighted beauty lack,
Your son-in-law is far more fair than black.

Sen. Adieu, brave Moor, use *Desdemona* well.

Bra. Look to her, Moor, if thou hast eyes to see,
She has deceiv'd her father, and may thee.

[*Exit Duke, with Senators.*

Oth. My life upon her faith. — Honest *Iago*,
My *Desdemona* must I leave to thee;
I pr'ythee, let thy wife attend on her;
And bring her after in the best advantage.
Come, *Desdemona*, I have but an hour
Of love, of worldly matter and direction
To speak with thee. We must obey the time. [*Exeunt.*

Manent Rodorigo and Iago.

Rod. *Iago* ———

Iago. What sayest thou, noble heart?

Rod. What will I do, thinkest thou?

Iago. Why, go to bed, and sleep.

Rod. I will incontinently drown myself.

Iago. Well, if thou dost, I shall never love thee after.

Why, thou silly gentleman!

Rod. It is filliness to live, when to live is a torment; and then have we a prescription to die, when death is our physician.

Iago. O villainous! I have look'd upon the world for four times seven years, and since I could distinguish betwixt a benefit and an injury, I never found man that knew how to love himself. Ere I would say, I would drown my self for the love of a *Guinney*-hen, I would change my humanity with a baboon.

Rod. What should I do? I confess, it is my shame to be so fond, but it is not in my virtue to amend it.

Iago. Virtue? a fig: 'tis in our selves that we are thus or thus. Our bodies are our gardens, to the which our wills are gardeners. So that if we will plant nettles, or sow lettuce; set hyssop, and weed up thyme; supply it with one gender of herbs, or distract it with many; either have it steril with idleness, or manured with industry; why, the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our will. (12) If the beam of our lives had not one

(12) *If the Balance of our Lives had not one Scale of Reason to poise another of Sensuality.] i. e. If the Scale of our Lives had not one Scale, &c. which must certainly be wrong. Some of the old Quarto's have it thus, but the two elder Folio's read,*

If the Braine of our Lives had not one Scale, &c.

This is corrupt; and I make no doubt but *Shakespeare* wrote, as I have reform'd the Text,

If the Beame of our Lives, &c.

And my Reason is this; that he generally distinguishes betwixt the

one scale of reason to poise another of sensuality, the blood and baseness of our natures would conduct us to most preposterous conclusions. But we have reason, to cool our raging motions, our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts; whereof I take this, that you call love, to be a sect, or syen.

Rod. It cannot be.

Iago. It is meerly a lust of the blood, and a permission of the will. Come, be a man: drown thy self? drown cats and blind puppies. I have profest me thy friend, and I confests me knit to thy deserving with cables of perdurable toughness. I could never better steed thee than now. Put mony in thy purse; follow thou these wars; defeat thy favour with an usurped beard; I say, put mony in thy purse. It cannot be, that *Desdemona* should long continue her love to the Moor — put mony in thy purse — nor he his to her. It was a violent commencement in her, and thou shalt see an answerable sequestration, — put but mony in thy purse. — These Moors are changeable in their wills; — fill thy purse with mony. The food, that to him now is as luscious as locusts, shall shortly be as bitter as coloquintida. When she is sated with his body, she will find the errors of her choice. — She must have change, she must: therefore put mony in thy purse. — If thou wilt needs damn thy self, do it a more delicate way than drowning. Make all the mony thou canst. If sanctimony and a frail vow, betwixt an erring *Barbarian* and a super-subtle *Venetian*, be not too hard for my wits, and all the tribe of hell, thou shalt enjoy her; therefore make mony. A pox of drowning thyself! it is clean out of the way. Seek thou rather to be hang'd in compassing thy joy, than to be drown'd and go without her.

Rod. Wilt thou be fast to my hopes, if I depend on the issue?

the *Beam* and *Balance*, using the latter to signify the Scales; and the former, the steel Bar to which they are hung, and which poises them,

Iago.

Iago. Thou art sure of me.—Go, make mony.—
I have told thee often, and I re-tell thee again and again,
I hate the Moor. My cause is hearted; thine hath no
less reason. Let us be conjunctive in our revenge against
him. If thou canst cuckold him, thou dost thy self a
pleasure, and me a sport. There are many events in
the womb of time, which will be delivered. Traverse,
go, provide thy mony. We will have more of this to-
morrow. Adieu.

Rod. Where shall we meet i'th' morning?

Iago. At my lodging.

Rod. I'll be with thee betimes.

Iago. Go to, farewell. Do you hear, *Rodorigo*?

Rod. What say you?

Iago. No more of drowning, do you hear.

Rod. I am chang'd; I'll go sell all my land. [*Exit.*]

Manet Iago.

Iago. Go to, farewell, put mony enough in your purse—
Thus do I ever make my fool my purse;
For I mine own gain'd knowledge should profane,
If I should time expend with such a snipe,
But for my sport and profit. I hate the Moor,
And it is thought abroad, that'twixt my sheets
He has done my office. I know not, if't be true —
But I, for meer suspicion in that kind,
Will do, as if for surety. He holds me well —
The better shall my purpose work on him;
Cassio's a proper man: let me see now; —
To get his place, and to plume up my Will,
A double knavery — How? how? — let's see —
After some time, t'abuse *Othello's* ear,
That he is too familiar with his wife —
He hath a person, and a smooth dispose,
To be suspected; fram'd to make women false.
The Moor is of a free and open nature,
That thinks men honest that but seem to be so;
And will as tenderly be led by th' nose,
As asses are:

I hav't

I hav't—it is ingendred—Hell and Night
Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's light.

[*Exit.*



A C T II.

S C E N E, *The capital City of Cyprus.*

Enter Montano Governor of Cyprus, and Gentlemen.

M O N T A N O.

W H A T from the cape can you discern at sea?
1 *Gent.* Nothing at all, it is a high-wrought
flood;

I cannot 'twixt the heaven and the main
Descry a fail.

Mont. Methinks the wind hath spoke aloud at land;
A fuller blast ne'er shook our battlements;
If it hath ruffian'd so upon the sea,
What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on them, (13)
Can hold the mortise? what shall we hear of this?

2 *Gent.* A segregation of the *Turkish* fleet;
For do but stand upon the foaming shore,
The chiding billows seem to pelt the clouds;
The wind-shak'd surge, with high and monstrous main,
Seems to cast water on the burning Bear,
And quench the guards of th' ever-fired pole;

(13) *What ribs of Oak, when the huge Mountains melt,
Can hold the mortise?*] This is an arbitrary Change of
Mr. *Pope's*, without any Authority or Reason, but the smoothing
the Versification. But, I am afraid, this great Critick was
dreaming of *Mountains at Land*; and these, he thought, could
not well melt on *Ribs of Oak* (i. e.) *Ships* at *Sea*. But our
Poet happens to mean, Waves as big as Mountains; and these
are often known to melt on Ships: nor is any Metaphor more
common in Poetry.

I never

I never did like molestation view
On the enchas'd flood.

Mont. If that the *Turkish* fleet
Be not inshelter'd and embay'd, they're drown'd;
It is impossible to bear it out.

Enter a third Gentleman.

3 *Gent.* News, lords, our wars are done :
The desperate tempest hath so bang'd the *Turks*,
That their designment halts. A noble ship of *Venice* (14)
Hath seen a grievous wreck and sufferance
On most part of the fleet.

Mont. How ! is this true ?

3 *Gent.* The Ship is here put in,
A *Veronessa* ; *Michael Cassio*,
Lieutenant of the warlike Moor *Othello*,
Is come on shore ; the Moor himself's at sea,
And is in full commission here for *Cyprus*.

Mont. I'm glad on't ; 'tis a worthy Governour.

3 *Gent.* But this same *Cassio*, though he speak of comfort,

Touching the *Turkish* loss, yet he looks sadly,
And prays the Moor be safe ; for they were parted
With foul and violent tempest.

Mont. Pray heav'ns, he be :

For I have serv'd him, and the man commands
Like a full soldier. Let's to the sea-side,
As well to see the vessel that's come in,
As to throw out our eyes for brave *Othello*,

(14) ——— *Another Ship of Venice*

Hath seen a grievous wreck, &c.] But no Ship, before this, has arriv'd, or brought any Account of the *Turkish* Fleet's Distress : How then can This be call'd *another Ship* ? Oh, but the eldest *Quarto* has call'd it so ; and, if there be a various Reading, Mr. *Pope* is pretty good at taking the wrong one. The two elder *Folio*'s and the *Quarto* in 1630 read, as I have restor'd to the Text ;

———— *A noble Ship of Venice.*

Even till we make the main and th' aerial blue
An indistinct regard.

Gent. Come, let's do so ;
For every minute is expectancy
Of more arrivance.

Enter Cassio.

Cas. Thanks to the valiant of this warlike isle,
That so approve the Moor : oh, let the heav'ns
Give him defence against the elements,
For I have lost him on a dangerous sea.

Mont. Is he well shipp'd ?

Cas. His bark is stoutly timber'd, and his pilot
Of very expert and approv'd allowance ;
Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to death,
Stand in bold cure.

Within.] A fail, a fail, a fail !

Cas. What noise ?

Gent. The town is empty ; on the brow o'th' sea
Stand ranks of people, and they cry, a fail.

Cas. My hopes do shape him for the Governor.

Gent. They do discharge their shot of courtesie :
Our friends, at least.

Cas. I pray you, Sir, go forth,
And give us truth who 'tis that is arriv'd.

Gent. I shall.

[*Exit.*

Mont. But, good lieutenant, is your General wiv'd ?

Cas. Most fortunately, he hath atchiev'd a maid
That paragons description and wild fame :
One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,
And in th' essential vesture of creation
Do's bear all excellency——

Enter Gentleman.

How now ? who has put in ?

Gent. 'Tis one *Iago*, Ancient to the General.

Cas. H'as had most favorable and happy speed ;
Tempests themselves, high seas, and howling winds ;
The gutter'd rocks, and congregated sands,
(Traitors ensteep'd to clog the guiltless keel ;)
As having sense of beauty, do omit

Their

Their mortal natures, letting safe go by
The divine *Desdemona*.

Mont. What is she?

Caf. She that I spake of, our great Captain's Captain,
Left in the conduct of the bold *Iago*;
Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts,
A se'nnight's speed. Great *Jove*, *Othello* guard!
And swell his sail with thine own powerful breath,
That he may bless this bay with his tall ship,
Make love's quick pants in *Desdemona's* arms,
Give renew'd fire to our extinguish'd spirits,
And bring all *Cyprus* comfort ———

Enter Desdemona, Iago, Rodorigo, and Æmilia.

O behold!

The riches of the ship is come on shore:
You men of *Cyprus*, let her have your knees.
Hail to thee, lady! and the grace of heav'n,
Before, behind thee, and on every hand
Enwheel thee round.

Des. I thank you, valiant *Cassio*,
What tidings can you tell me of my lord?

Caf. He is not yet arriv'd, nor know I aught
But that he's well, and will be shortly here.

Des. O, but I fear — how lost you company?

Caf. The great contention of the sea and skies
Parted our fellowship. But, hark, a sail!

Within.] A sail, a sail!

Gent. They give this greeting to the Citadel:
This likewise is a friend.

Caf. See for the news:
Good Ancient, you are welcome. Welcome, mistress.

[*To Æmilia.*

Let it not gall your patience, good *Iago*,
That I extend my manners. 'Tis my breeding,
That gives me this bold shew of courtesie.

Iago. Sir, would she give you so much of her lips,
As of her tongue she oft bestows on me,
You'd have enough.

Des. Alas! she has no speech.

Iago.

Iago. In faith, too much ;
I find it still, when I have list to sleep ;
Marry, before your ladyship, I grant,
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,
And chides with thinking.

Æmil. You have little cause to say so.

Iago. Come on, come on ; you're pictures out of
doors,

Bells in your parlors, wild-cats in your kitchens,
Saints in your injuries, devils being offended,
Players in your housewifery, and housewives in your
beds !

Des. O, fie upon thee, slanderer !

Iago. Nay, it is true, or else I am a *Turk* ;
You rise to play, and go to bed to work.

Æmil. You shall not write my praise.

Iago. No, let me not.

Des. What would'st thou write of me, if thou shou'd'st
praise me ?

Iago. Oh gentle lady, do not put me to't,
For I am nothing, if not critical.

Des. Come, one assay. There's one gone to the har-
bour —————

Iago. Ay, Madam.

Des. I am not merry ; but I do beguile
The thing I am, by seeming otherwise ; —————
Come, how would'st thou praise me ?

Iago. I am about it ; but, indeed, my invention comes
from my pate, as birdlime does from freeze, it plucks
out brains and all. But my muse labours, and thus she
is delivered.

*If she be fair and wise, fairness and wit,
The one's for use, the other useth it.*

Des. Well prais'd ; how if she be black and witty ?

Iago. *If she be black, and thereto have a wit,
She'll find a white that shall her blackness fit.*

Des. Worse and worse.

Æmil. How, if fair and foolish ?

Iago.

Iago. *She never yet was foolish, that was fair ;
For even her folly helpt her to an heir.*

Def. These are old fond paradoxes, to make fools laugh i'th' alehouse. What miserable praise hast thou for her that's foul and foolish ?

Iago. *There's none so foul and foolish thereunto,
But does foul pranks, which fair and wise ones do.*

Def. Oh heavy ignorance ! thou praisest the worst best. But what praise couldst thou bestow on a deserving woman indeed ? (14) one, that in the authority of her merit, did justly put down the vouch of very malice it self ?

Iago. *She that was ever fair, and never proud,
Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud ;
Never lackt gold, and yet never went gay,
Fled from her wish, and yet said, now I may ;
She that when anger'd, her revenge being nigh,
Bad her wrong stay, and her displeasure fly ;
She that in wisdom never was so frail
To change the cod's head for the salmon's tail ;
She that could think, and ne'er disclose her mind,
See suitors following, and not look behind ;
She was a wight, (if ever such wight were)----*

Def. To do what ?

Iago. *To suckle fools, and chronicle small beer.*

Def. Oh most lame and impotent conclusion ! do not

(14) *One, that in the Authority of her Merit, did justly put on the Vouch of very Malice it self.*] Tho' all the printed Copies agree in this Reading, I cannot help suspecting it. If the Text should be genuine, I confess, it is above my Understanding. In what Sense can Merit be said to put on the Vouch of Malice ? I should rather think, Merit was so safe in it self, as to repel and put off all that Malice and Envy could advance and affirm to its Prejudice. I have ventur'd to reform the Text to this Construction, by a very slight Change that makes it intelligible.

learn of him, *Æmilia*, tho' he be thy husband. (15) How say you, *Cassio*, is he not a most profane and liberal censurer?

Caf. He speaks home, Madam; you may relish him more in the soldier, than in the scholar.

Iago. [*Aside.*] He takes her by the palm; ay, well said — whisper — With as little a web as this, will I ensnare as great a fly as *Cassio*. Ay, smile upon her, do — I will gyve thee in thine own courtship. You say true, 'tis so, indeed. — If such tricks as these strip you out of your lieutenancy, it had been better you had not kiss'd your three fingers so oft, which now again you are most apt to play the Sir in. Very good — well kiss'd, and excellent courtesie — 'tis so, indeed — — Yet again — your fingers to your lips? 'would, they were clister-pipes for your sake. [*Trumpet.*

The Moor, ——— I know his trumpet.

Caf. 'Tis truly so.

Des. Let's meet him, and receive him.

Caf. Lo, where he comes!

Enter Othello and Attendants.

Oth. Oh my fair warrior!

Des. My dear *Othello*!

Oth. It gives me wonder, great as my content,
To see you here before me. O my soul's joy!
If after every tempest come such calms,
May the winds blow 'till they have waken'd death:
And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas
Olympus high; and duck again as low
As hell's from heav'n! If I were now to die,
'Twere now to be most happy; for, I fear,
My soul hath her content so absolute,

(15) How say you, *Cassio*? Is he not a most profane and liberal Counsellor? But in what Respect was *Iago* a Counsellor? He caps Sentences, indeed; but they are not by way of *Advice*, but *Description*: what he says, is, Reflexions on Character and Conduct in Life. For this Reason, I am very apt to think, our Author wrote *Censurer*.

That

That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate.

Des. The heav'ns forbid,
But that our loves and comforts should encrease,
Ev'n as our days do grow !

Oth. Amen to that, sweet Powers !
I cannot speak enough of this content,
It stops me here : it is too much of joy !
And this, and this, the greatest discords be [*Kissing her.*
That e'er our hearts shall make !

Iago. Oh, you are well-tun'd now ; but I'll let down
the pegs that make this musick, as honest as I am.
[*Aside.*

Oth. Come, let's to the castle.
Now, friends, our wars are done ; the *Turks* are drown'd.
How do our old acquaintance of this isle ?
Honey, you shall be well desir'd in *Cyprus*,
I've found great love amongst them. Oh my Sweet,
I prattle out of fashion, and I dote
In mine own comfort. Pr'ythee, good *Iago*,
Go to the bay, and disembark my coffers :
Bring thou the master to the citadel,
He is a good one, and his worthiness
Does challenge much respect. Come, *Desdemona*,
Once more well met at *Cyprus*.

[*Exeunt Othello and Desdemona*]

Manent Iago and Roderigo.

Iago. Do you meet me presently at the harbour.
Come thither, if thou be'st valiant ; (as, they say, base
men, being in love, have then a nobility in their na-
tures, more than is native to them) — list me ; the
lieutenant to night watches on the Court of Guard.
First, I must tell thee, this *Desdemona* is directly in
love with him.

Rod. With him ? why, 'tis not possible ?

Iago. Lay thy fingers thus ; and let thy soul be in-
structed. Mark me with what violence she first lov'd
the Moor, but for bragging, and telling her fantastical
lies. And will she love him still for prating ? let not
thy

thy discreet heart think it. Her eye must be fed. And what delight shall she have to look on the Devil? (16) when the blood is made dull with the act of sport, there should be again to inflame it, and to give Satiety a fresh appetite, loveliness in favour, sympathy in years, manners, and beauties; all which the Moor is defective in. Now, for want of these requir'd conveniences, her delicate tenderness will find it self abus'd, begin to heave the gorge, disrelish and abhor the Moor; very nature will instruct her in it, and compel her to some second choice. Now, Sir, this granted, (as it is a most pregnant and unforc'd position) who stands so eminent in the degree of this fortune, as *Cassio* does? a knave very voluble; no further conscionable, than in putting on the meer form of civil and humane Seeming, for the better compassing of his salt and most hidden loose affection; a slippery and subtle knave, a finder of occasions, that has an eye can stamp and counterfeit advantages, tho' true advantage never present it self. A devilish knave! besides, the knave is handsom, young, and hath all those requisites in him, that folly and green minds look after. A pestilent compleat knave! and the woman hath found him already.

Rod. I cannot believe that of her, she's full of most blest's'd condition.

(16) *When the Blood is made dull with the Act of Sport, there should be a Game to inflame it, and to give Satiety a fresh Appetite; loveliness in Favour, Sympathy in Years, Manners, and Beauties.*] This, 'tis true, is the Reading of the Generality of the Copies: but, methinks, 'tis a very peculiar Experiment, when the Blood and Spirits are dull'd and exhausted with Sport, to raise and recruit them by Sport: for *Sport* and *Game* are but two Words for the same thing. I have retriev'd the Pointing and Reading of the elder *Quarto*, which certainly gives us the Poet's Sense; that when the Blood is dull'd with the Exercise of Pleasure, there should be proper Incentives on each side to raise it again, as the Charms of Beauty, Equality of Years, and Agreement of Manners and Disposition: which are wanting in *Othello* to rekindle *Desdemona's* Passion.

Iago. Bless'd figs' end! the wine she drinks is made of grapes. If she had been bless'd, she would never have lov'd the Moor: Bless'd pudding! didst thou not see her paddle with the palm of his hand? didst not mark that?

Rod. Yes, that I did; but that was but courtesie.

Iago. Letchery, by this hand; an index, and obscure prologue to the history of lust, and foul thoughts. They met so near with their lips, that their breaths embrac'd together. Villanous thoughts, *Rodorigo!* when these mutualities so marshal the way, hard at hand comes the master and main exercise, the incorporate conclusion: pish — But, Sir, be you rul'd by me. I have brought you from *Venice*. Watch you to night; for the command, I'll lay't upon you. *Cassio* knows you not: I'll not be far from you. Do you find some occasion to anger *Cassio*, either by speaking too loud, or tainting his discipline, or from what other course you please, which the time shall more favourably minister.

Rod. Well.

Iago. Sir, he's rash, and very sudden in choler: and, happily, may strike at you. Provoke him, that he may; for even out of that will I cause those of *Cyprus* to mutiny: whose qualification shall come into no true taste again, but by transplanting of *Cassio*. So shall you have a shorter journey to your desires, by the means I shall then have to prefer them: And the impediments most profitably removed, without which there was no expectation of our prosperity.

Rod. I will do this, if you can bring it to any opportunity.

Iago. I warrant thee. Meet me by and by at the citadel. I must fetch his necessaries ashore. Farewel.

Rod. Adieu.

[*Exit.*]

Manet Iago.

Iago. That *Cassio* loves her, I do well believe: That she loves him, 'tis apt, and of great credit. The Moor, howbeit that I endure him not,

Is

Is of a constant, loving, noble nature ;
 And, I dare think, he'll prove to *Desdemona*
 A most dear husband. Now I love her too,
 Not out of absolute lust, (though, peradventure,
 I stand accountant for as great a sin ;)
 But partly led to diet my revenge,
 For that I do suspect, the lusty Moor
 Hath leapt into my seat. The thought whereof
 Doth, like a poisonous mineral, gnaw my inwards,
 And nothing can, or shall, content my soul,
 *Till I am even'd with him, wife for wife.
 Or failing so, yet that I put the Moor
 At last into a jealousy so strong,
 That judgment cannot cure. Which thing to do, (17)
 If this poor brach of *Venice*, whom I trace
 For his quick hunting, stand the putting on,
 I'll have our *Michael Cassio* on the hip,
 Abuse him to the Moor in the right garb ;
 (For I fear *Cassio* with my night-cap too,)
 Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward me,
 For making him egregiously an ass ;
 And practising upon his peace and quiet,

(17) ————— *Which thing to do,*

If this poor Trash of Venice, whom I trace

For his quick hunting, stand the putting on.] A trifling,

insignificant Fellow may, in some Respects, very well be call'd *Trash*: but what Consonance of Metaphor is there betwixt *Trash*, and *quick hunting*, and *standing the putting on*? The Allusion to the Chase SHAKESPEARE seems to be fond of applying to *Rodorigo*, who says of himself towards the Conclusion of this *Act*;

*I follow her in the Chase, not like a Hound that hunts, but
 one that fills up the Cry.*

I have a great Suspicion, therefore, that the Poet wrote ;

If this poor Brach of Venice,

which, we know, is a degenerate Species of *Hound*, and a Term generally us'd in Contempt: and this compleats and perfects the metaphorical Allusion, and makes it much more Satirical.

Mr. Warburton.

Even to madness. 'Tis here — but yet confus'd ;
Knavery's plain face is never seen, till us'd. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E, *the* S T R E E T.

Enter Herald with a Proclamation.

Her. **I**T is *Othello's* pleasure, our noble and valiant General, that upon certain tidings now arriv'd; importing the meer perdition of the *Turkish* fleet, every man put himself into triumph : some to dance, some to make bonfires, each man to what sport and revels his mind leads him. For, besides this beneficial news, it is the celebration of his nuptials. So much was his pleasure, should be proclaimed. All offices are open, and there is full liberty of feasting, from this present hour of five, 'till the bell have told eleven. Bless the isle of *Cyprus*, and our noble General *Othello*!

S C E N E, *the* C A S T L E.

Enter Othello, Desdemona, Cassio, and Attendants.

Oth. **G**OOD *Michael*, look you to the guard to night,
Let's teach our selves that honourable stop,
Not to out-sport discretion.

Cas. *Iago* hath direction what to do :
But, notwithstanding, with my personal eye]
Will I look to't.

Oth. *Iago* is most honest :
Michael, good-night. To morrow, with your earliest,
Let me have speech with you. Come, my dear love,
The purchase made, the fruits are to ensue ;
That profit's yet to come 'tween me and you.
Good-night. [*Exeunt Othello and Desdemona.*]

Enter Iago.

Cas. Welcome, *Iago* ; we must to the Watch.

Iago. Not this hour, lieutenant : 'tis not yet ten o'th' clock.

clock. Our General cast us thus early for the love of his *Desdemona* : whom let us not therefore blame ; he hath not yet made wanton the night with her : and she is sport for *Jove*.

Caf. She's a most exquisite lady.

Iago. And, I'll warrant her, full of game.

Caf.—Indeed, she's a most fresh and delicate creature.

Iago. What an eye she has ? methinks, it founds a parley to provocation.

Caf. An inviting eye ; and yet, methinks, right modest.

Iago. And when she speaks, is it not an alarum to love ?

Caf. She is, indeed, perfection.

Iago. Well, happiness to their sheets : come, lieutenant, I have a stoop of wine, and here without are a brace of *Cyprus* gallants, that would fain have a measure to the health of the black *Othello*.

Caf. Not to night, good *Iago* ; I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking. I could well wish, courtesie would invent some other custom of entertainment.

Iago. Oh, they are our friends : but one cup ; I'll drink for you.

Caf. I have drunk but one cup to night, and that was craftily qualified too : and, behold, what innovation it makes here. I am unfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not task my weakness with any more.

Iago. What, man ? 'tis a night of revels, the gallants desire it.

Caf. Where are they ?

Iago. Here at the door ; I pray you, call them in.

Caf. I'll do't, but it dislikes me. [Exit Cassio.]

Iago. If I can fasten but one cup upon him,
With that which he hath drunk to night already,
He'll be as full of quarrel and offence,
As my young mistress' dog. —
Now, my sick fool, *Roderigo*,
Whom love hath turn'd almost the wrong side out,
To *Desdemona* hath to night carouz'd

Potations pottle deep; and he's to watch.
 Three lads of *Cyprus*, noble swelling spirits,
 (That hold their honours in a wary distance,
 The very elements of this warlike isle,)
 Have I to night fluster'd with flowing cups,
 And they watch too. Now, 'mongit this flock of
 drunkards,

Am I to put our *Cassio* in some action
 That may offend the isle. But here they come.
 If consequence do but approve my Deem, (18)
 My boat sails freely, both with wind and stream.

Enter Cassio, Montano, and Gentlemen.

Cas. 'Fore heav'n, they have given me a rouse already.

Mont. Good faith, a little one: not past a pint, as I am a soldier.

Iago. Some wine, ho! [*Iago sings.*]

And let me the canakin clink, clink,

And let me the canakin clink.

A soldier's a man; oh, man's life's but a span;

Why, then let a soldier drink.

Some wine, boys.

Cas. 'Fore heav'n, an excellent song.

Iago. I learn'd it in *England*: where, indeed, they are most potent in potting. Your *Dane*, your *German*, and your swag-belly'd *Hollander*, — Drink, ho! — are nothing to your *English*.

Cas. Is your *Englishman* so exquisite in his drinking?

(18) *If Consequence do but approve my Deem.*] All the printed Copies concur in this Reading, but, I think, it does not come up to the Poet's Intention; I rather imagine that he wrote,

If Consequence do but approve my Deem.

i. e. my Opinion, the Judgment I have form'd of what must happen. So, in *Troil.* and *Cressida*;

Cres. *I true? how now? what wicked Deem is this?*

Iago.

Iago. Why, he drinks you with facility your *Dane* dead drunk. He sweats not to overthrow your *Almain*. He gives your *Hollander* a vomit, ere the next pottle can be fill'd.

Caf. To the health of our General.

Mon. I am for it, lieutenant, and I'll do you justice.

Iago. Oh sweet *England*.

*King Stephen was an a worthy peer,
His breeches cost him but a crown ;
He held them six pence all too dear,
With that he call'd the tailor lown.*

*He was a wight of high renown,
And thou art but of low degree :
'Tis pride that pulls the country down,
Then take thine auld cloak about thee.*

Some wine, ho !

Caf. Why, this is a more exquisite song than the other.

Iago. Will you hear't again ?

Caf. No, for I hold him to be unworthy of his place, that does those things. Well —— Heaven's above all ; and there be souls that must be saved, and there be souls must not be saved.

Iago. It's true, good lieutenant.

Caf. For mine own part, (no offence to the General, nor any man of quality ;) I hope to be saved

Iago. And so I do too, lieutenant.

Caf. Ay, but, by your leave, not before me. The Lieutenant is to be saved before the Ancient. Let's have no more of this ; let's to our affairs. Forgive our sins —— gentlemen, let's look to our business. Do not think, gentlemen, I am drunk : this is my Ancient ; this is my right hand, and this is my left. I am not drunk now ; I can stand well enough, and I speak well enough.

Gent. Excellent well.

Caf. Why, very well then : you must not think then that I am drunk.

Manent Iago and Montano.

Mont. To the platform, masters; come, let's set the Watch.

Iago. You see this fellow, that is gone before ;
He is a soldier, fit to stand by *Cæsar*,
And give direction. And do but see his vice ;
'Tis to his virtues a just equinox,
The one as long as th' other. 'Tis pity of him ;
I fear, the Trust *Othello* puts him in,
On some odd time of his infirmity,
Will shake this island.

Mon. But is he often thus ?

Iago. 'Tis evermore the prologue to his sleep.
He'll watch the horologue a double set,
If drink rock not his cradle.

Mont. It were well,
The General were put in mind of it :
Perhaps, he sees it not ; or his good nature
Prizes the virtue that appears in *Cassio*,
And looks not on his evils : is not this true ?

Enter Rodorigo.

Iago. How now, *Rodorigo* !
I pray you, after the lieutenant, go. [*Exit Rod.*

Mont. And 'tis great pity, that the noble Moor
Should hazard such a Place as his own Second,
With one of an ingraft infirmity ;
It were an honest action to say so
Unto the Moor.

Iago. Not I, for this fair island ;
I do love *Cassio* well, and would do much
To cure him of this evil. Hark, what noise ?
[*Within, help! help!*

Re-enter Cassio, pursuing Rodorigo.

Cas. You rogue ! you rascal !

Mont. What's the matter, lieutenant ?

Cas. A knave teach me my duty ! I'll beat the knave
into a twiggen bottle.

Rod.

Rod. Beat me——

Cas. Dost thou prate, rogue?

Mont. Nay, good lieutenant; [Staying him.

I pray you, Sir, hold your hand.

Cas. Let me go, Sir, or I'll knock you o'er the mazzard.

Mont. Come, come, you're drunk.

Cas. Drunk? —— [They fight.

Iago. Away, I say, go out and cry a mutiny.

[Exit Rodorigo.

Nay, good lieutenant——Alas, gentlemen——

Help, ho!——Lieutenant——Sir——Montano——

Help, masters! here's a goodly watch, indeed——

Who's that, who rings the bell——diablo, ho!

[Bell rings.

The town will rise. Fie, fie, lieutenant! hold:

You will be sham'd for ever.

Enter Othello, and Attendants.

Oth. What is the matter here?

Mont. I bleed still, I am hurt, but not to th' death.

Oth. Hold, for your lives.

Iago. Hold, ho! lieutenant —— Sir —— Montano ——
Gentlemen ——

Have you forgot all place of sense and duty?

The General speaks to you——hold, hold, for shame——

Oth. Why, how now, ho? from whence ariseth this?

Are we turn'd *Turks*? and to our selves do That,

Which heaven hath forbid the *Ottomites*?

For christian shame, put by this barbarous brawl;

He, that stirs next to carve for his own rage,

Holds his soul light: he dies upon his motion.

Silence that dreadful bell; it frights the isle

From her propriety. What is the matter?

Honest Iago, that looks dead with grieving,

Speak, who began this? on thy love, I charge thee.

Iago. I do not know; friends all, but now, even now

In quarter, and in terms like bride and groom

Divesting them for bed; and then, but now——

(As if some planet had unwitted men,)

Swords out, and tilting one at other's breasts,
 In opposition bloody. I can't speak
 Any beginning to this peevish odds,
 And, 'would, in action glorious I had lost
 Those legs that brought me to a part of it!

Oth. How comes it, *Michael*, you are thus forgot?

Caf. I pray you, pardon me, I cannot speak.

Oth. Worthy *Montano*, you were wont be civil:
 'The gravity and stillness of your youth
 The world hath noted; And your name is great
 In mouths of wisest censure. What's the matter,
 That you unlace your reputation thus,
 And spend your rich opinion, for the name
 Of a night-brawler? give me answer to it.

Mon. Worthy *Othello*, I am hurt to danger;
 Your officer, *Iago*, can inform you,
 While I spare speech, which something now offends me,
 Of all that I do know; nor know I aught
 By me that's said or done amiss this night,
 Unless self-charity be sometimes a vice,
 And to defend our selves it be a sin,
 When violence assails us.

Oth. Now, by heav'n,
 My blood begins my safer guides to rule;
 And passion, having my best judgment choler'd,
 Assays to lead the way. If I once stir,
 Or do but lift this arm, the best of you
 Shall sink in my rebuke. Give me to know
 How this foul rout began; who set it on;
 And he, that is approv'd in this offence,
 Tho' he had twin'd with me both at a birth,
 Shall lose me.—What, in a town of war,
 Yet wild, the people's hearts brim-full of fear,
 To manage private and domestick quarrel?
 In night, and on the Court of Guard and Safety; (19)
 'Tis

(19) *In night, and on the Court and Guard of Safety?*] This is spoken by *Othello*; but *Guard of Safety*, tho' coupled with a word of synonomous construction, was never Soldier's language. I have ventur'd to make the conjunction, and sign of the

'Tis monstrous. Say, *Iago*, who began't?

Mon. If partially affin'd, or leagu'd in office,
Thou dost deliver more or less than truth,
Thou art no soldier.

Iago. Touch me not so near:
I'd rather have this tongue cut from my mouth,
Than it should do offence to *Michael Cassio*:
Yet I perswade my self, to speak the truth
Shall nothing wrong him. Thus 'tis, General:
Montano and my self being in speech,
There comes a fellow crying out for help,
And *Cassio* following with determin'd sword,
To execute upon him. Sir, this gentleman
Steps in to *Cassio*, and intreats his pause;
My self the crying fellow did pursue,
Left by his clamour (as it so fell out)
The town might fall in fright. He, swift of foot,
Out-ran my purpose: I return'd, the rather
For that I heard the clink and fall of swords,
And *Cassio* high in oath; which 'till to night
I ne'er might say before. When I came back,
(For this was brief) I found them close together
At blow and thrust; even as again they were,
When you your self did part them.
More of this matter cannot I report.
But men are men; the best sometimes forget;
Tho' *Cassio* did some little wrong to him,
As men in rage strike those that wish them best,
Yet, surely, *Cassio*, I believe, receiv'd
From him, that fled, some strange indignity,
Which patience could not pass.

Oth. I know, *Iago*,
Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter,
Making it light to *Cassio*. *Cassio*, I love thee,
But never more be officer of mine.——

the *Genitive Case* change Places: and so the Phrase in Use is
restor'd, tho' against the Authority of the printed Copies.

Enter Desdemona attended.

Look if my gentle love be not rais'd up :
I'll make thee an example.

Des. What's the matter ?

Oth. All is well, Sweeting, come to bed.

Sir, for your hurts, my self will be your surgeon.
Lead him off:

Iago, look with care about the town,
And silence those whom this vile brawl distracted.

Come, *Desdemona,* 'tis the soldiers' life,
'To have their balmy slumbers wak'd with strife.

[*Exeunt.*

Manent Iago and Cassio.

Iago. What, are you hurt, lieutenant ?

Cas. Past all Surgery.

Iago. Marry, heav'n forbid !

Cas. Reputation, reputation, reputation ! oh I have
lost my reputation ! I have lost the immortal part of
my self, and what remains is bestial. My reputation !

Iago, my reputation ———

Iago. As I am an honest man, I had thought, you
had receiv'd some bodily wound ; there is more sense in
That than in Reputation. Reputation is an idle, and most
false imposition ; oft got without merit, and lost with-
out deserving. You have lost no reputation at all, un-
less you repute your self such a loser. What, man,—
there are ways to recover the General again. You are
but now cast in his mood, a punishment more in po-
licy than in malice ; even so as one would beat his of-
fenceless dog, to affright an imperious lion. Sue to him
again, and he's yours.

Cas. I will rather sue to be despis'd, than to deceive
so good a commander, with so slight, so drunken, and
so indiscreet an officer. Drunk, and speak ? Parrot,
and squabble ? swagger ? swear ? and discourse fustian
with one's own shadow ? oh thou invincible spirit of
wine ! if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call
thee devil.

Iago.

Iago. What was he that you follow'd with your sword? what had he done to you?

Caf. I know not.

Iago. Is't possible?

Caf. I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly: a quarrel, but nothing wherefore. Oh, that men should put an enemy in their mouths, to steal away their brains! that we should with joy, pleasance, revel, and applause, transform our selves into beasts.

Iago. Why, but you are now well enough: how came you thus recover'd?

Caf. It has pleas'd the devil, drunkenness, to give place to the devil, wrath; one unperfectness shews me another, to make me frankly despise my self.

Iago. Come, you are too severe a moraler. As the time, the place, and the condition of this country stands, I could heartily wish this had not befallen: but since it is as it is, mend it for your own good.

Caf. I will ask him for my Place again; he shall tell me, I am a drunkard!——had I as many mouths as *Hydra*, such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast!——Every inordinate cup is unblest'd, and the ingredient is a devil.

Iago. Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well us'd: exclaim no more against it. And, good lieutenant, I think, you think, I love you.

Caf. I have well approv'd it, Sir. I drunk!

Iago. You, or any man living, may be drunk at some time, man. I tell you what you shall do: our general's wife is now the General. I may say so, in this respect, for that he hath devoted and given up himself to the contemplation, mark and denotement of her parts and graces (20). Confess your self freely to her: importune her

(20) For that he hath devoted, and given up himself to the Contemplation, Mark, and Devotement of her Parts and Graces.] I remember, it is said of *Antony*, in the Beginning of his Tragedy, that He, who used to fix his Eyes altogether on the dreadful Ranges of War,

her help, to put you in your Place again. She is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, she holds it a vice in her goodness not to do more than she is requested. This broken joint, between you and her husband, intreat her to splinter. And, my fortunes against any lay worth naming, this crack of your love shall grow stronger than it was before.

Cas. You advise me well.

Iago. I protest, in the sincerity of love, and honest kindness.

Cas. I think it freely; and betimes in the morning I will beseech the virtuous *Desdemona* to undertake for me: I am desperate of my fortunes, if they check me here.

Iago. You are in the right: good night, lieutenant, I must to the Watch.

Cas. Good night, honest *Iago*. [*Exit* Cassio.]

Manet Iago.

Iago. And what's he then, that says, I play the villain?

When this advice is free I give, and honest,
Likely to thinking, and, indeed, the course
To win the Moor again. For 'tis most easie
'Th' inclining *Desdemona* to subdue
In any honest suit; she's fram'd as fruitful
As the free elements. And then for her
To win the Moor, wer't to renounce his baptism,
All seals and symbols of redeemed sin,
His soul is so enfetted to her love
That she may make, unmake, do what she list,

*—now bends, now turns,
The Office and Devotion of their View
Upon a Strumpet's Front.*

This is finely express'd; but I cannot persuade my self that our Poet would ever have said, any one devoted himself to the *Devotement* of any thing. All the Copies agree; but the mistake certainly arose from a single Letter being turn'd upside-down at Press.

Even

Even as her appetite shall play the God
 With his weak function. Am I then a villain,
 To counsel *Cassio* to this parallel course,
 Directly to his Good? Divinity of Hell!
 When Devils will their blackest sins put on,
 They do suggest at first with heav'nly Shews,
 As I do now. — For while this honest fool
 Plies *Desdemona* to repair his fortune,
 And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor;
 I'll pour this pestilence into his ear,
 That she repeals him for her body's lust:
 And by how much she strives to do him good,
 She shall undo her credit with the Moor.
 So will I turn her virtue into Pitch;
 And out of her own goodness make the net,
 That shall enmesh them all. How now, *Rodorigo*!

Enter Rodorigo.

Rod. I do follow here in the chace, not like a hound
 that hunts, but one that fills up the cry. My mony is
 almost spent; I have been to night exceedingly well
 cudgelled; and, I think, the issue will be, I shall have
 so much experience for my pains; and so with no mo-
 ny at all, and a little more wit, return again to *Venice*.

Iago. How poor are they, that have not patience?
 What wound did ever heal but by degrees;
 Thou know'st, we work by wit, and not by witchcraft;
 And wit depends on dilatory time:
 Does't not go well? *Cassio* hath beaten thee,
 And thou by that small hurt hast cashier'd *Cassio*.
 Tho' other things grow fair against the Sun,
 Yet fruits, that blossom first, will first be ripe:
 Content thy self a while. In troth, 'tis morning:
 Pleasure and action make the hours seem short.
 Retire thee; go where thou art billeted:
 Away, I say; thou shalt know more hereafter:
 Nay, get thee gone. *Exit Rodorigo.*
 Two things are to be done; (21

My

(21) *Two things are to be done;*

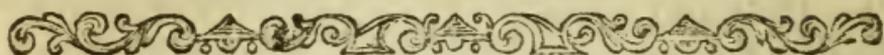
My Wife must move for Cassio to her Mistress,

17b

My Wife must move for *Cassio* to her mistress :
I'll set her on : ———

My self, the while, to draw the Moor apart,
And bring him jump, when he may *Cassio* find
Solliciting his Wife, ——— ay, that's the way :
Dull not, Device, by coldness and delay.

[*Exit.*]



A C T III.

S C E N E, *before Othello's Palace.*

Enter Cassio, with Musicians.

C A S S I O.

M A S T E R S, play here, I will content your
pains,
Something that's brief; and bid, good morrow,
General.

[*Musick plays; and enter Clown from the House.*

Clown. Why, masters, have your instruments been in
Naples, that they speak i'th' nose thus ?

Mus. How, Sir, how ?

Clown. Are these, I pray you, wind-instruments ?

Mus. Ay, marry are they, Sir.

Clown. Oh, thereby hangs a tail.

[*I'll set her on to draw the Moor apart.*] Mr. Pope has falsified the Text, because it wanted a little Help: so that, in the first place, we don't see what were the two things to be done: and, then, it was *Iago*, not his Wife, that was to draw the *Moor* apart. The old Books read;

—————*Two things are to be done;*

My Wife must move for Cassio to her Mistress,

I'll set her on my self, a while, to draw the Moor apart.

This unreasonable long *Alexandrine* was certainly a Blunder of the Editors: a slight Transposition and Change will regulate it, as the Poet intended.

Mus.

Mus. Whereby hangs a tale, Sir?

Clown. Marry, Sir, by many a wind-instrument that I know. But, Masters, here's mony for you: and the General so likes your musick, that he desires you for love's sake to make no more noise with it.

Mus. Well, Sir, we will not.

Clown. If you have any musick that may not be heard, to't again: But, as they say, to hear musick, the General does not greatly care.

Mus. We have none such, Sir.

Clown. Then put up your pipes in your bag, for I'll away. Go, vanish into air, away. [*Exeunt Mus.*]

Cas. Dost thou hear, mine honest friend?

Clown. No, I hear not your honest friend; I hear you.

Cas. Pr'ythee, keep up thy quillets, there's a poor piece of gold for thee: if the gentlewoman, that attends the General's wife, be stirring, tell her, there's one *Cassio* entreats of her a little favour of speech. Wilt thou do this?

Clown. She is stirring, Sir; if she will stir hither, I shall seem to notifie unto her. [*Exit Clown.*]

Cas. Do, my good friend,

To him, enter Iago.

In happy time, *Iago.*

Iago. You have not been a-bed then?

Cas. Why, no; the day had broke, before we parted. I have made bold to send in to your wife; My suit is, that she will to *Desdemona* Procure me some access.

Iago. I'll send her presently; And I'll devise a mean to draw the Moor Out of the way, that your converse and business May be more free. [*Exit.*]

Cas. I humbly thank you for't. I never knew A *Florentine* more kind and honest.

To him, enter Æmilia.

Æmil. Good morrow, good lieutenant, I am sorry For your displeasure; but all will, sure, be well.

The

The General and his wife are talking of it :
 And she speaks for you stoutly. The Moor replies,
 That he, you hurt, is of great fame in *Cyprus*,
 And great affinity ; and that in wisdom
 He might not but refuse you. But he protests, he loves
 you ;

And needs no other suitor, but his likings,
 To bring you in again.

Cas. Yet I beseech you,
 If you think fit, or that it may be done,
 Give me advantage of some brief discourse
 With *Desdemona* alone.

Æmil. Pray you, come in ;
 I will bestow you where you shall have time
 To speak your bosom freely.

Cas. I'm much bound to you. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Othello, Iago, and Gentlemen.

Oth. These letters give, *Iago*, to the pilot,
 And by him do my duties to the Senate ;
 That done, I will be walking on the Works ;
 Repair there to me.

Iago. My good lord, I'll do't.

Oth. This fortification, gentlemen, shall we see't ?

Gent. We'll wait upon your lordship. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E *changes to an Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter Desdemona, Cassio, and Æmilia.

Des. **B**E thou assur'd, good *Cassio*, I will do
 All my abilities in thy behalf.

Æmil. Good Madam, do: I know, it grieves my
 husband

As if the cause were his.

Des. Oh, that's an honest fellow ; doubt not, *Cassio*,
 But I will have my lord and you again
 As friendly as you were.

Cas. Most bounteous Madam,
 Whatever shall become of *Michael Cassio*,

He's

He's never any thing but your true servant.

Def. I know't, I thank you; you do love my lord,
You've known him long; and, be you well assur'd,
He shall in strangeness stand no farther off
Than in a politick distance.

Caf. Ay, but, lady,
That policy may either last so long,
Or feed upon such nice and waterish diet,
Or breed it self so out of circumstances,
That I being absent, and my place supply'd,
My General will forget my love and service.

Def. Do not doubt that; before *Æmilia* here,
I give thee warrant of thy Place. Assure thee,
If I do vow a friendship, I'll perform it
To the last article. My lord shall never rest;
I'll watch him tame, and talk him out of patience;
His bed shall seem a school, his board a shrift;
I'll intermingle every thing he does
With *Cassio's* suit: therefore be merry, *Cassio*;
For thy solicitor shall rather die,
Than give thy cause away.

Enter Othello, and Iago, at distance.

Æmil. Madam, here comes my lord.

Caf. Madam, I'll take my leave.

Def. Why, stay, and hear me speak.

Caf. Madam, not now; I'm very ill at ease,
Unfit for mine own purposes.

Def. Well, do your discretion. [Exit Cassio.]

Iago. Hah! I like not that. —————

Oth. What dost thou say?

Iago. Nothing, my lord; or if——I know not what.

Oth. Was not that *Cassio*, parted from my wife?

Iago. *Cassio*, my lord?—no, sure, I cannot think it,
That he would steal away so guilty-like,
Seeing you coming.

Oth. I believe, 'twas he.

Def. How now, my lord?

I have been talking with a suitor here,
A man that languishes in your displeasure.

Oth.

Oth. Who is't you mean ?

Des. Why, your lieutenant *Cassio*. Good my lord,
If I have any grace, or power to move you,
His present reconciliation take.
For if he be not one that truly loves you,
That errs in ignorance, and not in cunning,
I have no judgment in an honest face.
I pr'ythee, call him back.

Oth. Went he hence now ?

Des. I, sooth, so humbled,
That he hath left part of his grief with me,
To suffer with him. Good love, call him back.

Oth. Not now, sweet *Desdemona*; some other time.

Des. But shall't be shortly ?

Oth. The sooner, Sweet, for you.

Des. Shall't be to night at supper ?

Oth. Not to night.

Des. To morrow dinner then ?

Oth. I shall not dine at home :
I meet the Captains at the citadel.

Des. Why then to morrow night, or *Tuesday* morn,
Or *Tuesday* noon, or night, or *Wednesday* morn,
I pr'ythee, name the time ; but let it not
Exceed three days ; in faith, he's penitent :
And yet his trespass, in our common reason,
(Save that, they say, the wars must make examples
Out of their best,) is not almost a fault
T' incur a private check. When shall he come ?
Tell me, *Othello*. I wonder in my soul,
What you would ask me, that I would deny,
Or stand so mutt'ring on ? what ? *Michael Cassio* ! ——
That came a wooing with you, and many a time,
When I have spoke of you dispraisingly,
Hath ta'en your part, to have so much to do
To bring him in ? trust me, I could do much ——

Oth. Pr'ythee, no more ; let him come when he will,
I will deny thee nothing.

Des. Why, this is not a boon :
'Tis as I should entreat you wear your gloves,
Or feed on nourishing meats, or keep you warm ;

Or sue to you, to do peculiar profit
To your own person. Nay, when I have suit,
Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,
It shall be full of poize and difficulty,
And fearful to be granted.

Oth. I will deny thee nothing.
Whereon I do beseech thee, grant me this,
To leave me but a little to my self.

Des. Shall I deny you? no: farewell, my lord.

Oth. Farewel, my *Desdemona*, I'll come strait.

Des. Emilia, come; be, as your fancies teach you:
Whate'er you be, I am obedient. [Exeunt.]

Manent Othello, and Iago.

Oth. Excellent Wench! ——— Perdition catch my
foul, (22)

But I do love thee; and when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again.

Iago. My noble lord, ———

Oth. What dost thou say, *Iago*?

Iago. Did *Michael Cassio*, when you woo'd my lady,
Know of your love?

Oth. He did, from first to last: why dost thou ask?

Iago. But for a satisfaction of my thought,
No farther harm.

Oth. Why of thy thought, *Iago*?

Iago. I did not think, he'd been acquainted with it.

(22) *Excellent Wretch! Perdition catch my Soul,*

But I do love thee; &c.] Tho' all the printed Copies concur in this Reading, I think, it is very reasonably to be suspected. *Othello* is exclaiming here with Admiration and rapturous Fondness: but *Wretch* can scarce be admitted to be used, unless in Compassion or Contempt. I make no question, but the Poet wrote;

Excellent Wench! — Perdition catch my Soul, &c.

It is to be observ'd, that, in SHAKESPEARE'S time, *Wench*, *Lass*, and *Girl* were not used in that low and vulgar Acceptation as they are at this time of day; but very frequently with Dignity.

Oth,

Oth. Oh, yes, and went between us very oft.

Iago. Indeed!

Oth. Indeed! ay, indeed. Discern'st thou aught in that?

Is he not honest?

Iago. Honest, my lord?

Oth. Honest? ay, honest.

Iago. My lord, for aught I know.

Oth. What dost thou think?

Iago. Think, my lord! —

Oth. Think, my lord! why, by heav'n, thou echo'st me;

As if there were some monster in thy thought,
Too hideous to be shewn. Thou dost mean something:
I heard thee say but now, *thou lik'st not that*, —
When *Cassio* left my Wife. What did'st not like?
And when I told thee, he was of my counsel,
In my whole course of wooing; thou cry'dst, *indeed?*
And didst contract and purse thy brow together,
As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain
Some horrible conceit: if thou dost love me,
Shew me thy thought.

Iago. My lord, you know, I love you.

Oth. I think, thou dost:

And for I know, thou art full of love and honesty,
And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them breath,
Therefore these stops of thine fright me the more:
For such things, in a false disloyal knave,
Are tricks of custom; but, in a man that's just,
They're cold dilations working from the heart,
That passion cannot rule.

Iago. For *Michael Cassio*,

I dare be sworn, I think, that he is honest.

Oth. I think so too.

Iago. Men should be what they seem.

Or, those that be not, 'would they might seem none!

Oth. Certain, men should be what they seem.

Iago. Why, then, I think, *Cassio's* an honest man.

Oth. Nay, yet there's more in this;

I pray thee, speak to me as to thy thinkings,

As thou dost ruminatè ; and give thy worst of thoughts
The worst of words.

Iago. Good my lord, pardon me.

Tho' I am bound to every act of duty,
I am not bound to that, all slaves are free to ;
Utter my thoughts !—Why, say, they're vile and false ;
As where's that Palace, whereinto foul things
Sometimes intrude not ? who has a breast so pure,
But some uncleanly apprehensions
Keep leets and law-days, and in sessions sit
With meditations lawful ?

Oth. Thou dost conspire against thy friend, *Iago*,
If thou but think'st him wrong'd, and mak'st his ear
A stranger to thy thoughts.

Iago. I do beseech you,
Though I, perchance, am vicious in my guesses,——
(As, I confess, it is my nature's plague
To spie into abuse ; and oft my jealousy
Shapes faults that are not ;) I intreat you then,
From one that so imperfectly conceits,
Your wisdom would not build your self a trouble
Out of my scattering and unsure observance :
It were not for your quiet, nor your good,
Nor for my manhood, honesty, and wisdom,
To let you know my thoughts.

Oth. What dost thou mean ?

Iago. Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls.
Who steals my purse, steals trash ; 'tis something, no-
thing ;
'Twas mine, 'tis his ; and has been slave to thousands ;
But he, that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of That, which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

Oth. I'll know thy thoughts ——

Iago. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand ;
Nor shall not, whilst 'tis in my custody.

Oth. Ha !

Iago. Oh, beware, my lord, of jealousy ;
It is a green-ey'd monster, which doth mock

The meat it feeds on. That cuckold lives in bliss,
 Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger ;
 But, oh, what damned minutes tells he o'er,
 Who doats, yet doubts ; suspects, yet strongly loves !

Oth. Oh misery !

Iago. Poor, and content, is rich, and rich enough ;
 But riches endless, is as poor as winter,
 To him that ever fears he shall be poor.
 Good heaven ! the souls of all my tribe defend
 From jealousy !

Oth. Why ? why is this ?

Think'st thou, I'd make a life of jealousy ?
 To follow still the changes of the moon
 With fresh suspicions ? No ; to be once in doubt,
 Is once to be resolv'd. Exchange me for a goat,
 When I shall turn the business of my soul
 To such exultation and blown surmises,
 Matching thy inference. 'Tis not to make me jealous,
 To say, my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,
 Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well ;
 Where virtue is, these are most virtuous.
 Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw
 The smallest fear, or doubt of her revolt ;
 For she had eyes, and chose me. No, *Iago*,
 I'll see, before I doubt ; when I doubt, prove ;
 And, on the proof, there is no more but this,
 Away at once with love, or jealousy.

Iago. I'm glad of this ; for now I shall have reason
 To shew the love and duty that I bear you
 With franker spirit. Therefore, as I'm bound,
 Receive it from me. I speak not yet of proof.
 Look to your wife, observe her well with *Cassio* ;
 Wear your eye, thus : not jealous, nor secure ;
 I would not have your free and noble nature
 Out of self-bounty be abus'd ; look to't.
 I know our country disposition well ;
 In *Venice* they do let heav'n see the pranks,
 They dare not shew their husbands ; their best conscience
 Is not to leav't undone, but keep't unknown.

Oth. Dost thou say so ?

Iago.

Iago. She did deceive her father, marrying you ;
And when she seem'd to shake, and fear your looks,
She lov'd them most.

Oth. And so she did.

Iago. Go to then ;

She, that, so young, could give out such a Seeming
To seal her father's eyes up, close as oak——
He thought, 'twas witchcraft—but I'm much to blame :
I humbly do beseech you of your pardon,
For too much loving you.

Oth. I'm bound to you for ever.

Iago. I see, this hath a little dash'd your spirits.

Oth. Not a jot, not a jot.

Iago. Trust me, I fear, it has :

I hope, you will consider, what is spoke
Comes from my love. But, I do see, you're mov'd——
I am to pray you, not to strain my speech
To grosser issues, nor to larger reach,
Than to suspicion.

Oth. I will not.

Iago. Should you do so, my lord,
My speech would fall into such vile Success,
Which my thoughts aim not at. *Cassio's* my worthy
friend.

My lord, I see, you're mov'd ——

Oth. No, not much mov'd ——

I do not think, but *Desdemona's* honest.

Iago. Long live she so! and long live you to think so!

Oth. And yet, how nature erring from it self ——

Iago. Ay, there's the point ; —— as (to be bold
with you)

Not to affect many propos'd matches
Of her own clime, complexion and degree,
Whereto we see in all things Nature tends :
Foh! one may smell, in such, a will most rank,
Foul disproportions, thoughts unnatural.
But, pardon me, I do not in position
Distinctly speak of her; tho' I may fear,
Her will, recoiling to her better judgment,
May fall to match you with her country forms,

And, haply, so repent.

Oth. Farewel, farewell ;

If more thou dost perceive, let me know more :
Set on thy wife t'observe. Leave me, *Iago*.

Iago. My lord, I take my leave.

[*Going.*

Oth. Why did I marry ? —————

This honest creature, doubtless,
Sees and knows more, much more, than he unfolds.

Iago. My lord, I would, I might entreat your Honour
To scan this thing no farther ; leave it to time :
Altho' 'tis fit that *Cassio* have his Place,
For, sure, he fills it up with great ability ;
Yet if you please to hold him off a while,
You shall by that perceive him, and his means ;
Note, if your lady strain his entertainment
With any strong, or vehement importunity ;
Much will be seen in That. In the mean time,
Let me be thought too busy in my fears,
(As worthy cause I have to fear, I am ;)
And hold her free, I do beseech your Honour.

Oth. Fear not my government.

Iago. I once more take my leave.

[*Exit.*

Manet Othello.

Oth. This fellow's of exceeding honesty,
And knows all qualities, with a learned spirit,
Of human dealings. If I prove her haggard,
Tho' that her jesses were my dear heart-strings,
I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind
To prey at fortune. Haply, for I'm black,
And have not those soft parts of conversation
That chamberers have ; or, for I am declin'd
Into the vale of years, yet that's not much—
She's gone, I am abus'd, and my relief
Must be to loath her. Oh the curse of marriage!
That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites ! I had rather be a toad,
And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,
Than keep a corner in the thing I love,
For others' use. Yet 'tis the plague of Great ones ;

Pre-

Prerogativ'd are they less than the base ;
 'Tis destiny unshunnable, like death.
 Even then, this forked plague is fated to us,
 When we do quicken. *Desdemona* comes !

Enter Desdemona and Æmilia.

If she be false, oh, then heav'n mocks it self :
 I'll not believe't.

Des. How now, my dear *Othello* ?
 Your dinner, and the generous Islanders,
 By you invited, do attend your presence.

Oth. I am to blame.

Des. Why do you speak so faintly ?
 Are you not well ?

Oth. I have a pain upon my forehead here.

Des. Why, that's with watching, 'twill away again ;
 Let me but bind it hard, within this hour
 It will be well.

Oth. Your napkin is too little ;

[She drops her handkerchief.]

Let it alone : come, I'll go in with you.

Des. I am very sorry, that you are not well. *[Exeunt:]*

Manet Æmilia.

Æmil. I am glad, I have found this napkin ;
 This was her first remembrance from the Moor ;
 My wayward husband hath a hundred times
 Woo'd me to steal it. But she so loves the token,
 (For he conjur'd her, she should ever keep it)
 That she reserves it evermore about her,
 To kiss and talk to. I'll have the work ta'en out,
 And give't *Iago* ; what he'll do with it,
 Heav'n knows, not I :
 I nothing, but to please his fantasie.

Enter Iago.

Iago. How now ? what do you here alone ?

Æmil. Do not you chide ; I have a thing for you.

Iago. You have a thing for me ?

It is a common thing —————

Æmil. Ha?

Iago. To have a foolish wife.

Æmil. Oh, is that all? what will you give me now
For that same handkerchief?

Iago. What handkerchief?

Æmil. What handkerchief? ———

Why, That the Moor first gave to *Desdemona*;
That which so often you did bid me steal.

Iago. Hast stolen it from her?

Æmil. No; but she let it drop by negligence;
And, to th' advantage, I, being here, took't up:
Look, here 'tis.

Iago. A good wench, give it me.

Æmil. What will you do with't, you have been so
earnest

To have me filch it?

Iago. Why, what is that to you? [*Snatching it.*]

Æmil. If't be not for some purpose of import,
Give't me again. Poor lady! she'll run mad,
When she shall lack it.

Iago. Be not you known on't:

I have use for it. Go, leave me—— [*Exit Æmil.*]

I will in *Cassio's* lodging lose this napkin,
And let him find it. Trifles light as air
Are, to the jealous, confirmations strong
As proofs of holy Writ. This may do something.
The Moor already changes with my poisons:
Dang'rous conceits are in their nature poisons,
Which at the first are scarce found to distaste;
But, with a little act upon the blood,
Burn like the mines of sulphur.—I did say so.

Enter Othello.

Look, where he comes! Not Poppy, nor Mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy Sirups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet Sleep,
Which thou hadst yesterday.

Oth. Ha! false to me!

Iago. Why, how now, General? no more of that.

Oth. Avant! be gone! thou'lt set me on the rack:

I swear,

I swear, 'tis better to be much abus'd,
Than but to know a little.

Iago. How, my lord?

Oth. What sense had I of her stol'n hours or lust?
I saw't not, thought it not, it harm'd not me;
I slept the next night well; was free, and merry;
I found not *Cassio's* kisses on her lips:
He, that is robb'd, not wanting what is stol'n,
Let him not know't, and he's not robb'd at all.

Iago. I am sorry to hear this.

Oth. I had been happy, if the general Camp,
(Pioneers and all,) had tasted her sweet body,
So I had nothing known. Oh now, for ever
Farewel the tranquil mind! Farewel content!
Farewel the plumed troops, and the big war,
That make ambition virtue! oh, farewel!
Farewel the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, th' ear-piercing sife,
The royal banner, and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!
And, oh, you mortal engines, whose rude throats
'Th' immortal *Jove's* dread clamours counterfeit,
Farewel! *Othello's* Occupation's gone!

Iago. Is't possible, my lord?

Oth. Villain, be sure, thou prove my love a whore;
Be sure of it: give me the ocular proof,

[*Catching hold on him.*

Or, by the worth of mine eternal soul,
Thou hadst been better have been born a dog,
Than answer my wak'd wrath.

Iago. Is't come to this?

Oth. Make me to see't; or, at the least, so prove it,
That the probation bear no hinge, nor loop,
To hang a doubt on: or, woe upon thy life!

Iago. My noble lord ———

Oth. If thou dost slander her, and torture me,
Never pray more; abandon all remorse;
On horrors head horrors accumulate;
Do deeds to make heav'n weep, all earth amaz'd;
For nothing canst thou to damnation add,

Greater than that.

Iago. Oh grace! oh heav'n defend me!
Are you a man? have you a soul? or sense?
God be w' you; take mine office. O wretched fool,
'That liv'ft to make thine honesty a vice!
Oh monstrous world! take note, take note, oh world,
To be direct and honest, is not safe.

I thank you for this profit, and from hence
I'll love no friend, sith love breeds such offence.

Oth. Nay, stay --- thou should'ft be honest——

Iago. I should be wise, for honesty's a fool,
And loses what it works for.

Oth. By the world,
I think, my wife is honest; and think, she is not;
I think, that thou art just; and think, thou art not;
I'll have some proof. Her name, that was as fresh
As *Dian's* visage, is now begrim'd and black
As my own face. If there be cords, or knives,
Poison, or fire, or suffocating streams,
I'll not endure't——'Would, I were satisfied!

Iago. I see, Sir, you are eaten up with passion;
I do repent me that I put it to you.
You would be satisfied?

Oth. Would? nay, and will.

Iago. And may; but how? how satisfied, my lord?
Would you be supervisor, grossly gape on?
Behold her tupp'd?

Oth. Death and damnation! oh!

Iago. It were a tedious difficulty, I think,
To bring 'em to that prospect: damn them then,
If ever mortal Eyes do see them bolster,
More than their own. What then? how then?
What shall I say? where's satisfaction?
It is impossible you should see this,
Were they as prime as goats, as hot as monkeys,
As salt as wolves in pride, and fools as gross
As ignorance made drunk. But yet, I say,
If imputation and strong circumstances,
Which lead directly to the door of truth,
'Will give you satisfaction, you might have't.

Oth.

Oth. Give me a living reason she's disloyal.

Iago. I do not like the office;

But since I'm entred in this cause so far,
Prick'd to't by foolish honesty and love,
I will go on. I lay with *Cassio* lately,
And, being troubled with a raging tooth,
I could not sleep. —————

There are a kind of men, so loose of soul,
That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs;
One of this kind is *Cassio*:

In sleep I heard him say, "Sweet *Desdemona*,
"Let us be wary, let us hide our loves!"

And then, Sir, would he gripe, and wring my hand;
Cry — "Oh sweet creature!" and then kifs me hard,
As if he pluckt up kiffes by the roots,
That grew upon my lips; then lay his leg
Over my thigh, and sigh and kifs, and then
Cry, "Curied fate! that gave thee to the Moor."

Oth. Oh monstrous! monstrous!

Iago. Nay, this was but his dream.

Oth. But this denoted a fore-gone conclusion;
'Tis a shrewd doubt, tho' it be but a dream.

Iago. And this may help to thicken other proofs,
That do demonstrate thinly.

Oth. I'll tear her all to pieces.

Iago. Nay, but be wise; yet we see nothing done;
She may be honest yet. — Tell me but this,
Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief,
Spotted with strawberries in your wife's hand?

Oth. I gave her such a one; 'twas my first gift.'

Iago. I know not that; but such a handkerchief,
(I'm sure, it was your wife's,) did I to day
See *Cassio* wipe his beard with.

Oth. If it be that —

Iago. If it be that, or any, if 'twas hers,
It speaks against her with the other proofs.

Oth. Oh, that the slave had forty thousand lives!
One is too poor, too weak for my Revenge.
Now do I see, 'tis true. — Look here, *Iago*,
All my fond love thus do I blow to heav'n:

'Tis gone; —

Arise, black vengeance, from the hollow hell!
Yield up, oh love, thy crown and hearted throne
To tyrannous hate! swell, bosom, with thy fraught,
For 'tis of aspicks' tongues.

Iago. Yet be content.

Oth. Oh blood, blood, blood ———

Iago. Patience, I say; your mind, perhaps, may
change.

Oth. Never, *Iago.* Like to the *Pontick* Sea,
Whose icy current and compulsive course,
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on
To the *Propontick*, and the *Hellepont*:
Even so my bloody thoughts with violent pace
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,
'Till that a capable and wide revenge
Swallow them up. — Now, by yond marble heav'n,
In the due rev'rence of a sacred vow [*He kneels.*
I here engage my words —

Iago. Do not rise yet:

[*Iago kneels.*

Witness, you ever-burning lights above!
You elements, that clip us round about!
Witness, that here *Iago* doth give up
The execution of his wit, hands, heart,
To wrong'd *Othello's* service. Let him command, (23)
Nor, to obey, shall be in me Remorse,
What bloody business ever.

Oth. I greet thy love,

(23) — Let him command,

And to obey shall be in me Remorse,

What bloody Business ever.] Thus all the old Copies,

to the manifest Depravation of the Poet's Sense. Mr. Pope
has attempted an Emendation, but with his old Luck and
Dexterity.

Not to obey shall be in me Remorse, &c.

I read, with the Change only of a single Letter;

Nor, to obey, shall be in me Remorse, &c.

i. e. Let your Commands be ever so bloody, Remorse and
Compassion shall not restrain me from obeying them.

Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,
 And will upon the instant put thee to't :
 Within these three days let me hear thee say,
 That *Cassio's* not alive.

Iago. My friend is dead ;

'Tis done at your request. But, let her live.

Oth. Damn her, lewd Minx ! oh, damn her, damn
 her !

Come, go with me apart ; I will withdraw
 To furnish me with some swift means of death
 For the fair Devil. Now art thou my Lieutenant. —

Iago. I am your own for ever. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E, *another Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter Desdemona, Æmilia, and Clown.

Des. **D**O you know, firrah, where Lieutenant *Cassio*
 lies ?

Clown. I dare not say, he lies any where.

Des. Why, man ?

Clown. He's a soldier ; and for me to say, a soldier
 lies, 'tis stabbing.

Des. Go to ; where lodges he ?

Clown. To tell you where he lodges, is to tell you
 where I lie.

Des. Can any thing be made of this ?

Clown. I know not where he lodges ; and for me to
 devise a lodging, and say, he lies here, or he lies there,
 were to lie in mine own throat.

Des. Can you enquire him out ? and be edified by
 report ?

Clown. I will catechize the world for him ; that is,
 make questions, and bid them answer. (24)

Des.

(24) *Clown.* I will catechize the World for him ;

That is, make Questions, and by them answer]

This *Clown* is a Fool to some purpose. He was to go *well*

Des. Seek him, bid him come hither; tell him, I have mov'd my lord on his behalf, and hope, all will be well.

Clown. To do this is within the compass of man's wit, and therefore I will attempt the doing of it.

[*Exit Clown.*]

Des. Where should I lose that handkerchief, *Æmilia*?

Æmil. I know not, Madam.

Des. Believe me, I had rather have lost my purse Full of Cruzadoes. And but my noble Moor Is true of mind, and made of no such baseness As jealous creatures are, it were enough To put him to ill thinking.

Æmil. Is he not jealous?

Des. Who, he? I think, the Sun, where he was born, Drew all such humours from him.

Æmil. Look, where he comes.

Des. I will not leave him now, till *Cassio* be Call'd to him. How is it with you, my lord?

Enter Othello.

Oth. Well, my good lady. Oh, hardness to dissemble!

How do you, *Desdemona*?

Des. Well, my Lord.

Oth. Give me your hand; this hand is moist, my Lady.

Des. It yet hath felt no age, nor known no sorrow.

Oth. This argues fruitfulness, and liberal heart: Hot, hot, and moist—this hand of yours requires A sequester from liberty; fasting and prayer, Much castigation, exercise devout; For here's a young and sweating devil here, That commonly rebels: 'tis a good hand, A frank one.

for One; he says, he will ask for him, and by his own Questions make Answer. Without doubt, we should read;

—— and bid them answer.

i. e. the World; those, whom he questions. *Mr. Warburton.*

Des.

Des. You may, indeed, say so;

For 'twas that hand, that gave away my heart.

Oth. A liberal hand. The hearts, of old, gave hands;
But our new heraldry is hands, not hearts.

Des. I cannot speak of this; come, now your promise.

Oth. What promise, chuck?

Des. I've sent to bid *Cassio* come speak with you.

Oth. I have a salt and forry Rheum offends me;
Lend me thy handkerchief.

Des. Here, my Lord.

Oth. That, which I gave you.

Des. I have it not about me.

Oth. Not? ———

Des. No, indeed, my Lord.

Oth. That's a fault. That handkerchief

Did an *Ægyptian* to my mother give;

She was a Charmer, and could almost read

The thoughts of people. She told her, while she kept it,

'Twould make her amiable, subdue my father

Intirely to her love; but if she lost it,

Or made a gift of it, my father's eye

Should hold her loathed, and his spirits hunt

After new fancies. She, dying, gave it me;

And bid me, when my fate would have me wiv'd,

To give it her. I did so; and take heed on't; ———

Make it a darling, like your precious eye;

To lose't, or give't away, were such perdition,

As nothing else could match.

Des. Is't possible?

Oth. 'Tis true; there's magick in the web of it;

A *Sybill*, that had numbred in the world

The Sun to course two hundred compasses,

In her prophetick fury sow'd the Work:

'The worms were hallowed, that did breed the silk;

And it was dy'd in Mummey, which the skilful

Conserv'd of Maidens' hearts.

Des. Indeed! is't true?

Oth. Most veritable, therefore look to't well.

Des. Then would to heav'n, that I had never seen't!

Oth. Ha? wherefore?

Des.

Des. Why do you speak so startlingly, and rash?

Oth. Is't lost? is't gone? speak, is it out o'th' way?

Des. Bless us! —

Oth. Say you?

Des. It is not lost; but what, an if it were?

Oth. Ha!

Des. I say, it is not lost.

Oth. Fetch't, let me see't.

Des. Why, so I can, Sir; but I will not now:

This is a trick to put me from my suit,

Pray you, let *Cassio* be receiv'd again.

Oth. Fetch me the handkerchief — my mind mis-gives —

Des. Come, you'll ne'er meet a more sufficient man.

Oth. The handkerchief —

Des. A man, that, all his time,

Hath founded his good fortunes on your love;

Shar'd dangers with you.

Oth. The handkerchief —

Des. Insooth, you are to blame.

Oth. Away! —

[*Exit Othello.*]

Manent Desdemona and Æmilia.

Æmil. Is not this man jealous?

Des. I ne'er saw this before.

Sure, there's some wonder in this handkerchief:

I'm most unhappy in the loss of it.

Æmil. 'Tis not a year, or two, shews us a man:

They are all but stomachs, and we all but food;

They eat us hungerly, and, when they're full,

They belch us. Look you! *Cassio*, and my husband.

Enter Iago and Cassio.

Iago. There is no other way, 'tis she must do't;

And lo, the happiness! go and importune her.

Des. How now, good *Cassio*, what's the news with you?

Cas. Madam, my former suit. I do beseech you,
That by your virtuous means I may again
Exist, and be a member of his love;

Whom

Whom I, with all the office of my heart,
Intirely honour. I would not be delay'd ;
If my offence be of such mortal kind,
That not my service past, nor present sorrows,
Nor purpos'd merit in futurity,
Can ransom me into his love again ;
But to know so, must be my benefit.
So shall I cloath me in a forc'd content,
And shut myself up in some other course,
To fortune's alms.

Des. Alas! thrice-gentle *Cassio*,
My advocacy is not now in tune ;
My lord is not my lord ; nor should I know him,
Were he in favour, as in humour, alter'd.
So help me every spirit sanctified,
As I have spoken for you all my best ;
And stood within the blank of his displeasure,
For my free speech ! You must a-while be patient ;
What I can do, I will : and more I will
Than for myself I dare. Let That suffice you.

Iago. Is my lord angry ?

Æmil. He went hence but now ;
And, certainly, in strange unquietness.

Iago. Can he be angry ? I have seen the Cannon,
When it hath blown his ranks into the air,
And, like the Devil, from his very arm
Puff his own brother ; and can he be angry ?
Something of moment then ; I will go meet him ;
There's matter in't indeed, if he be angry. [Exit.

Manent Desdemona, *Æmilia*, and *Cassio*.

Des. I pr'ythee, do so.—Something, sure, of State,
Either from *Venice*, or some unhatch'd practice,
Made here demonstrable in *Cyprus* to him,
Hath puddled his clear spirit ; and, in such cases,
Mens' natures wrangle with inferior things,
'Tho' great ones are their object. 'Tis ev'n so.
For let our finger ake, and it enduës
Our other healthful members with a sense
Of pain. Nay, we must think, Men are not Gods ;
Ner

Nor of them look for such observance always,
As fits the bridal. Beshrew me much, *Æmilia*,
I was (unhandsome warrior, as I am,)
Arraigning his unkindness with my soul;
But now I find, I had suborn'd the witness,
And he's indited falsely.

Æmil. Pray heav'n, it be
State-matter, as you think; and no conception,
Nor jealous toy concerning you.

Des. Alas-the-day, I never gave him cause.

Æmil. But jealous souls will not be answer'd so;
They are not ever jealous for a cause;
But jealous, for they're jealous. It's a monster
Begot upon it self, born on it self.

Des. Heav'n keep that monster from *Othello's* mind!

Æmil. Lady, amen.

Des. I will go seek him. *Cassio*, walk hereabout;
If I do find him fit, I'll move your suit,
And seek t' effect it to my uttermost.

Cas. I humbly thank your Ladyship.

[*Ex. Desdem. and Æmil. at one door; Cassio, at the other.*]

SCENE *changes to the Street before the Palace.*

Re-enter Cassio, meeting Bianca.

Bian. 'S A V E you, friend *Cassio*.

Cas. What makes you from home?
How is it with you, my most fair *Bianca*?

Indeed, sweet Love, I was coming to your house.

Bian. And I was going to your lodging, *Cassio*.
What? keep a week away? seven days and nights?
Eightscore eight hours? and lovers' absent hours,
More tedious than the dial, eightscore times?
Oh weary reck'ning!

Cas. Pardon me, *Bianca*:
I have this while with leaden thoughts been prest;
But I shall in a more convenient time

Strike

Strike off this score of absence. Sweet *Bianca*,
 [Giving her Desdemona's Handkerchief.]
 Take me this work out.

Bian. Oh *Cassio*, whence came this?
 This is some token from a newer friend:
 Of thy felt absence now I feel a cause:
 Is't come to this? well, well.

Cas. Go to, woman:
 Throw your vile guesses in the Devil's teeth,
 From whence you have them. You are jealous now,
 That this is from some mistress, some remembrance?
 No, in good troth, *Bianca*.

Bian. Why, whose is it?

Cas. I know not neither; I found it in my chamber;
 I like the work well; ere it be demanded,
 As like enough it will, I'd have it copied:
 Take it, and do't, and leave me for this time.

Bian. Leave you? wherefore?

Cas. I do attend here on the General,
 And think it no addition, nor my wish,
 To have him see me woman'd.

Bian. Why, I pray you?

Cas. Not that I love you not.

Bian. But that you do not love me;
 I pray you, bring me on the way a little;
 And say, if I shall see you soon at night?

Cas. 'Tis but a little way that I can bring you,
 For I attend here. But I'll see you soon.

Bian. 'Tis very good; I must be circumstanc'd. [Exe.]





A C T IV.

S C E N E, *a Court before the Palace.**Enter Othello, and Iago.*

I A G O.

W I L L you think so?

Oth. Think so, *Iago*?*Iago.* What, to kiiss in private?*Oth.* An unauthoriz'd kiiss?*Iago.* Or to be naked with her friend in bed,
An hour or more, not meaning any harm?*Oth.* Naked in bed, *Iago*, and not mean harm?
It is hypocrisy against the Devil:They that mean virtuously, and yet do so,
The Devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt heav'n.*Iago.* If they do nothing, 'tis a venial slip:
But if I give my wife a handkerchief——*Oth.* What then?*Iago.* Why then, 'tis hers, my lord; and, being
hers,

She may, I think, bestow't on any man.

Oth. She is protectress of her honour too;
May she give That?*Iago.* Her honour is an essence that's not seen,
They have it very oft, that have it not:
But for the handkerchief——*Oth.* By heav'n, I would most gladly have forgot it:
Thou said'st,——oh, it comes o'er my memory,
As doth the Raven o'er th' infected house,
Boading to ill, —— he had my handkerchief.*Iago.* Ay, what of that?*Oth.* That's not so good now.*Iago.* What if I said, I'ad seen him do you wrong?

Or

Or heard him say, (as knaves be such abroad, (25)
 Who having by their own importunate suit,
 Or voluntary dotage of some mistress,
 Convinc'd or suppled them, they cannot chuse
 But they must blab.)

Oth. Hath he said any thing?

Iago. He hath, my lord; but be you well assur'd,
 No more than he'll unswear.

Oth. What hath he said?

Iago. Why, that he did—I know not what he did—

Oth. What? what?

Iago. Lye ———

Oth. With her?

Iago. With her; on her ——— what you will ———

Oth. Lie with her! lie on her! lie with her! that's
 fulsom: handkerchief — confessions — handkerchief —
 handkerchief — to confess, and be hang'd for his labour—
 First, to be hang'd, and then ——— to confess! — I trem-
 ble at it ——— Nature would not invest herself in such
 shadowing without some instruction. It is not words,
 that shake me thus ——— pish ——— noses, ears, and lips —
 is't possible! ——— confess! ——— handkerchief! ——— oh
 devil ———

[Falls in a trance.

Iago. Work on,
 My medicine, work! thus credulous fools are caught;
 And many worthy and chaste Dames even thus,

(25) ——— as *Knaves be such abroad,*

Who having by their own importunate Suit,

Or voluntary Dotage of some Mistress,

Convinced or supplied them, cannot chuse

But they must blab.] I cannot understand the vulgar

Reading, which possesses the Copies. My Emendation makes
 the Sense of the Passage easy and intelligible: that there are
 some such long-tongu'd Knaves in the World, who, if they
 thro' the Force of Importunity extort a Favour from their Mis-
 tress, or if thro' her own Fondness they make her pliant to their
 Desires, cannot help boasting of their Success. To convince,
 here, is not, as in the common Acceptation, to make sensible
 of the Truth of any thing by Reasons and Arguments; but to
 overcome, get the better of, &c.

All guiltless, meet reproach. What ho! my lord!
My lord, I say, *Othello*,—

Enter Cassio.

How now, *Cassio*?

Cas. What's the matter?

Iago. My lord is fell into an Epilepsy,
This is the second Fit; he had one yesterday.

Cas. Rub him about the temples.

Iago. No, forbear,

The lethargy must have his quiet course;
If not, he foams at mouth, and by and by
Breaks out to savage madness: look, he stirs.
Do you withdraw your self a little while,
He will recover straight; when he is gone,
I would on great occasion speak with you. [*Exit Cassio.*
How is it, General? have you not hurt your head?

Oth. Dost thou mock me?

Iago. I mock you not, by heav'n;
Would you would bear your fortunes like a man.

Oth. A horned man's a monster, and a beast.

Iago. There's many a beast, then, in a populous city,
And many a civil monster.

Oth. Did he confess it?

Iago. Good Sir, be a man:

Think, every bearded fellow, that's but yoak'd,
May draw with you. Millions are now alive,
That nightly lie in those unproper beds,
Which they dare swear peculiar. Your case is better.
Oh, 'tis the spight of hell, the fiend's arch-mock,
To lip a Wanton in a secure couch;
And to suppose her chaste. No, let me know,
And knowing what I am, I know what she shall be.

Oth. Oh, thou art wise; 'tis certain.

Iago. Stand you a while apart,
Confine your self but in a patient list.
Whilst you were here, o'er-whelmed with your grief,
(A passion most unsuited such a man,)
Cassio came hither. I shifted him away,
And laid good 'scuses on your ecstasy;

Bad him anon return, and here speak with me;
 The which he promis'd. Do but encave your self,
 And mark the fleers, the gibes, and notable scorns,
 That dwell in every region of his face.
 For I will make him tell the tale anew;
 Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when,
 He hath, and is again to cope your wife.
 I say, but mark his gesture. Marry, patience;
 Or I shall say, you are all in all in spleen,
 And nothing of a man.

Oth. Dost thou hear, *Iago*?

I will be found most cunning in my patience;
 But, dost thou hear, most bloody?

Iago. That's not amiss;

But yet keep time in all. Will you withdraw?

[*Othello withdraws.*]

Now will I question *Cassio* of *Bianca*,
 A huswife, that, by selling her desires,
 Buys her self bread and cloth. It is a creature,
 That dotes on *Cassio*; as 'tis the strumpet's plague
 To beguile many, and be beguil'd by one;
 He, when he hears of her, cannot refrain
 From the excess of laughter.——Here he comes——

Enter Cassio.

As he shall smile, *Othello* shall go mad;
 And his unbookish jealousy must construe
 Poor *Cassio*'s smiles, gestures, and light behaviour,
 Quite in the wrong. How do you now, Lieutenant?

Cas. The worse, that you give me the addition,
 Whose want even kills me.

Iago. Ply *Desdemona* well, and you are sure on't:
 Now, if this sute lay in *Bianca*'s power,

[*speaking lower.*]

How quickly should you speed?

Cas. Alas, poor caitiff!

Oth. Look, how he laughs already.

[*aside.*]

Iago. I never knew a woman love man so.

Cas. Alas, poor rogue, I think, indeed, she loves me.

Oth. Now he denies it faintly, and laughs out.

[*aside.*]
Iago.

Iago. Do you hear, *Cassio*?

Oth. Now he importunes him

To tell it o'er: go to, well said, well said. [*aside.*]

Iago. She gives it out, that you shall marry her.
Do you intend it?

Cas. Ha, ha, ha!

Oth. Do you triumph, *Roman*? do you triumph?

[*aside.*]

Cas. I marry her!—What? a customer? pr'ythee, bear some charity to my wit, do not think it so unwholesome. Ha, ha, ha!

Oth. So, so: they laugh, that win. [*aside.*]

Iago. Why, the Cry goes, that you shall marry her.

Cas. Pr'ythee, say true.

Iago. I am a very villain else.

Oth. Have you scor'd me? well. [*aside.*]

Cas. This is the monkey's own giving out: she is perswaded, I will marry her, out of her own love and flattery, not out of my promise.

Oth. *Iago* beckons me: now he begins the story.

[*aside.*]

Cas. She was here even now: she haunts me in every place. I was the other day talking on the Sea-bank with certain *Venetians*, and thither comes the bauble, and falls me thus about my neck——

Oth. Crying, "Oh dear *Cassio*, as it were:" his gesture imports it. [*aside.*]

Cas. So hangs, and lolls, and weeps upon me, so shakes, and pulls me. Ha, ha, ha!——

Oth. Now he tells, how she pluckt him to my chamber: oh, I see that nose of yours, but not that dog I shall throw it to. [*aside.*]

Cas. Well, I must leave her company.

Iago. Before me! look, where she comes.

Enter Bianca.

Cas. 'Tis such another fitchew! marry, a perfum'd one: ——

What do you mean by this haunting of me?

Bian. Let the Devil and his Dam haunt you! what did

did you mean by that same handkerchief, you gave me even now? I was a fine fool to take it: I must take out the work? A likely piece of work, that you should find it in your chamber, and know not who left it there. This is some minxe's token, and I must take out the work? there — give it your hobby-horse: where-soever you had it, I'll take out no work on't.

Caf. How now, my sweet *Bianca*? how now? how now?

Oth. By heaven, that should be my handkerchief.

[*aside.*

Bian. If you'll come to supper to night, you may; if you will not, come when you are next prepar'd for.

[*Exit.*

Iago. After her, after her. —

Caf. I must, she'll rail in the streets else.

Iago. Will you sup there?

Caf. Yes, I intend so.

Iago. Well, I may chance to see you; for I would very fain speak with you.

Caf. Pr'ythee, come, will you?

Iago. Go to, say no more. [Exit *Cassio.*

Manent *Othello*, and *Iago*.

Oth. How shall I murder him, *Iago*?

Iago. Did you perceive, how he laugh'd at his vice?

Oth. Oh, *Iago*! —

Iago. And did you see the handkerchief?

Oth. Was that mine?

Iago. Yours, by this hand: and to see how he prizes the foolish woman your wife — She gave it him, and he hath given it his whore.

Oth. I would have him nine years a killing:

A fine woman! a fair woman! a sweet woman!

Iago. Nay, you must forget That.

Oth. Ay, let her rot and perish, and be damn'd to night; for she shall not live. No, my heart is turn'd to stone: I strike it, and it hurts my hand. Oh, the world hath not a sweeter creature — She might lie by an Emperor's side and command him tasks.

Iago.

Iago. Nay, that's not your way.

Oth. Hang her, I do but say what she is — so delicate with her needle. — An admirable musician. — Oh, she will sing the savageness out of a bear: of so high and plenteous wit and invention!

Iago. She's the worse for all this.

Oth. Oh, a thousand, a thousand times:
And then of so gentle condition! —

Iago. Ay, too gentle.

Oth. Nay, that's certain.

But yet the pity of it, *Iago* — Oh, *Iago*, the pity of it, *Iago* —

Iago. If you are so fond over her iniquity, give her patent to offend; for if it touch not you, it comes near no body.

Oth. I will chop her into messes: cuckold me!

Iago. Oh, 'tis foul in her.

Oth. With mine officer!

Iago. That's fouler.

Oth. Get me some poison, *Iago*, this night; I'll not expostulate with her, lest her body and her beauty unprovide my mind again; this night, *Iago*.

Iago. Do it not with poison, strangle her in her bed, Even in the bed she hath contaminated.

Oth. Good, good:

The justice of it pleases; very good.

Iago. And for *Cassio*, let me be his undertaker:
You shall hear more by midnight. [*A Trumpet within.*]

Oth. Excellent good: — What Trumpet is that same?

Iago. Something from *Venice*, sure. 'Tis *Lodovico*
Come from the Duke: and, see, your wife is with him.

Enter Lodovico, Desdemona, and Attendants, from the Palace.

Lod. Save you, worthy General.

Oth. With all my heart, Sir.

Lod. The Duke and the Senators of *Venice* greet you.
[*Gives him a letter.*]

Oth. I kiss the Instrument of their pleasures.

Des. And what's the news, good Cousin *Lodovico*?

Iago.

Iago. I am very glad to see you, signior.

Welcome to *Cyprus*.

Lod. I thank you; how does lieutenant *Cassio*?

Iago. Lives, Sir.

Des. Cousin, there's fall'n between him and my lord
An unkind breach: but you shall make all well.

Oth. Are you sure of that? [aside.

Des. My lord? —

Oth. This fail you not to do, as you will— [Reads.

Lod. He did not call; he's busy in the paper.

Is there division 'twixt my lord and *Cassio*?

Des. A most unhappy one; I would do much

T' atone them, for the love I bear to *Cassio*.

Oth. Fire and brimstone!

Des. My lord!

Oth. Are you wise?

Des. What, is he angry?

Lod. 'May be, the letter mov'd him.

For, as I think, they do command him home,
Deputing *Cassio* in his Government.

Des. Trust me, I am glad on't.

Oth. Indeed! [aside.

Des. My lord!

Oth. I am glad to see you mad.

Des. Why, sweet *Othello*?

Oth. Devil! — [Striking her:

Des. I have not deserv'd this.

Lod. My lord, this would not be believ'd in *Venice*,

Though I should swear, I saw't. 'Tis very much;

Make her amends, she weeps.

Oth. Oh devil, devil!

If that the earth could teem with woman's tears,

Each drop, she falls, would prove a crocodile:

Out of my sight—

Des. I will not stay t' offend you. [Going.

Lod. Truly, an obedient lady:

I do beseech your lordship, call her back.

Oth. Mistress, —

Des. My lord.

Oth. What would you with her, Sir?

Lod.

Lod. Who, I, my lord?

Oth. Ay; you did wish, that I would make her turn:
Sir, she can turn and turn, and yet go on;
And turn again. And she can weep. Sir, weep;
And she's obedient: as you say, obedient;
Very obedient—proceed you in your tears——
Concerning this, Sir,—oh well-painted passion!——
I am commanded home——get you away,
I'll send for you anon,——Sir, I obey the mandate,
And will return to *Venice*.——Hence, avant!——

[*Exit Desd.*

Cassio shall have' my Place. And, Sir, to night
I do entreat that we may sup together.
You are welcome, Sir, to *Cyprus*——
Goats and Monkies!

[*Exit.*

Manent Lodovico, and Iago.

Lod. Is this the noble Moor, whom our full Senate
Call all-in-all sufficient? this the Nature,
Which passion could not shake? whose solid virtue (26)
The

(26) ————— whose solid Virtue

The Shot of Accident nor Dart of Chance

Could neither graze nor pierce.] But 'tis no Commenda-

tion to the most solid Virtue to be free from the Attacks of
Fortune: but that it is so impenetrable as to suffer no Im-
pression. Now, to *graze*, signifies, only to touch the *Superficies*
of any thing. That is the Attack of Fortune: And by That
Virtue is try'd, but not discredited. We ought certainly there-
fore to read,

Can neither raze nor pierce.

i. e. neither lightly touch upon, nor pierce into. The igno-
rant Transcribers being acquainted with the Phrase of a *Bullet*
grazing, and *Shot* being mention'd in the Line before, they
corrupted the true Word. Besides, we do not say, *graze* a
Thing; but *graze on it*.

Mr. Warburton.

I have ventur'd to attack another Part of this Sentence,
which my ingenious Friend slip'd over. I cannot see, for my
Heart, the Difference betwixt the Shot of *Accident* and Dart
of *Chance*. The Words, and Things, they imply, are purely
Syno-

The shot of accident, nor dart of change,
Could neither raze, nor pierce?

Iago. He is much chang'd.

Lod. Are his wits safe? is he not light of brain?

Iago. He's what he is; I may not breathe my censure.

What he might be, if what he might he is not,
I would to heaven, he were!

Lod. What, strike his wife!

Iago. 'Faith, that was not so well; yet 'would I knew,

That stroke would prove the worst.

Lod. Is it his use?

Or did the letters work upon his blood,
And new-create this fault?

Iago. Alas, alas!

It is not honesty in me to speak

What I have seen and known. You shall observe him,

And his own courses will denote him so,

That I may save my speech. Do but go after,

And mark how he continues.

Lod. I'm sorry, that I am deceiv'd in him. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E *changes to an Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter Othello and Æmilia.

Oth. YOU have seen nothing then?

Æmil. Nor ever heard, nor ever did suspect.

Oth. Yes, you have seen *Cassio* and her together.

Æmil. But then I saw no harm; and then I heard

Synonymous; but that the Poet intended two different Things, seems plain from the *discretive* Adverb. Chance may afflict a Man in some Circumstances; but other Distresses are to be accounted for from a different Cause. I am persuaded, our Author wrote;

The Shot of Accident, nor Dart of Change, &c.

And, in a number of other Places, our Poet industriously puts these two Words in opposition to each other.

Each syllable, that breath made up between them.

Oth. What? did they never whisper?

Æmil. Never, my lord.

Oth. Nor fend you out o' th' way?

Æmil. Never.

Oth. To fetch her fan, her gloves, her mask, nor nothing?

Æmil. Never, my lord.

Oth. That's strange!

Æmil. I durst, my lord, to wager she is honest,
Lay down my soul at stake: if you think other,
Remove your thought, it doth abuse your bosom.
If any wretch hath put this in your head,
Let heav'n requite it with the serpent's curse!
For if she be not honest, chaste and true,
There's no man happy; the purest of their wives
Is foul as slander.

Oth. Bid her come hither, go. [*Exit Æmilia.*
She says enough; yet she's a simple bawd,
That cannot say as much. This is a subtle whore,
A closet lock and key of villanous secrets;
And yet she'll kneel, and pray: I've seen her do't.

[*Enter Desdemona and Æmilia.*

Des. My lord, what is your will?

Oth. Pray you, chuck, come hither.

Des. What is your pleasure?

Oth. Let me see your eyes; look in my face.

Des. What horrible fancy's this?

Oth. Some of your function, mistress;
Leave procreants alone, and shut the door,
Cough, or cry, hem, if any body come.

Your mystery, your mystery; — nay, dispatch.

[*Exit Æmilia.*

Des. Upon my knee, what doth your speech import?

I understand a fury in your words,
But not your words.

Oth. Why? what art thou?

Des. Your wife, my lord; your true and loyal wife.

Oth.

Oth. Come, swear it; damn thy self; lest, being like one

Of heav'n, the devils themselves should fear to seize thee.
Therefore be double-damn'd; swear, thou art honest.

Des. Heav'n doth truly know it.

Oth. Heav'n truly knows,
That thou art false as hell.

Des. To whom, my lord?

With whom? how am I false?

Oth. Ah, *Desdemona!* away, away, away——

Des. Alas, the heavy day! why do you weep?

Am I the motive of these tears, my lord?

If, haply, you my father do suspect

An instrument of this your calling back,

Lay not your blame on me; if you have lost him,

Why, I have lost him too.

Oth. Had it pleas'd heav'n

To try me with affliction, had he rain'd

All kind of sores and shames on my bare head,

Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips,

Giv'n to captivity me and my hopes;

I should have found in some place of my soul

A drop of patience. But, alas, to make me

A fixed figure for the hand of scorn

To point his slow and moving finger at——

Yet could I bear that too, well, very well.

But there, where I have garner'd up my heart,

Where either I must live, or bear no life,

The fountain from the which my current runs,

Or else dries up; to be discarded thence;

Or keep it as a cistern, for foul toads

To knot and gender in: Turn thy complexion there, (27)

Patience,

(27—————*Turn thy Complexion there,*

Patience, thou young and rose-lip'd Cherubin;

I here look grim as Hell.] The Poet makes an Apostrophe to *Patience* as a Goddess; and is suppos'd to make *Othello* bid her turn her Complexion and *Cherubin's* Looks, because he looks as grim as Hell upon the Occasion. But I am persuaded, the Text has been all along slightly corrupted, by mistaking *I* in

Patience, thou young and rose-lip'd cherubin;
Ay, there, look grim as hell.

Des. I hope, my noble lord esteems me honest.

Oth. Oh, ay, as summer flies are in the shambles,
That quicken ev'n with blowing. Oh thou weed!
Who art so lovely fair, and smell'ft so sweet,
'That the sense akes at thee——

'Would, thou had'ft ne'er been born!

Des. Alas, what ignorant sin have I committed?

Oth. Was this fair paper, this most goodly book,
Made to write whore upon? what, what committed?
Committed?——oh, thou publick commoner!
I should make very forges of my cheeks,
That would to cynders burn up modesty,
Did but I speak thy deeds. What, what committed?
Heav'n stops the nose at it, and the moon winks;
'The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets,
Is hush'd within the hollow mine of earth,
And will not hear't. What committed?——Impudent
Strumpet!

Des. By heav'n, you do me wrong.

Oth. Are not you a strumpet?

Des. No, as I am a christian.

If to preserve this Vessel for my lord
From any other, foul, unlawful, Touch,
Be not to be a strumpet, I am none.

Oth. What, not a whore?

Des. No, as I shall be saved.

Oth. Is't possible?

Des. Oh, heav'n forgive us!

Oth. I cry you mercy, then.

I took you for that cunning whore of *Venice*,
That married with *Othello*——

the last Verse for the *Pronoun* of the *first* Person: whereas, in our Author's days, it likewise stood for the *Adverb* of *affirming*. As I have reform'd the Text, a proper Contrast is restor'd; and Patience is urg'd not only to turn her Complexion, to drop the rosy Looks of a Cherub, but to put on the grim Aspect of a Fiend.

Enter

Enter Æmilia.

You, mistress,
That have the office opposite to St. *Peter*,
And keep the gate of hell; You! you! ay, you!
We have done our course, there's mony for your pains;
I pray you, turn the key, and keep our counsel. [*Exit.*

Æmil. Alas, what does this gentleman conceive?
How do you, madam? how do you, my good lady?

Des. Faith, half asleep.

Æmil. Good madam, what's the matter with my lord?

Des. With whom?

Æmil. Why, with my lord, madam?

Des. Who is thy lord?

Æmil. He that is yours, sweet lady.

Des. I have none; do not talk to me, *Æmilia*.

I cannot weep; nor answer have I none,
But what should go by water. Pray, to night
Lay on my bed my wedding sheets, remember;
And call thy husband hither.

Æmil. Here's a change indeed! [*Exit.*

Des. 'Tis meet I should be used so, very meet:
How have I been behav'd, that he might stick
The small'st opinion of my least misuse?

Enter Iago, and Æmilia.

Iago. What is your pleasure, Madam? how is't with
you?

Des. I cannot tell; those, that do teach your babes,
Do it with gentle means, and easie tasks;
He might have chid me so: for, in good faith,
I am a child to chiding.

Iago. What's the matter, lady?

Æmil. Alas, *Iago*, my lord hath so bewhor'd her,
Thrown such despight and heavy terms upon her,
That true hearts cannot bear it.

Des. Am I that name, *Iago*?

Iago. What name, fair lady?

Des. Such, as, she said, my lord did say I was.

Æmil. He call'd her whore; a beggar in his drink,

Could not have laid such terms upon his callet.

Iago. Why did he so?

Des. I do not know; I'm sure, I am none such.

Iago. Do not weep, do not weep; alas, the day!

Æmil. Hath she forsook so many noble matches?
Her father? and her country? and her friends?
To be call'd whore? would it not make one weep?

Des. It is my wretched fortune,

Iago. Beshrew him for't! how comes this trick upon
him?

Des. Nay, heav'n doth know.

Æmil. I will be hang'd, if some eternal villain,
Some busie and insinuating rogue,
Some cogging, cozening slave, to get some office,
Has not devis'd this slander: I'll be hang'd else.

Iago. Fie, there is no such man; it is impossible.

Des. If any such there be, heav'n pardon him!

Æmil. A halter pardon him, and hell gnaw his bones!
Why should he call her whore? who keeps her com-
pany?
What place? what time? what form? what likely-
hood?

The Moor's abus'd by some most villanous knave,
Some base notorious knave, some scurvy fellow.
Oh heav'n, that such companions thou'dst unfold,
And put in every honest hand a whip,
To lash the rascal naked through the world,
Ev'n from the east to th' west!

Iago. Speak within door.

Æmil. Oh, fie upon them! Some such 'squire he was,
That turn'd your wit the feamy side without;
And made you to suspect me with the Moor.

Iago. You are a fool; go to.

Des. Alas, *Iago*,

What shall I do to win my lord again?
Good friend, go to him; by this light of heav'n,
I know not how I lost him. Here I kneel; [*Kneeling.*
If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,
Or in discourse, or thought, or actual deed;
Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense,

Delighted

Delighted them on any other form;
 Or that I do not yet, and ever did,
 And ever will, though he do shake me off
 To beggarly divorcement, love him dearly,
 Comfort forswear me! Unkindness may do much;
 And his unkindness may defeat my life,
 But never taint my love. I can't say, *whore*;
 It does abhor me, now I speak the word;
 To do the act, that might th' addition earn,
 Not the world's mass of vanity could make me.

Iago. I pray you, be content; 'tis but his humour;
 The business of the State do's him offence,
 And he does chide with you.

Des. If 'twere no other, ———

Iago. It is but so, I warrant. [*Trumpets.*
 Hark, how these instruments summon to supper!
 The messenger of *Venice* stays the meat;
 Go in, and weep not; all things shall be well.

[*Exeunt Desdemona and Æmilia.*]

Enter Rodorigo, to Iago.

How now, *Rodorigo*?

Rod. I do not find, that thou deal'st justly with me.

Iago. What in the contrary?

Rod. Every day thou dost'st me with some device,
Iago; and rather, as it seems to me now, keep'it from
 me all conveniency, than suppliest me with the least ad-
 vantage of hope. I will, indeed, no longer endure it.
 Nor am I yet perswaded to put up in peace what already
 I have foolishly suffer'd.

Iago. Will you hear me, *Rodorigo*?

Rod. Faith, I have heard too much; and your words
 and performances are no kin together.

Iago. You charge me most unjustly.

Rod. With nought but truth: I have wasted my self
 out of my means. The jewels you have had from me,
 to deliver to *Desdemona*, would half have corrupted a
 Votarist. You have told me, she hath receiv'd them,
 and return'd me expectations and comforts of sudden re-
 spect and acquittance; but I find none.

Iago. Well, go to; very well.

Rod. Very well, go to; I cannot go to, man, nor 'tis not very well; nay, I think, it is scurvy, and begin to find my self fob'd in it.

Iago. Very well.

Rod. I tell you, 'tis not very well. I will make my self known to *Desdemona*: If she will return me my jewels, I will give over my suit, and repent my unlawful sollicitation: if not, assure yourself, I will seek satisfaction of you.

Iago. You have said now————

Rod. Ay, and said nothing, but what, I protest, intendment of doing.

Iago. Why, now, I see, there's mettle in thee; and even from this instant do I build on thee a better opinion than ever before. Give my thy hand, *Rodorigo*, thou hast taken against me a most just exception; but, I protest, I have dealt most directly in thy affair.

Rod. It hath not appear'd.

Iago. I grant, indeed, it hath not appear'd; and your suspicion is not without wit and judgment. But, *Rodorigo*, if thou hast That in thee indeed, which I have greater reason to believe now than ever, (I mean, purpose, courage, and valour) this night shew it. If thou the next night following enjoy not *Desdemona*, take me from this world with treachery, and devise engines for my life.

Rod. Well; what is it? is it within reason and compass?

Iago. Sir, there is especial Commission come from *Venice* to depute *Cassio* in *Othello's* Place.

Rod. Is that true? why, then *Othello* and *Desdemona* return again to *Venice*.

Iago. Oh, no; he goes into *Mauritania*, and taketh away with him the fair *Desdemona*, unless his abode be lingred here by some accident: Wherein none can be so determinate, as the removing of *Cassio*.

Rod. How do you mean removing him?

Iago. Why, by making him incapable of *Othello's* Place; knocking out his brains.

Rod. And that you would have me to do?

Iago.

Iago. Ay, if you dare do yourself a profit and a right. He sups to night with a harlot; and thither will I go to him. He knows not yet of his honourable fortune; if you will watch his going thence, (which I will fashion to fall out between twelve and one) you may take him at your pleasure. I will be near to second your attempt, and he shall fall between us. Come, stand not amaz'd at it, but go along with me; I will shew you such a necessity in his death, that you shall think yourself bound to put it on him. It is now high supper-time; and the night grows to waste. About it.

Rod. I will hear further reason for this.

Iago. And you shall be satisfied. [Exeunt.

Enter Othello, Lodovico, Desdemona, Emilia, and Attendants.

Lod. I do beseech you, Sir, trouble yourself no further.

Oth. Oh, pardon me; 'twill do me good to walk.

Lod. Madam, good night; I humbly thank your ladyship.

Des. Your Honour is most welcome.

Oth. Will you walk, Sir? oh *Desdemona!*—

Des. My lord.

Oth. Get you to bed on th' instant, I will be return'd forthwith; dismiss your attendant there; look, it be done. [Exit.

Des. I will, my Lord.

Æmil. How goes it now? he looks gentler than he did.

Des. He says, he will return incontinent; And hath commanded me to go to bed, And bid me to dismiss you.

Æmil. Dismiss me?

Des. It was his bidding; therefore, good *Æmilia*, Give me my nightly Wearing, and adieu. We must not now displease him.

Æmil. I would, you had never seen him!

Des. So would not I; my love doth so approve him, That even his stubbornness, his checks, and frowns, (Pr'ythee, unpin me) have grace and favour in them.

Æmil. I have laid those sheets, you bad me, on the bed.

Des. All's one: good father! how foolish are our minds?

If I do die before thee, pr'ythee, shroud me
In one of these same sheets.

Æmil. Come, come; you talk.

Des. My Mother had a maid call'd *Barbara*,
She was in love; and he, she lov'd, proved mad,
And did forsake her. She had a song of *willow*,
An o'd thing 'twas, but it express'd her fortune,
And she dy'd singing it. That song to night
Will not go from my mind; I've much ado,
But to go hang my head all at one side,
And sing it like poor *Barbara*. Pry'thee, dispatch.

Æmil. Shall I go fetch your night-gown?

Des. No, unpin me here;

This *Lodovico* is a proper man.

Æmil. A very handsom man.

Des. He speaks well.

Æmil. I know a lady in *Venice* would have walk'd
barefoot to *Palestine* for a touch of his nether lip.

Des. *The poor soul sat singing by a sycamore-tree,*
Sing all a green willow: [singing.

Her' hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,

Sing willow, willow, willow:

The fresh streams ran by her, and murmur'd her moans;

Sing willow, &c.

Her salt tears fell from her, and softned the stones;

Sing willow, &c.

Willow, willow, &c.

(Pr'ythee, hie thee, he'll come anon)

Sing all a green willow must be my garland.

Let no body blame him, his scorn I approve.

Nay that's not next — Hark, who is it that knocks?

Æmil. It's the wind.

Des. *I call'd my love false love; but what said he then?*

Sing willow, &c.

If I court more women, you'll couch with more men.

So, get thee gone, good night; mine eyes do itch,

Doth

Doth that boad weeping ?

Æmil. 'Tis neither here nor there.

Des. I have heard it said so ; oh these men, these men !
Doit thou in conscience think, tell me, *Æmilia*,
That there be women do abuse their husbands
In such gross kind ?

Æmil. There be some such, no question.

Des. Would'st thou do such a deed for all the world ?

Æmil. Why, would not you ?

Des. No, by this heav'nly light.

Æmil. Nor I neither, by this heav'nly light :
I might do't as well i'th' dark.

Des. Would'st thou do such a deed for all the world ?

Æmil. The world's a huge thing,
It is a great price, for a small vice.

Des. In troth, I think, thou would'st not.

Æmil. In troth, I think, I should ; and undo't, when
I had done. Marry, I would not do such a thing for a
joint-ring, nor for measures of lawn, nor for gowns,
petticoats, nor caps ; nor any petty exhibition. But for
all the whole world ; why, who would not make her
husband a cuckold, to make him a monarch ? I should
venture purgatory for't.

Des. Beshrew me, if I would do such a wrong
For the whole world.

Æmil. Why, the wrong is but a wrong i'th' world ;
and having the world for your labour, 'tis a wrong in
your own world, and you might quickly make it right.

Des. I do not think, there is any such woman.

Æmil. Yes, a dozen ; and as many to th' vantage, as
Would store the world they plaid for.

But, I do think, it is their husbands' faults,
If wives do fall : say, that they slack their duties,
And pour our treasures into foreign laps ;
Or else break out in peevish jealousies,
Throwing restraint on us ; or say, they strike us,
Or scant our former Having in despite ;
Why, we have galls, and though we have some grace,
Yet have we some revenge. Let husbands know,
Their wives have sense like them ; they see and smell,

And

And have their palates both for sweet and sower,
 As husbands have. What is it that they do,
 When they change us for others? is it sport?
 I think, it is; and doth affection breed it?
 I think, it doth: is't frailty, that thus errs?
 It is so too. And have not we affections?
 Desires for sport? and frailty, as men have?
 Then let them use us well; else let them know,
 The ills we do, their ills instruct us to.

Des. Good night, good night; heaven me such uses
 send,

Not to pick bad from bad; but by bad, mend! [*Exeunt.*]



A C T V.

SCENE, *a Street before the Palace.*

Enter Iago and Rodorigo.

I A G O.

HERE, stand behind this bulk. Straight will he
 come:

Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home;
 Quick, quick, fear nothing; I'll be at thy elbow.
 It makes us, or it marrs us: think on That,
 And fix most firm thy resolution.

Rod. Be near at hand, I may miscarry in't.

Iago. Here, at thy hand; be bold and take thy sword.

Rod. I have no great devotion to the deed,
 Yet he hath giv'n me satisfying reasons:
 'Tis but a man gone. Forth, my sword; he dies.

[*Stands apart.*]

Iago. I've rubb'd this young Knot almost to the
 sense, (28)

And

(28) *I've rubb'd this young Gnat almost to the Sense,
 And he grows angry.] The rubbing a Gnat so Sense, is, I
 believe*

And he grows angry. Now, whether he kill *Cassio*,
Or *Cassio* him, or each do kill the other,
Every way makes my gain. Live *Rodorigo*,
He calls me to a restitution large
Of gold and jewels, that I bob'd from him,
As gifts to *Desdemona*.

It must not be. — If *Cassio* do remain,
He hath a daily beauty in his life,
That makes me ugly; and, besides, the Moor
May unfold me to him; there stand I in peril;
No, he must die. Be it so; I hear him coming.

Enter Cassio.

Rod. I know his gate; 'tis he: villain, thou dyest.

[*He runs at Cassio, and wounds him.*]

Cas. That Thrust had been mine enemy indeed,
But that my coat is better than thou know'st:
I will make proof of thine.

[*Fight. Iago cuts Cassio behind in the Leg, and exit.*]

[*Then Rodorigo and Cassio fall.*]

Rod. Oh, I am slain.

Cas. I'm maim'd for ever; help, ho! murder, murder!

Enter Othello above at a Window.

Oth. The voice of *Cassio*, — *Iago* keeps his word.

Rod. Oh, villain that I am!

believe, an Experiment that never was communicated even to the *Royal Society*. The least Friction, on the contrary, would not only rub him out of all Sense, but out of Life into the Bargain. The old *Quarto's* have it, *Quat*: a Word, which, I confess, I am absolutely a Stranger to. I have ventur'd to conjecture,

I've rubb'd this young Knot, &c.

The *Knat*, or *Knot*, is a small Bird, plentiful with us, in *Lincolnshire* and *Lancashire*; which took its Name, as *Camden* says, from its being a delicious Morsel with King *Canute*, who was likewise called *Knout*. This Bird, being once taken, as *Gesner* tells us, is above all others tame and tractable. In this respect it sorts with *Rodorigo's* Character, an easy, manageable, Cully.

Oth.

Oth. It is even so.

Caf. Oh, help, ho! light! a surgeon!—

Oth. 'Tis he! oh brave *Iago*, honest and just,
That hast such noble sense of thy friend's wrong;
Thou teachest me—Minion, your Dear lies dead;
And your fate hyes apace.—Strumpet, I come:
From off my heart, those charms, thine eyes, are blotted:
Thy bed, lust-stain'd, shall with lust's blood be spotted.
[*Exit Othello.*]

Enter Lodovico and Gratiano, at a distance.

Caf. What, ho! no watch? no passage? murder,
murder!

Gra. 'Tis some mischance; the voice is very direful.

Caf. Oh help!

Lod. Hark!

Rod. Oh wretched villain!

Lod. Two or three groans. It is a heavy night;
These may be counterfeits: let's think't unsafe
To come into the cry, without more help.

Rod. No body come? then shall I bleed to death.

Enter Iago, in his shirt, with a Light and Sword.

Lod. Hark——

Gra. Here's one comes in his shirt with light and
weapons.

Iago. Who's there? whose noise is this, that cries out
murder?

Lod. We do not know.

Iago. Do not you hear a cry?

Caf. Here, here: for heav'n's sake, help me.

Iago. What's the matter?

Gra. This is *Othello's* Ancient, as I take it.

Lod. The same, indeed, a very valiant fellow.

Iago. What are you here, that cry so grievously?

Caf. *Iago*? oh I'm spoil'd, undone by villains!
Give me some help.

Iago. Oh me, lieutenant! what villains have done this?

Caf. I think, that one of them is hercabout;
And cannot make away.

Iago.

Iago. Oh treacherous villains!

What are you there? come in, and give some help.

[*To Lod. and Gra.*

Rod. Oh, help me there.

Caf. That's one of them.

Iago. Oh murth'rous flaye! oh villain!

[*Iago stabs him.*

Rod. Oh damn'd *Iago!* oh inhuman dog!

Iago. Kill men i'th' dark? where be these bloody thieves?

How silent is this town? ho, murther! murther!

What may you be? are you of good or evil?

Lod. As you shall prove us, praise us.

Iago. Signior *Lodovico?* —

Lod. He, Sir.

Iago. I cry you mercy! here's *Cassio*, hurt by villains.

Gra. *Cassio?*

Iago. How is't, brother?

Caf. My leg is cut in two.

Iago. Marry, heav'n forbid!

Light, gentlemen, I'll bind it with my shirt.

Enter Bianca.

Bian. What is the matter, hoa, who is't that cry'd?

Iago. Who is't that cry'd?

Bian. Oh my dear *Cassio*,

My sweet *Cassio*, oh *Cassio*, *Cassio*, *Cassio*.

Iago. O notable strumpet! *Cassio*, may you suspect
Who they should be, that have thus mangled you?

Caf. No.

Gra. I'm sorry to find you thus:

I have been to seek you.

Iago. Lend me a garter. So——Oh for a chair
To bear him easily hence.

Bian. Alas, he faints. Oh *Cassio*, *Cassio*, *Cassio!*

Iago. Gentlemen all, I do suspect this Trash
To be a party in this Injury.

Patience a while, good *Cassio*; come, come:

Lend me a Light: know we this face, or no?

Alas,

Alas, my friend, and my dear countryman
Rodorigo? no: Yes, sure: yea, 'tis *Rodorigo*.

Gra. What, of *Venice*?

Iago. Even he, Sir: did you know him?

Gra. Know him? ah!

Iago. Signior *Gratiano*? I cry your gentle pardon:
 These bloody accidents must excuse my manners,
 That so neglected you.

Gra. I am glad to see you.

Iago. How do you, *Cassio*? oh, a chair, a chair.

Gra. *Rodorigo*?

Iago. He, he, 'tis he: oh, that's well said, the chair.
 Some good man bear him carefully from hence;
 I'll fetch the General's surgeon. For you, mistress,
 Save you your labour. He that lies slain here, *Cassio*,
 Was my dear friend. What malice was between you?

Cas. None in the world; nor do I know the man.

Iago. What, look you pale? ——— oh, bear him out
 o'th' air.

Stay you, good gentlemen. Look you pale, mistress?
 Do you perceive the gashtness of her eye? [To Bianca.
 Nay, if you stare, we shall hear more anon.
 Behold her well; I pray you, look upon her;
 Do you see, gentlemen? nay, guiltiness
 Will speak, though tongues were out of use.

Enter Æmilia.

Æmil. Alas, what is the matter?

What is the matter, husband?

Iago. *Cassio* hath there been set on in the dark
 By *Rodorigo*, and fellows that are 'scap'd:
 He's almost slain, and *Rodorigo* dead.

Æmil. Alas, good gentleman! alas, good *Cassio*!

Iago. This is the fruit of whoring ——— Pray,
Æmilia,

Go know of *Cassio* where he supt to night.

What, do you shake at that?

Bian. He supt at my house, but I therefore shake
 not.

Iago. Oh, did he so? I charge you go with me.

Æmil.

Æmil. Oh fie upon thee, strumpet!

Bian. I am no strumpet, but of life as honest
As you that thus abuse me.

Æmil. As I? fie upon thee!

Iago. Kind gentlemen, let's see poor *Cassio* dress.
Come, mistress, you must tell's another tale.

Æmilia, run you to the citadel,
And tell my lord and lady what hath hap'd:
Will you go on afore? — This is the night,
That either makes me, or foredoes me quite.

[*Exeunt, Iago following.*]

SCENE, a Bed-chamber: *Desdemona* is discovered
asleep in her bed.

Enter Othello, with a Light and a Sword.

Oth. IT is the cause, it is the cause, my soul; —
Let me not name it to you, you chaste Stars!
It is the cause. — Yet I'll not shed her Blood,
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,
And smooth as monumental alabaſter:

[*Lays down the sword.*]

Yet she must die; else she'll betray more men.
Put out the light, and, then, put out the light; (29)

If

(29) Put out the light, and then put out the light.] The Players have many times inconsiderately committed an Absurdity here, in making *Othello* put out the Candle; which, 'tis evident, never was the Poet's Intention. *Desdemona* is discover'd in her Bed, in the dark; and *Othello* enters the Chamber with a single Taper. If there were any other Lights burning in the Room, where would be the Drift of putting out his? If there were no others, and that he puts his out, how absurd is it for *Desdemona* in the Dark to talk of his Eyes rowling, and his gnawing his nether Lip? — This, I conceive, to have been the Poet's Meaning. *Othello*, struck in part with Remorse at the Murder he's going to do, thinks it best to do it in the Dark; this compunction of Nature, in the hurry and perturbation of Thought, and those Remains of Tenderneſs ſtill combating in his

If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
 I can again thy former light restore,
 Should I repent: but once put out *thy* light,
 Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,
 I know not where is that *Promethean* heat,
 That can thy light re-lumine.— [*Sets down the taper.*
 When I have pluck'd thy rose,
 I cannot give it vital growth again;
 It needs must wither.— I'll smell thee on the tree;
[*Kissing her.*

Oh balmy breath, that dost almost persuade
 Justice to break her sword!— One more; one more;
 Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
 And love thee after.—one more, that's the last;
 So sweet, was ne'er so fatal! I must weep,
 But they are cruel tears: this Sorrow's heav'nly;
 It strikes, where it doth love.— She wakes—

Des. Who's there? *Othello*?

Oth. Ay, *Desdemona*.

Des. Will you come to bed, my Lord?

Oth. Have you pray'd to night, *Desdemona*?

Des. Ay, my Lord.

Oth. If you bethink yourself of any crime

Unreconcil'd as yet to heav'n, and grace,
 Sollicit for it straight.

Des. Alack, my Lord,

What may you mean by That?

Oth. Well, do it, and be brief; I will walk by.

I would not kill thy unprepared spirit,

No, (heav'ns forefend!) I would not kill thy soul.

Des. Talk you of killing?

his Bosom, strikes him into an instant Reflexion, that if he puts out the Light, he can rekindle it; but if he once puts out the Light of *her Life*, that will be extinguish'd for ever. While he is busied in this Contemplation, he throws his Eyes towards her; and then, sooth'd with her beauteous Appearance, sets down the Light, to go and kiss her. Upon this, *Desdemona* wakes; and they continue in Discourse together till he stifles her.

Oth.

Oth. Ay, I do.

Des. Then heav'n have mercy on me!

Oth. Amen, with all my heart.

Des. If you say so, I hope, you will not kill me.

Oth. Hum.

Des. And yet I fear you: for you're fatal then,
When your eyes rowl so. Why I should fear, I know
not,

Since guilt I know not: yet, I feel, I fear.

Oth. Think on thy sins.

Des. They're Loves I bear to you.

Oth. Ay, and for That thou dy'st.

Des. That death's unnatural, that kills for loving.

Alas, why gnaw you so your nether lip?

Some bloody passion shakes your very frame;

These are portents: but yet I hope, I hope,

They do not point on me.

Oth. Peace, and be still.

Des. I will so: what's the matter?

Oth. That handkerchief

Which I so lov'd, and gave thee, thou gav'st *Cassio*.

Des. No, by my life and soul: send for the man,
And ask him.

Oth. Sweet Soul, take heed, take heed of perjury;
Thou art on thy death-bed.

Des. Ay, but not yet to die.

Oth. Presently;

Therefore confess thee freely of thy sin:

For to deny each article with oath,

Cannot remove, nor choak, the strong conception

That I do groan withal. Thou art to die.

Des. Oh, heav'n have mercy on me!

Oth. I say, amen.

Des. And have you mercy too! — I never did
Offend you in my life; never lov'd *Cassio*,
But with such general warrant of heav'n,
As I might love. I never gave him token.

Oth. By heav'n, I saw my handkerchief in's hand.
Oh perjur'd woman! thou dost stone my heart;
And mak'it me call, what I intend to do,

A murder, which I thought a sacrifice.
I saw the handkerchief.

Des. He found it then ;

I never gave it him ; send for him hither,
Let him confess a truth.

Oth. He hath confess'd.

Des. What, my lord ?

Oth. That he hath — us'd thee —

Des. How ? unlawfully ?

Oth. Ay.

Des. He will not say so.

Oth. No, his mouth is stopp'd ;

Honest *Iago* hath ta'en order for't.

Des. My fear interprets then — What, is he dead ?

Oth. Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge
Had stomach for them all.

Des. Alas, he is betray'd, and I undone.

Oth. Out, strumpet ! weep't thou for him to my
face ?

Des. Oh banish me, my Lord, but kill me not.

Oth. Down, strumpet.

Des. Kill me to morrow, let me live to night.

Oth. Nay, if you strive —

Des. But half an hour.

Oth. Being done, there is no pause.

Des. But while I say one prayer.

Oth. It is too late.

[*He smothers her.*]

Æmilia, at the door.

Æmil. My lord, my lord ! what ho ! my lord, my
lord !

Oth. What noise is this ? not dead ? not yet quite
dead ?

I, that am cruel, am yet merciful ;

I would not have thee linger in thy pain.

So, so.

Æmil. within.] What ho ! my Lord, my Lord !

Oth. Who's there ?

Æmil. Oh, my good Lord, I would speak a word
with you.

Oth.

Oth. Yes, 'tis *Æmilia*—by and by—she's dead.
 'Tis like, she comes to speak of *Cassio's* death;
 The noise was high.—Ha, no more moving?
 Still as the Grave. Shall she come in? were't good?
 I think, she stirs again—No——what's the best?
 If she come in, she'll, sure, speak to my wife;
 My wife! my wife! what wife? I have no wife.
 Oh insupportable! oh heavy hour!
 Methinks, it should be now a huge eclipse
 Of Sun, and Moon, and that th' affrighted globe
 Should yawn at alteration——

Æmil. I beseech you,
 That I may speak with you. Oh, good my lord!——

Oth. I had forgot thee; oh, come in, *Æmilia*.
 Soft, by and by, let me the curtains draw.
 Where art thou? what's the matter with thee now?
 [Unlocks the door.]

Enter Æmilia.

Æmil. Oh, my good lord, yonder's foul murder
 done.

Oth. What? now?

Æmil. But now, my Lord.

Oth. It is the very error of the Moon;
 She comes more near the Earth than she was wont,
 And makes men mad.

Æmil. *Cassio*, my Lord, hath kill'd
 A young *Venetian*, call'd *Rodorigo*.

Oth. *Rodorigo* kill'd? and *Cassio* kill'd?

Æmil. No, *Cassio* is not kill'd.

Oth. Not *Cassio* kill'd? then murder's out of tune,
 And sweet revenge grows harsh.

Des. Oh, falsely, falsely murder'd!——

Æmil. Alas! what cry is that?

Oth. That? what?

Æmil. Out, and alas! that was my lady's voice.
 Help! help, ho! help! oh lady, speak again;
 Sweet *Desdemona*! oh sweet mistress, speak.

Des. A guiltless death I die.

Æmil. Oh, who hath done this deed?

Des.

- Des.* No body, I myself, farewell;
Commend me to my kind Lord; oh, farewell. [*Dies.*]
- Oth.* Why, how should she be murder'd?
- Æmil.* Alas! who knows?
- Oth.* You heard her say, herself, it was not I.
- Æmil.* She said so, I must needs report the truth.
- Oth.* She's like a liar gone to burning hell;
'Twas I, that kill'd her.
- Æmil.* Oh, the more Angel she, and you the blacker Devil.
- Oth.* She turn'd to folly, and she was a whore.
- Æmil.* Thou dost bely her, and thou art a Devil.
- Oth.* She was false as water.
- Æmil.* Thou art rash as fire, to say
That she was false. Oh, she was heav'nly true.
- Oth.* *Cassio* did tup her; ask thy husband else.
Oh, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell,
But that I did proceed upon just grounds
'To this extremity. Thy husband knew it all.
- Æmil.* My husband!
- Oth.* Thy husband.
- Æmil.* That she was false to wedlock?
- Oth.* Ay, with *Cassio*: had she been true,
If heav'n would make me such another World,
Of one entire and perfect Chrysolite,
I'd not have sold her for it.
- Æmil.* My husband!
- Oth.* Ay, 'twas he that told me first;
An honest man he is, and hates the slime
That sticks on filthy deeds.
- Æmil.* My husband!
- Oth.* What needs this iteration, woman?
I say, thy husband.
- Æmil.* Oh mistress! villany has made mocks with
love.
My husband say, she was false!
- Oth.* He, woman;
- I say, thy husband; do'st understand the word?
My friend, thy husband, honest, honest *Iago*.
- Æmil.* If he says so, may his pernicious soul

Not half a grain a day! he lyes to th' heart.
 He was too fond of her most filthy bargain.

Oth. Hah! ———

Æmil. Do thy worst:

[His deed of thine is no more worthy heav'n,
 Than thou wast worthy her.

Oth. Peace, you were best.

Æmil. Thou hast not half that power to do me
 harm,

As I have to be hurt: oh gull! oh dolt!

As ignorant as dirt! thou'st done a deed ———

I care not for thy sword, I'll make thee known,

Though I lost twenty lives ——— Help! help, ho!
 help!

The Moor hath kill'd my mistress. Murther, murther!

Enter Montano, Gratiano, Iago, and others.

Mon. What is the matter? how now, General?

Æmil. Oh, are you come, *Iago*? you have done
 well,

That men must lay their murders on your neck.

Gra. What is the matter?

Æmil. Disprove this villain, if thou be'st a man;

He says, thou toldst him that his wife was false:

I know, thou didst not; thou'rt not such a villain.

Speak, for my heart is full.

Iago. I told him what I thought; and told no more,
 Than what he found himself was apt and true.

Æmil. But did you ever tell him, she was false?

Iago. I did.

Æmil. You told a lye; an odious, damned, lye:

Upon my soul, a lye; a wicked lye.

She false with *Cassio*? did you say, with *Cassio*?

Iago. With *Cassio*, mistress; go to, charm your
 tongue.

Æmil. I will not charm my tongue; I'm bound to
 speak;

My mistress lies here murther'd in her bed.

All. Oh heavens forefend!

Æmil. And your reports have set the murther on.

Oth.

Oth. Nay, stare not, masters ; it is true, indeed.

Gra. 'Tis a strange truth.

Mon. Oh monstrous act !

Æmil. Villany ! villany ! villany !

I think upon't—I think—I smell't—Oh villany !

I thought so then ; I'll kill myself for grief ; —

Oh villany, villany !

Iago. What, are you mad ? I charge you, get you home.

Æmil. Good gentlemen, let me have leave to speak ;

'Tis proper I obey him, but not now :

Perchance, *Iago*, I will ne'er go home.

Oth. Oh ! oh ! oh ! [*Othello falls on the bed.*]

Æmil. Nay, lay thee down and roar :

For thou hast kill'd the sweetest Innocent,

That e'er did lift up eye.

Oth. Oh, she was foul !

[*Rising.*]

I scarce did know you, Uncle ; there lies your Niece,

Whose breath, indeed, these hands have newly stop'd ;

I know, this act shews horrible and grim.

Gra. Poor *Desdemona* ! I'm glad, thy father's dead :

Thy match was mortal to him ; and pure grief

Shore his old thread in twain. Did he live now,

This fight would make him do a desp'rate turn ;

Yea, curse his better Angel from his side,

And fall to reprobation.

Oth. 'Tis pitiful ; but yet *Iago* knows,

That she with *Cassio* had the act of shame

A thousand times committed. *Cassio* confest it ;

And she did gratify his amorous works,

With that recognizance and pledge of love

Which I first gave her ; I saw it in his hand ;

It was an handkerchief, an antique token

My father gave my mother.

Æmil. Oh heav'n ! oh heav'nly Powers !

Iago. Come, hold your peace.

Æmil. 'Twill out, 'twill out— I, peace !

No, I will speak as liberal as the air ;

Let heav'n, and men, and devils, let them all,

All, all cry shame against me, yet I'll speak.

Iago:

Iago. Be wife, and get you home.

Æmil. I will not. [*Iago offers to stab his wife.*]

Gra. Fie, your sword upon a woman?

Æmil. Oh, thou dull Moor! that handkerchief, thou speak'st of,

I found by fortune, and did give my husband;
For often, with a solemn earnestness,
(More than, indeed, belong'd to such a trifle,)
He begg'd of me to steal it.

Iago. Villanous whore!

Æmil. She give it *Cassio*? alas, I found it,
And I did giv't my husband.

Iago. Filth, thou liest.

Æmil. By heav'n, I do not; I do not, gentlemen:
Oh murd'rous coxcomb! what should such a fool
Do with so good a wife?

Iago breaks through and wounds his wife, then runs out.

Oth. Are there no stones in heav'n,

But what serve for the thunder? precious villain!

Gra. The woman falls; sure, he has kill'd his wife.

Æmil. Ay, ay; oh, lay me by my mistress' side.

Gra. He's gone, but his wife's kill'd.

Mon. 'Tis a notorious villain; take this weapon,
Which I have here recover'd from the Moor:
Come, guard the door without, let him not pass,
But kill him rather; I'll after that same villain,
For 'tis a damned slave. [*Exeunt Mon. and Gra.*]

Oth. I am not valiant neither;
But every puny whipster gets my sword.
But why should honour out-live honesty?
Let it go all.

Æmil. What did thy Song boad, lady?
Hark, can't thou hear me? I will play the swan,
And die in musick; *Willow, Willow, Willow*——
Moor, she was chaste; she lov'd thee, cruel Moor;
O come my soul to blifs, as I speak true;
O speaking as I think, alas, I die. [*Æmilia dies.*]

Oth. I have another weapon in this chamber,

It was a sword of *Spain*, the *Ebro's* temper;
Oh, here it is: Uncle, I must come forth.

Gra. within.] If thou attempt it, it will cost thee
dear;

Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer.

Oth. Look in upon me then, and speak with me,
Or, naked as I am, I will assault thee.

Re-enter Gratiano.

Gra. What is the matter?

Oth. Lo! I have a weapon:

A better never did itself sustain

Upon a soldier's thigh. I've seen the day,

That with this little arm, and this good sword,

I've made my way thro' more impediments,

Than twenty times your stop. But, oh vain boast!

Who can controul his fate? 'tis not so now.

Be not afraid, tho' you do see me weapon'd;

Here is my journey's end, here is my Butt,

The very sea-mark of my utmost fail.

Do you go back dismay'd? 'tis a lost fear:

Man but a rush against *Othello's* breast,

And he retires. Where should *Othello* go?

Now ————— how dost thou look now? oh ill-starr'd

Wench!

Pale as thy smock! When we shall meet at compt,

This look of thine will hurl my soul from heav'n,

And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my Girl,

Ev'n like thy chastity. O cursed slave!

Whip me, ye Devils,

From the possession of this heav'nly sight;

Blow me about in winds, roast me in sulphur,

Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire —

Oh *Desdemona!* *Desdemona!* dead, dead! oh, oh!

*Enter Lodovico, Cassio led in wounded, Montano, and
Iago prisoner, with Officers.*

Lod. Where is this rash and most unfortunate man?

Oth. That's he, that was *Othello*: here I am.

Lod. Where is that viper? bring the villain forth.

Oth.

Oth. I look down tow'rds his feet; but That's a fable.

If that thou beest a Devil, I cannot kill thee.

[*Othello wounds Iago.*]

Lod. Wrench his sword from him.

Iago. I bleed, Sir, but not kill'd.

Oth. I am not sorry, neither: I'd have thee live; For, in my sence, 'tis happinefs to die.

Lod. Oh thou, *Othello*, that wast once so good, Fal'n in the practice of a cursed slave, ———
What shall be said to thee?

Oth. Why, any thing;
An honourable murth'rer, if you will:
For nought I did in hate, but all in honour.

Lod. This wretch hath part confest his villany:
Did you and he consent in *Cassio's* death?

Oth. Ay.

Cas. Dear General, I never gave you Cause.

Oth. I do believe it, and I ask your pardon:
Will you, I pray, demand that demy-devil,
Why he hath thus ensnar'd my soul and body?

Iago. Demand me nothing; what you know, you know;

From this time forth I never will speak word.

Lod. What? not to pray?

Gra. Torments will ope your lips.

Oth. Well, thou dost best.

Lod. Sir, you shall understand what hath befall'n,
Which, as I think, you know not; here's a letter,
Found in the pocket of the slain *Rodorigo*,
And, here, another; one of them imports
The death of *Cassio* to be undertook
By *Rodorigo*.

Oth. Oh villain!

Cas. Most heathenish and most gross!

Lod. Now, here's another discontented paper,
Found in his pocket too; and this, it seems,
Rodorigo meant t'have sent this damned villain;
But that, belike, *Iago* in the interim
Came in and satisfy'd him.

Oth. Oh thou pernicious caitiff!
How came you, *Cassio*, by that handkerchief
That was my wife's?

Cas. I found it in my chamber;
And he himself confest it but even now,
That there he dropt it for a special purpose,
Which wrought to his desire.

Oth. Oh fool, fool, fool!

Cas. There is, besides, in *Rodorigo's* letter,
How he upbraids *Iago* that he made him
Brave me upon the watch; whereon it came
That I was cast; and even now he spake,
After long seeming dead, *Iago* hurt him,
Iago set him on.

Lod. You must forsake this room, and go with us;
Your Pow'r and your Command is taken off,
And *Cassio* rules in *Cyprus*. For this slave,
If there be any cunning cruelty,
That can torment him much, and hold him long,
It shall be his. You shall close prisoner rest,
Till that the nature of your fault be known
To the *Venetian* State. Come, bring him away.

Oth. Soft you; a word or two, before you go.
I've done the State some service, and they know't;
No more of that. I pray you, in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me, as I am: Nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice. Then must you speak
Of one that lov'd not wisely, but too well;
Of one, not easily jealous; but being wrought,
Perplex'd in the extream; of one, whose hand, (30)

Like

(30) ————— of One, whose hand,

Like the base Indian, threw a Pearl away

Richer than all his Tribe.] I have restor'd, *Judian*, from
the Elder *Quarto*, as the genuine and more eligible Reading.
Mr. *Pope* thinks, *this was occasion'd probably by the Word Tribe*
just after: I have many Reasons to oppose to this Opinion. In
the first Place, the most ignorant *Indian*, I believe, is so far
the

Like the base *Judian*, threw a pearl away
 Richer than all his tribe; of one, whose eyes,
 Albeit unused to the melting mood,
 Drop tears as fast as the *Arabian* trees
 Their medicinal gum. Set you down this:
 And say besides, that in *Aleppo* once,
 Where a malignant and a turban'd *Turk*
 Beat a *Venetian*, and traduc'd the State,
 I took by the throat the circumcised dog,
 And smote him thus.

[Stabs himself.

Lod. Oh bloody period!

Gra. All, that is spoke, is marr'd.

Oth. I kist thee, ere I kill'd thee.—No way but this,

[To Desdem.

Killing myself, to die upon a kifs.

[dies.

the Reverse of the *Dunghil-Cock* in the *Fable*, as to know the Estimation of a Pearl, beyond that of a Barley-corn. So that, in that respect, the Thought itself would not be just. Then, if our Author had design'd to reflect on the Ignorance of the *Indian* without any farther Reproach, he would have call'd him *rude*, and not, *base*. Again, I am perswaded, as my Friend *Mr. Warburton* long ago observ'd, the Phrase is not here *literal*, but *metaphorical*: and, by his *Pearl*, our Author very properly means a *fine Woman*. But *Mr. Pope* objects farther to reading *Judian*, because, to make Sense of This, we must presuppose some particular Story of a Jew alluded to; which is much less obvious: But has *Shakespeare* never done this, but in this single Instance? I am satisfied, in his *Judian*, he is alluding to *Herod*; who, in a Fit of blind Jealousy, threw away such a Jewel of a Wife as *Mariamne* was to him. What can be more parallel in Circumstance, than the Conduct of *Herod* and *Othello*? Nor was the Story so little obvious, as *Mr. Pope* seems to imagine: For, in the Year 1613, the Lady *Elizabeth Carew* publish'd a Tragedy, call'd *MARIAM, the fair Queen of JEWRY*. I shall only add, that our Author might write *Judian*, or *Judean*, (if that should be alledg'd as any Objection) instead of *Judean*, with the same License and Change of Accent, as, in his *Antony and Cleopatra*, he shortens the second Syllable of *Euphrates* in Pronunciation: which was a Liberty likewise taken by *Spencer*, of whom our Author was a studious Imitator.

Caf. This did I fear, but thought he had no weapon,
For he was great of heart.

Lod. Oh *Spartan* dog!

[*To Iago.*

More fell than anguish, hunger, or the sea!
Look on the tragick loading of this bed;
This is thy work; the object poisons fight, ———
Let it be hid. *Gratiano*, keep the house,
And seize upon the fortunes of the Moor,
For they succeed to you. To you, lord Governor,
Remains the censure of this hellish villain:
The time, the place, the torture, oh! inforce it.
My self will straight aboard; and to the State
This heavy act, with heavy heart, relate. [Exit.





A

T A B L E

OF THE

SEVERAL EDITIONS

OF

SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS,

Collated by the EDITOR.



P 4

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

PHYSICS DEPARTMENT

REPORT

ON

THE THEORY OF

RELATIVITY

BY

ALBERT EINSTEIN



A
T A B L E
O F T H E
S E V E R A L E D I T I O N S
O F
S H A K E S P E A R E ' S P L A Y S ,
C o l l a t e d b y t h e E D I T O R .

E D I T I O N S *of Authority.*

MR. *William Shakespeare's* Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies. Publish'd according to the true Original Copies. *London*, Printed by *Isaac Jaggard* and *Ed. Blount*, 1623. (*Folio.*)

Mr. *William Shakespeare's* Comedies, Histories and Tragedies. Publish'd according to the true Original Copies. The *Second* Impression. *London*. Printed by *Thomas Cotes*, for *Robert Allott*, and are to be sold at the Signe of the Black-Bear in *Paul's-Churchyard*, 1632. (*Folio.*)

A Midsummer Night's dream. As it hath been sundry Times publickly acted, by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his Servants. Written by *William Shakespeare.* Imprinted at *London* for *Thomas Fisher,* and are to be sold at his Shoppe at the Signe of the White Hart in *Fleetstreete,* 1600. (*Quarto.*)

The Same. Printed by *James Roberts,* 1600. (*Quarto.*)

A most pleasaunt and excellent conceited Comedie of *Syr John Falstaffe,* and the merry Wives of *Windsor.* Entermixed with fundrie variable and pleasing humors of *Syr Hugh* the Welch Knight, Justice *Shallow,* and his wife Cousin *M. Slender.* With the swaggering Vaine of Auncient *Pistoll,* and Corporal *Nym.* By *William Shakespeare.* As it hath bene divers times acted by the right Honourable my Lord Chamberlain's Servants: both before her Majestie, and elsewhere. *London:* Printed by *T. C.* for *Arthur Johnson,* and are to be sold at his Shop in *Powles Churchyard* at the Signe of the Flower de Leuse and the Crowne, 1602. (*Quarto.*)

A most pleasant and excellent conceited Comedy, of *Sir John Falstaffe,* and the Merry Wives of *Windsor.* With the swaggering Vaine of Auncient *Pistoll,* and Corporal *Nym.* Written by *W. Shakespeare.* Printed for *Arthur Johnstone,* 1619. (*Quarto.*)

Much adoe about Nothing. As it hath been fundrie times publickly acted by the right honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his Servants. Written by *William Shakespeare.* *London:* Printed by *V. S.* for *Andrew Wise* and *William Aspley,* 1600. (*Quarto.*)

The most excellent Historie of the *Merchant of Venice.* With the extreame Crueltie of *Shylocke* the Jew towards the sayd Merchant, in cutting a just pound of his flesh: and the obtayning of *Portia,* by the choice of three Chests. As it hath bene divers times acted by the Lord Chamberlayne his Servants. Written by *William Shakespeare.* At *London,* Printed by *J. R.* for *Thomas Heyes,* and are to be sold in *Paules Churchyard* at the Signe of the Greene Dragon, 1600. (*Quarto.*)

The excellent History of the *Merchant of Venice*. With the extreme Cruelty of *Shylocke* the Jew towards the saide Merchant, in cutting a just Pound of his Flesh. And the obtaining of *Portia* by the choyse of three Caskets. Written by *W. Shakespeare*. Printed by *J. Roberts*, 1600. (*Quarto.*)

The first Part of the troublesome Reign of *John* King of *England*, with the Discovery of *Richard Cordelion's* Base Son, vulgarly call'd the Bastard *Fawconbridge*. Also the Death of King *John* at *Swinstead-Abbey*; as it was sundry times publicly acted by the Queen's Majesty's Players in the honourable City of *London*. Imprinted at *London* for *Sampson Clarke*, sold at his Shop the Back-side of the Royal Exchange, 1591. (*Quarto.*)

The second Part of the troublesome Reign of *John* King of *England*, conteyning the Death of *Arthur Plantagenet*, the landing of *Lewis*, and the poysoning of King *John* at *Swinstead-Abbey*. As it was &c. Imprinted &c. 1591. (*Quarto.*)

The first and second Part of the troublesome Raigne of *John* King of *England*. With the discoverie of King *Richard Cordelion's* Base Sonne (vulgarly named, the Bastard *Fawconbridge*;) also, the Death of King *John* at *Swinstead-Abbey*. As they were (sundry times) lately acted by the Queenes Majesties Players. Written by *W. Sh.* Imprinted at *London* by *Valentine Simmes* for *John Helme*, and are to be sold at his Shop in *St. Dunstons Churchyard* in *Fleetstreet*, 1611. (*Quarto.*)

The Same. As they were (sundry times) lately acted. Written by *W. Shakespeare*. *London*, Printed by *Aug. Mathewes* for *Thomas Dewe*, and are to be sold at his Shop in *St. Dunstones Churchyard* in *Fleetstreet*, 1622. (*Quarto.*)

The Tragedie of King *Richard* the Second. As it hath been publicly acted by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his Servants. By *William Shakespeare*. *London*, Printed by *Valentine Simmes* for *Andrew Wise*, and are to be sold at his Shop in *Paules Churchyard* at the Signe of the Angel, 1598. (*Quarto.*)

The

The History of *Henrie* the Fourth; with the Battell at *Shrewsburie*, betweene the King and Lord *Henry Percy*, surnamed *Henry Hotspur* of the North. With the humourous conceits of Sir *John Falstaffe*. Newly corrected by *W. Shakespeare*. At London, printed by S. S. for *Andrew Wise*, dwelling in *Paules Churchyard* at the Signe of the Angell, 1599. (Quarto.)

The Same. London, Printed by *T. P.* and are to be sold by *Mathewe Larwe*, dwelling in *Pauls Churchyard*, at the Sign of the *Foxe* neere *S. Austine's Gate*, 1622. (Quarto.)

The second Part of *Henrie* the Fourth, continuing to his Death, and Coronation of *Henrie* the Fifth. With the Humours of Sir *John Falstaffe*, and swaggering *Pistoll*. As it hath been fundrie times publikely acted by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his Servants. Written by *William Shakespeare*. London, Printed by *V. S.* for *Andrew Wise*, and *William Aspley*. 1600. (Quarto.)

The Chronicle History of *Henry* the Fifth, with his Battell fought at *Agin Court* in *France*. Together with Ancient *Pistoll*. As it hath been fundry times play'd by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his Servants. Printed for *T. P.* 1608. (Quarto.)

The whole Contention betweene the two famous Houses, LANCASTER and YORKE. With the Tragical Ends of the good Duke *Humfrey*, *Richard* Duke of *Yorke*, and King *Henrie* the Sixth. Divided into two Parts. And newly corrected and enlarged. Written by *William Shakespeare*, Gent. Printed at London, for *T. P.* (Quarto.)

The Same. With the true Tragedy of *Richard* Duke of *Yorke*, and the Death of good King *Henrie* the Sixth. Acted by the Earl of *Pembroke's* Servants, at London. Printed by *W. W.* for *Tho. Millington*, 1600. (Quarto.)

The Tragedy of King *Richard* the Third. Contain- ing his treacherous Plots against his Brother *Clarence*: the pittieful Murder of his innocent Nephewes: his tyrannical Usurpation: with the whole Course of his detested

detested Life, and most deserved Death. As it hath beene lately acted by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his Servants, at *London*. Printed by *Valentine Sims*, for *Andrew Wise*, dwelling in *Paule's Churchyard*, at the Signe of the Angell, 1597. (*Quarto.*)

The Same. By *W. Shakespeare*. Printed by *Tho. Creed*, for *Andrew Wise*, 1598. (*Quarto.*)

The Same. Newly augmented, by *William Shakespeare*. *London*, Printed by *Thomas Creede*, &c. 1602. (*Quarto.*)

M. William Shakespeare, his true Chronicle History of the Life and Death of King *Lear*, and his Three Daughters. With the unfortunate Life of *Edgar*, Sonne and Heire to the Earle of *Glocester*, and his sullen and assumed humour of *Tom of Bedlam*. As it was plaid before the King's Majesty at *Whitehall*, upon *St. Stephens* night in *Christmas* Hollidaies. By his Majesties Servants, playing usually at the Globe on the Banckeside. Printed for *Nathaniel Butter*, 1608. (*Quarto.*)

The most lamentable Tragedie of *Titus Andronicus*. As it hath sundry times beene plaide by the King's Majesties Servants. *London*, printed for *Eedward White*, and are to be solde at his Shoppe, nere the little North dore of *Pauls*, at the Signe of the Gun, 1611. (*Quarto*)

An excellent conceited Tragedy of *Romeo* and *Juliet*. As it hath been often with great Applause play'd publickly by the Right Honourable the Lord of *Hunsdon* his Servants. *London*, printed by *John Danter*, 1597. (*Quarto.*)

The most excellent and lamentable Tragedie of *Romeo* and *Juliet*; newly corrected, augmented, and amended. As it hath been sundry times publickly acted by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine's Servants. Printed by *Tho. Crede*, for *Cuthbert Burby*, 1599. (*Quarto.*)

The Tragical Historie of *Hamlet*, Prince of *Denmarke*. By *William Shakespeare*. Newly imprinted and enlarged to almost as much againe as it was, according

ording to the true and perfect Coppie. At *London*: Printed by *J. R.* for *N. L.* and are to be sold at his Shoppe under *St. Dunston's Church* in *Fleetstreet*. 1605. (Quarto.)

The Tragedy of *Hamlet Prince of Denmarke*. By *William Shakespeare*. Newly imprinted and enlarged to almost as much againe as it was, according to the true and perfect Coppy. At *London*; printed for *John Smethwicke*, and are to be sold at his Shoppe in *St. Dunston's Churchyard* in *Fleetstreet*. Under the Diall, 1611. (Quarto.)

The Tragædy of *Othello, the Moore of Venice*. As it hath beene diverse times acted at the *Globe*, and at the *Black-Friers*, by his Majesties Servants. Written by *William Shakespeare*. *London*, Printed by *N. O.* for *Thomas Walkley*, and are to be sold at his Shop, at the *Eagle and Child* in *Brittan's Burse*, 1622. (Quarto.)

EDITIONS of middle Authority.

THE Works of *Mr. William Shakespeare, &c.*
The Third Impression, 1664. (Folio.)

The Merry Wives of *Windsor*. With the Humours of *Sir John Falstaffe*; as also the swaggering Vaine of *Ancient Pistoll*, and *Corporal Nym*. Written by *William Shakespeare*, newly corrected. *London*: Printed by *T. H.* for *R. Meighen*, and are to be sold at his Shop, next to the *Middle Temple Gate*, and in *St. Dunstan's Churchyard* in *Fleetstreet*, 1630. (Quarto.)

The excellent History of the Merchant of *Venice*. With the extream Cruelty of *Shylock the Jew*; and the obtaining of *Portia* by the Choice of three Caskets. As it hath been sundry times publikely acted by the King's Majesties Servants at the *Globe*. Written by *W. Shakespeare*. Newly corrected, augmented, and amended. *London*: printed by *R. Young* for *John Smethwicke*, and are to be sold at his Shop in *St. Dunstons Churchyard* in *Fleetstreet*, under the *Dyall*, 1637. (Quarto.)

Love's Labour's Lost. A wittie and pleasant Comedie; as it was acted by his Majesties Servants at the *Black-Friers* and the *Globe*. Written by *William Shakespeare*. London: Printed by *W. S.* for *John Smethwicke*, and are to be sold at his Shop in *Saint Dunstones Churchyard* under the *Diall*, 1631. (*Quarto.*)

A witty and pleasant Comedie called, *The Taming of the Shrew*. As it was acted by his Majesties Servants at the *Blacke-Friers* and the *Globe*. Written by *Will. Shakespeare*. London: Printed by *W. S.* for *John Smethwicke*, and are to be sold at his Shop in *St. Dunstones Churchyard* under the *Diall*, 1631. (*Quarto.*)

The Life and Death of King *Richard* the Second. With new Additions of the *Parliament Scene*, and the *Deposing of King Richard*. As it hath beene acted by the King's Majesties Servants, at the *Globe*. By *William Shakespeare*. London, Printed by *John Norton*, 1634. (*Quarto.*)

The Historie of *Henry* the Fourth: With the *Battel at Shrewsbury*, betweene the King, and Lord *Henry Percy*, surnamed *Henry Hotspur* of the *North*. With the humorous Conceits of Sir *John Falstaffe*. Newly corrected, by *William Shakespeare*. London, Printed by *John Norton*, and are to be sold by *Hugh Perry*, at his Shop next to *Ivie-bridge* in the *Strand*, 1639. (*Quarto.*)

The Tragedie of King *Richard* the Third. Con-ayning his treacherous Plots against his Brother *Clarence*: The pittifull Murder of his innocent Nephewes: his tyrannical Usurpation: with the whole Course of his detested Life, and most deserved Death. As it hath been lately acted by the King's Majesties Servants. Newly augmented. By *William Shakespeare*. London, Printed by *Thomas Purfoot*, and are to be sold by *Mathew Law*, dwelling in *Pauls Churchyard* at the Signe of the *Foxe*, neere *St. Austine's Gate*, 1624. (*Quarto.*)

The Same. Printed by *John Norton*, and are to be sold by *Mathew Law*, &c. 1629. (*Quarto*)

The Same. Printed by *John Norton*, 1634. (*Quarto.*)

M. William Shakespeare, his true Chronicle History of the Life and Death of King *Lear* and his three *Daughters*. With the Unfortunat Life of *Edgar*, Sonne and Heire to the Earle of *Glocester*, and his fullen assumed humour of *Tom of Bedlam*. As it was plaid before the King's Majesty at *Whit-hall* upon *S. Stephens* night, in *Christmas* Hollidaies. By his Majesties Servants, playing usually at the *Globe* on the *Bank-side*. *London*, Printed by *Jane Bell*, and are to be sold at the East-end of *Christ-church*, 1655. (*Quarto.*)

The most excellent and Lamentable Tragedie of *Romeo* and *Juliet*. As it hath been sundry times publike-ly acted by the Kings Majesties Servants at the *Globe*. Written by *W. Shake-speare*. Newly corrected, augmented, and amended. *London*, printed by *R. Young* for *John Smethwicke*, and are to be sold at his Shop in *St. Dunstons* Churchyard in *Fleetstreet*, under the *Dyall*, 1637. (*Quarto.*)

The Tragedy of *Hamlet*, Prince of *Denmark*. Newly imprinted and enlarged, according to the true and perfect Copy last printed. By *William Shakespeare*. *London*, printed by *R. Younge* for *John Smethwicke*, &c. 1637. (*Quarto.*)

The Tragædy of *Othello*, the Moore of *Venice*. As it hath beene diverse times acted at the *Globe*, and at the *Black-Friers*, by his Majesties Servants. Written by *William Shakespeare*. *London*, printed by *A. M.* for *Richard Hawkins*, and are to be sold at his Shoppe in *Chancery-Lane*, neere *Serjeants-Inns*, 1630. (*Quarto.*)

EDITIONS of no Authority.

THE Works of Mr. *William Shakespeare*, in Six Volumes, adorn'd with Cuts. Revis'd and corrected, with an Account of the Life and Writings of the Author, by *N. Rowe* Esq; . *London*, printed for *Jacob*

cob Tonson within *Grays-Inn Gate*, next *Grays-Inn Lane*, 1709. (Octavo.)

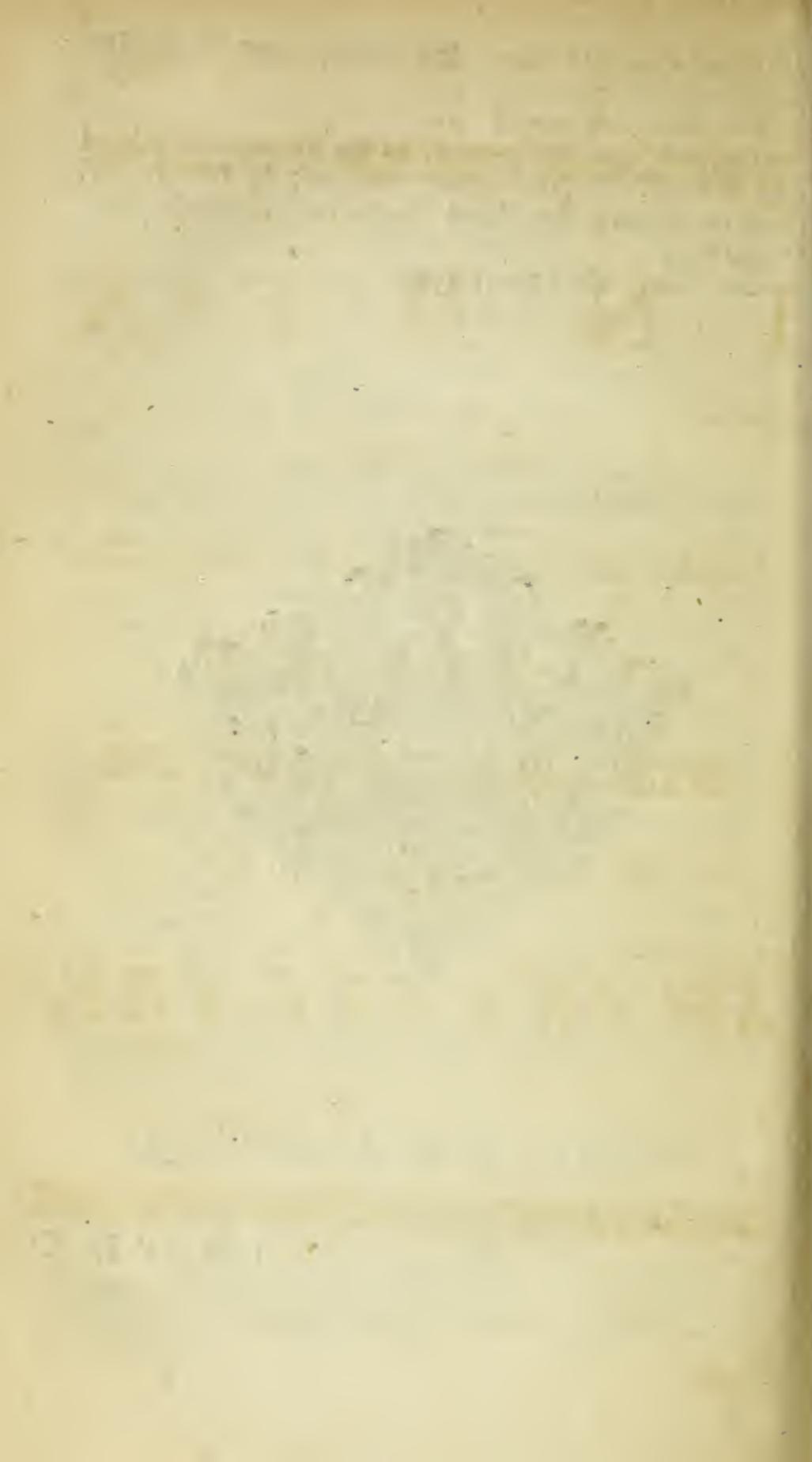
The Same. (in 12mo.) 1714.

The Works of *Shakespeare*, in Six Volumes. Collated and corrected by the former Editions, by *Mr. Pope*. *London*, printed for *Jacob Tonson* in the Strand, 1725. (Quarto.)

The same. (in 12mo.) 1728.



I N D E X





I N D E X

O F T H E

C H A R A C T E R S , S E N T I M E N T S ,

S I M I L I E S ,

S P E E C H E S *and* D E S C R I P T I O N S

I N

S H A K E S P E A R E .



THE MUSEUM OF THE HISTORY OF NATURE

I N D E X

OF THE

CHARACTERS, BRITISH MUSEUM

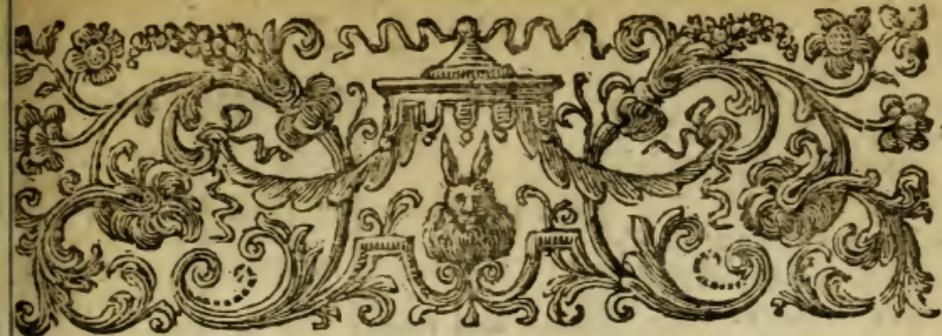
N I M I D E A

SPECIES AND DESCRIPTIONS

IN

ZOOLOGY

BY WILLIAM SMITH



S E C T. I.

C H A R A C T E R S

O F

HISTORICAL PERSONS.

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I N D E X.

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- - - <i>Pompey's</i> Wish, that he may live on in love and luxury.			105	
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- - - item.	<i>ibid.</i>		359	<i>Suf.</i>
- - - item.	<i>ibid.</i>		376	<i>2 Gent.</i>
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- - - of great Authority with the People.			21	<i>Capt.</i>
- - - his self-debate upon <i>Caesar's</i> Death.			22	
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- - - by

I N D E X.

	Play.	Vol	Page.	Person.
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- - - his Actions summ'd up by <i>Cominius.</i>			388	<i>Com.</i>
- - - approv'd by the Tribunes, he rails at the Populace.			400	
- - - banish'd.			420	
- - - applies to, and is kindly receiv'd by, <i>Aufidius.</i>			430	
- - - not to be diverted by his Friends from invading <i>Rome.</i>			443	
- - - yields to his Mo- ther's Intreaties.			455	
- - - slain by the Envy and Treachery of <i>Au- fidius.</i>			464	
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- - - refuseth the Crown that was offer'd.			14	<i>Cas.</i>
- - - addicted to Super- stition, and lov'd Flattery.			28	<i>Cas. Det.</i>
- - - dissuaded by <i>Cal- phurnia</i> from going to the Senate.			33	
- - - his Contempt of Death.			33	<i>Cas.</i>

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- - - Assassinated.	<i>ibid.</i>		41	
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- - - his Character.			13	<i>Cas.</i>
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- - - his Quarrel with <i>Brutus</i> .			60	
- - - ill Omens stagger him, tho' an Epicurean.			73	
- - - presages he should die on his Birth-day.			76	
- - - kills himself.			76	
- - - mourn'd and prais'd by <i>Titinius</i> , <i>Messala</i> and <i>Brutus</i> .			77	
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- - - her Character of <i>Antony</i> when he had left her.			114	<i>Eno.</i>
- - - her sailing down the <i>Cydnus</i> describ'd.			102	
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- - - her Lamentation over the dead Body of <i>Antony</i> .			179	
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- - - visited by <i>Octavius</i> .			189	
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Eleanor, Wife of Duke
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----- several kinds of it.	<i>As you like it.</i>	2	320	<i>Jaques.</i>
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--- item.	<i>ibid.</i>		270	<i>Queen.</i>
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P Edantry, in <i>Sir Hugh Evans</i> .	<i>M.W. of Windsf.</i>	1		
--- in <i>Armado, Holo- fernes, Nathaniel.</i>	<i>Love's Lab. lost.</i>	2		
Princes young and va- liant, <i>P. Henry</i> and <i>Lancaster.</i>	<i>1 and 2. Hen. 4.</i>	4		
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- - - the murderers of <i>Clarence.</i>	<i>Richard 3.</i>	5	217	
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- - - item.	<i>ibid.</i>		177	<i>idem.</i>
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- - - describ'd.	<i>ibid.</i>		169	<i>Fal.</i>
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- - - item.	<i>Hen. 8.</i>		339	<i>Anne.</i>
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- - - unpleasant.	<i>K. John.</i>	3	384	<i>Lewis.</i>
- - - the vicissitudes of it.	<i>Henry 8.</i>	5	370	<i>Wol.</i>
- - - moral reflections on the vanity of it.	<i>Meas. for Meas.</i>	1	333	<i>Duke.</i>
- - - item.	<i>As you like it.</i>	2	296	<i>Jaques.</i>
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--- banish'd.	<i>ibid.</i>		173	<i>Jul.</i>
--- in Solitude.	<i>ibid.</i>		178	<i>Val.</i>
Lover describ'd.	<i>ibid.</i>		203	<i>idem.</i>
Lovers parting.	<i>As you like it.</i>	2	309.	<i>Rosa.</i>
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Miserable Mother in Constance.	K. John.	3	382	K. Phil.
----- Edward the Fourth's Widow.	Richard 3.	5	270	Queen.
ermaid.	Midf. N. Dr.	1	88	Ob.
elancholy-man.	Hamlet.	8	146	Ham.
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News-tellers.	K. John.	3	396	Hub.
A Nun.	Midf. N. D.	1	75	The.
O.				
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-- vigorous, from temperance in Youth.	As you like it.	2	286	Adam.
Old Man in the extremity of decay.	ibid.		297	Jaques.
Old Men subject to ingratitude.	Timon.	6	137	Tim.
P.				
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----- see the same describ'd.	K. Lear.	6	43	Kent.
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Swimmer.	<i>Jul. Cesar.</i>	7	11	<i>Cas.</i>
- - - item.	<i>Tempest.</i>	1	26	<i>Fran.</i>
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T.				
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Talkative Coxcombs.	<i>Mer. of Ven.</i>	2	143	<i>Lor.</i>
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- - - item.	<i>ibid.</i>		39	<i>Hero.</i>
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YOUNG Gentleman, an accomplish'd.	<i>2 Gent. Ver.</i>	1	164	<i>Val.</i>
- - - item.	<i>Cymbeline.</i>	7	202	<i>1 Gent.</i>
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Young Lady playing on the Lute, and singing.	<i>Tit. Andro.</i>	9	221	<i>Mar.</i>
Youth, a pert one.	<i>Cymbel.</i>	7	255	<i>Pis.</i>
- - - - two of Royal Birth.	<i>ibid.</i>		274	<i>Bel.</i>

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- - - Embarking.	<i>Henry 5.</i>	4	248	<i>Hast.</i>
- - - - <i>English</i> , new-raised.			317	<i>Chorus,</i>
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- - - neglected.	<i>2 Gent. Ver.</i>		199	Jul.
- - - describ'd by <i>Ro-</i> <i>meo.</i>	<i>Rom. and Jul.</i>	8	26	
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- - - improves all our Faculties.	<i>ibid.</i>		224	<i>idem.</i>
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R ebels, returning to Allegiance, compar'd to a Flood.	<i>K. John.</i>	3	413	<i>Sal.</i>
Reason returning, to the Morning.	<i>Tempest.</i>	1	61	<i>Pro.</i>
S.				
S UN rising in a cloudy Sky, to <i>K. Richard</i> in discontent.	<i>Richard 2.</i>	4	53	<i>Boling.</i>
Sun rising after a dark Night, to the Restoration of a lawful King.	<i>ibid.</i>		46	<i>K. Rich.</i> <i>Spies,</i>

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	Play.	Vol.	Page.	Person.
Spies, to lim'd twigs.	2 <i>Hen. 6.</i>	5	18	<i>Suf.</i>
Soldiers, to Bees.	<i>Tit. Andron.</i>	6	250	<i>Goth.</i>
T.				
T Reason, compar'd to a Fox.	1 <i>Hen. 4.</i>	4	170	<i>Wor.</i>
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W.				
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D. of <i>York</i> fighting, to a Lion among a herd of Neat.	3 <i>Hen. 6.</i>	5	119	<i>Rich.</i>

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